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BIDDY FINNIGAN'S BOTHERATION;
OR,
THAT ROMP OF A GIRL,

— BY —
✓
MARY NOLAN.

35
"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

—A Proverb.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFACE.

This mixture of Irish pepper and Yankee salt is offered to the public as an anti-dyspeptic dose. Prescription: When taken, to be well shaken. If the perusal of these pages produces one hearty laugh, a semi-occasional snicker, or a cultured "te—he," "Biddy Finnigan's Botheration ; or, That Romp of a Girl" shall not have been born in vain.

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GLOSSARY.

A distinguished Oxford Linguist was asked to make some remarks, upon a festive occasion, before a London audience. He cheerfully complied with the request, and began an address in the Arabic language. Some one remonstrated with the gentleman, remarking that there might be a few persons in the audience who did not understand the language. "Nonsense," replied the Professor, "surely everybody knows Arabic." Believing that the readers of *BIDDY FINNIGAN'S BOTHERATION*, or *THAT ROMP OF A GIRL*," merit the eulogium of the Oxford Professor, yet presuming that a very few individuals may, through disuse have allowed their Arabic and Celtic *cult* to become dimmed, a glossary is appended for their benefit:

Yum-Yum. [Choctaw.] Expressing gastric gratification.

Spalpeen. [Celtic.] Supposed to be derived from the ancient Sanskrit, signifying a tricky young man.

Omadhaun. [Celtic.] An unhandy person.

Pal-ver. [Celtic.] Flattering Talk. Soft Soap

Fiddler's Green, a region of the hereafter located on the confines of Purgatory outside of Heaven. The place allotted to sour old maids, crusty bachelors and wandering musicians, who have shirked the responsibilities of life while on earth.

Mabouchal. [Irish.] My brave boy.

Gumalouch. [Irish.] An idiot.

Swaddler, a sect of itinerant Christians.

Fitcher-fotchye. [Celtic.] Derived from the Persian. Straggling, irregularly.

O. K., American abbreviation of all correct.

Macaroni. [Italian.] Flour and water baked in thin strips.

C'est bon [French.] It is good.

Mais oui. [French.] But, yes.

Parfaitement si tendre et si bon. [French.] Perfectly, so tender and good.

C'est une grande cuisine. [French.] It is a large kitchen.

Qu'elle horreur. [French.] What a horror she is.

- Encore.* [French.] Again.
- Hunki-dorie.* [Irroquois.] Satisfactorily.
- Bunko Steerer.* [Rockey Mountain dialect.] A highway-man.
- Dough-nuts.* [Yankee.] Twisted sweet dough, cooked in boiling lard.
- Muzzle yer hatchway.* [Nautical] Shut your mouth.
- Totin.* [Negro] Carrying yourself.
- Sprechen Sie deutsch?* [German] Do you speak German?
- Bologny.* [Spanish.] A kind of sausage.
- Dudheen.* [Irish.] A short clay pipe.
- Nabochlish.* [Irish.] Never mind.
- Ni yava tirthi hacksheesh.* [Coptic.—Modern Arabic.] No other entitled to the money.
- Meum et teum.* [Latin.] Mine and thine.
- Non compos mentis.* [Latin.] Out of one's mind.
- Sans ceremonie.* [French.] Without ceremony.
- Tempus fugit.* [Latin.] Time flies.
- Radlin.* [Irish.] Wandering free.
- Galore.* [Irish.] Plenty. From Semitic imported by Phœnicians.
- Crubeens.* [Irish] Pigs' feet.
- Ramshogin.* [Irish.] Recitative of the imagination
- Hob.* [Irish.] Bricks next the fire-grate, where things are kept warm.
- Thraneen.* [Irish.] A small coin.
- Lingerie.* [French.] Ladies' underclothing.
- Weenshy.* [Irish] Diminutive.
- Glueck.* [German.] Luck, Happiness.
- To send up the spout,* Hibernicism for putting in the pawn office.

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CHAPTER I.

*Jerusha Ann was Borned So.—A Problem in Geometry
Demonstrated with the Business End of a Pin.—
Obeying the Maternal Advice under Tempta-
tion.—“Get thee behind me, Satan.”—
How it Worked.*

THERE was a dreadful smash up on the railroad. The collision caused a fearful loss of life, and a frightful amount of bodily injury. Skillful surgeons and physicians hastened to the scene of the disaster, to minister to the maimed and wounded victims. They bandaged broken heads, set distorted limbs, and splintered numerous fractured portions of the human anatomy, till at last, they came to a man with a crooked neck.

The chief surgeon exclaimed :

“Bring the instruments quick, here is an extraordinary case. Vitality still remaining with a curved windpipe and distorted neck ! Most astonishing case ! Here, pull his neck straight, we may yet save him.” The wretched victim opened his eyes and pleaded :

“Please don’t, gentlemen ; I was borned with a crooked neck.”

Jerusha Ann, the subject of this memoir, was in the same fix. Borned by accident, she had a crooked turn, and no amount of moral surgery was ever able to straighten her.

Jerusha Ann had no brotheren or sisteren, her maternal

relative belonged to that progressive class of females, who believe in No. 1 families.

When Jerusha Ann attained the age of five years she was sent to the primary school, and distinguished herself on the first day of attendance, by a demonstration in geometry. The rectangle triangle, equal to the square of the hypotenuse, demonstrated by a pin bent in an angle with the business end up, placed on the teacher's chair, called forth the liveliest appreciation of Miss Primper, who jumped out of her seat, seized Billy Davis, the bad boy of the school, and introduced the posterior part of his anatomy to a hickory ruler.

Graduating during the term, from tin can to willow lunch baskets, Jerusha Ann interviewed the contents of each so thoroughly, that, Wilson's yaller dog was blamed with devouring the pupils' dinners, and a special police officer was deputed to lay in wait for the maurauder, and shoot him on the spot.

Jerusha Ann's mother was a church member. After her little daughter had stolen raisins from the raisin box in the store-room, and made a square meal on the Christmas fruit, she was so sick that a consultation of physicians had to be called to rescue the child from the jaws of death. She recovered, and her mother endeavored to instill moral principles in her erring daughter.

"Jerusha Ann! Don't you know it was stealing raisins that made you so sick?"

"Yeth em!"

"Promise to be a good girl in future, and whenever the evil one prompts you to steal raisins out of the store-room, put on the armor of righteousness, and say 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'"

"Yeth em."



“ When I was tempted I said, ‘Get thee behind me, Satan; and he did, and pushed me right up against the raisin box.’ ”

Jerusha Ann resisted temptation for some weeks after, but flesh is weak and raisins taste sweet. In an evil hour she fell from grace, and devoured raisins till she could hold no more.

Her mother summoned her to appear and acknowledge her sin.

“Jerusha Ann! Come right straight here. Did not I tell you, when the the bad man tempted you to steal raisins, to put on the armor of righteousness and say ‘Get thee behind me, Satan!’”

“Yeth em, but it don’t work worth a cent. When I was tempted, I said, ‘Get thee behind me, Satan!’ and he did. He got right behind me, and gave me a push in the back and shoved me chuck up against the raisin box, and I had to sin; that’s what’s the matter.”

CHAPTER II.

*Biddy Finnigan's Wee Bit uv a Box.—How the town
uv Fillamedelfy was Moved Nigher to New York.*

*—Interviewing the Baggage Man.—“Sorra a
Thrairie will yiz Put on Me Back;*

Divil a Shtitch more will I

Wear.”

“ME box, me box! Will yiz take care o’ me box! ye spalpeens, an’ not be raspin’ the bottom out uv it agin the cobble stones in the street.”

With her plaid shawl, tightly clasped in her right hand, her green stuff petticoat gathered up in her other fist, in order to allow the greater freedom of locomotion, her mouth wide open, stentorian yells attesting a healthy pair of lungs, Biddy Finnigan, a stout-legged, rosy-cheeked daughter of Hibernia’s Isle, kept up a vigorous run through the middle of the street, pouring forth admonitory eloquence without stint, as she galloped after a huge iron-bound chest that two stevedores were carrying.

“Can’t yiz have an eye about yiz, an not be tathurin the life out o’ me wee bit of a box, ye omadhauns!”

The din and hubbub always pervading at the wharf, where ocean steamers deposit their living freight, prevented the men from hearing the bursts of eloquence intended for their ears.

“Oh, Holy Moses! Yiz are jowltin’ it, an’ ye’ll have the holy wathur soakin’ the sugar that’s in the yalla bowl



“ Will yiz take care o’ me wee bit uv a box, an’ not be raspin’
the bottom out uv it agin the cobble-stones o’ the street? ”

in the lift-hand corner, wid the way yiz are see-sawin' me poor box."

"Dry up! None o' your jawin', or we will drop yer Saratoga right here in the street, ole gal," was the rejoinder from the custodians of Biddy Finnigan's box.

Biddy's volubility kept pace with her pedal energy.

"Arrah musha, be aisy wid yer palaver. Why wouldn't I be lookin' afthur me bit o' property?"

The men deposited their burden at the Jersey Ferry Landing.

"How much do I owe yiz bys?"

"One dollar," one of the men replied.

"How much is that in Irish, sur?"

"Yank out the cash in United States money, ole gal. Darn my pictur', if I know how much it is in your blamed Irish."

A gentleman waiting for the arrival of the Jersey City ferry-boat, volunteered the information.

"One dollar is equal in value to four British shillings."

"Four shillin's! For carryin' a wee bit uv a box, the linth of a hin's race. In throth I'll not give yez that, ye cormorants!"

"Come hurry up, we aint agoin' to stand here all day. Out with yer dollar."

"Ha, thin now. Do you take me for the Royal Bank uv England, or Queen Victoriah's mint? Faix, it isn't lashin's an' l'avin's o' money, but a plintiful scarcity o' goolden guineas that ails me."

"Plank down the cash, ole gal, or we'll levy an attachment on your bit o' property and take the trunk for the damage."

Gripping the huge iron handles of the box, the men

were about to put their threat into execution, when Biddy yielded.

"Lave it there thin, an' I'll pay yiz what yiz ax, though I'm thinkin' it's to Fiddler's Green yiz'll go whin ye die, for the usury yiz are practicin' on a poor lone woman." Drawing from her bosom a long stocking, Biddy Finnigan abstracted from its toe four British shillings, which she reluctantly paid the man.

Seating herself on the box and gazing at the huge rafters of the building, Biddy gave expression to her thoughts:

"Glory be to God, but this a grand ship intirely! It's flawhoul they wur that built this cabin. Ye'd think that the bames was med fur Phil McCool or the jiants that lived afore the flood."

The ferry-boats continued to arrive and depart, discharging and receiving passengers, yet Biddy kept her seat, oblivious of her surroundings. She asked a policeman:

"How long will the ship be going to Fillamedelfy, sur?"

"What ship?"

"The wan we're on, sur. I see there's a power o' passengers goin'."

The officer laughed as he remarked:

"You must be a greenhorn! You go to the ticket agent over there and buy your ticket for Philadelphia."

"Is it the foxy-headed man in the dawnshee little cubby hole uv a windy beyant, sur?"

"Yes, that man will put you on the right track."

"Thank ye sur," casting furtive glances at her bit o' property. Biddy Finnigan accosted the ticket agent:

"Did you ever hear tell uv a place called Fillamedelfy, sur?"

“Philadelphia! Yes, five hours’ ride from here.” The ticket agent unfolded a new package of tickets as he spoke.

“That news may be welkim to thim that has horses to ride, but the divil a horse I have, barrin’ shanks’s mare, aghrah! Couldn’t I get a lift meself an’ me bit uv a box, that I have here, abroad?”

“Five hours by rail I meant, madam.”

Biddy looked nonplussed. “Maybe I could hire a cart to take me there, if ye’d show me the road, sur. Do you know where the town of Fillamedelfy is moved to, sur?”

“Philadelphia moved! What do you mean, woman?”

“Faix, it’s quare ye didn’t hear tell uv it. I’m not as ignorant as ye take me for; an’ widout any book larnin’, throth I know that the town of Fillamedelfy was moved nigher to New York. Shure it was me own third cousin, by the mother’s side, wan Judy Flinn, that seen it done, sur.”

“That’s a new racket. I reckon you had better take passage for Flushing, Long Island.

The ticket agent regarded the woman as a fit candidate for the insane asylum.

“Ah, ye needn’t stare at me as if I was an innocint. I’ll howld ye tuppence-ha’penny to a crown, thim that buys me for a fool ’ill be a long time out o’ their money.”

“What got that crazy notion into your head, that Philadelphia was moved from its original location?” queried the agent.

“It’s a wondhur a knowledgable man like you wouldn’t know all about it. Thin I’ll tell ye how it was towlt to huz. Wan Judy Flynn (God rest her sowl in glory), she is dead this twinty year this Michaelmas Day, an’ she was me

mothur's sisthur's daughtur's daughtur; an' she an' her husband, wan Patrick Quinn (a boy o' the parish o' Mullingar) kem to Amerikay, an' shure an' the discoorse wint an fore an' aft, of what a great uprisin' they got, fur they wor coinin' money keepin' a section boardin' house fur the min that was workin' on the road; an' the boss towlt me cousin Judy Flynn (may the heavens be her bed this day), that whin the road was finished it was goin' to bring the town uv Fillamedelfy nigher to New York, an' so it did sur. We heerd tell uv how they moved houses in Amerikay from place to place as aisy as ye'd dig a fac in a hillock o' prayties an' rowll 'em out, but whin the news kem o' their movin' a town it bate Banachor."

"You are a caution," said the man at the window, laughing.

"Ah, ye needn't shtan' there grinnin' at me loike a Cheshire cat chewin' hot cabbage. It's thrue fur me. Yankee invintions does be churnin' the wurld, and what's to hindhur thim movin' a town, whin they moved Johnny Bull from the howlt he had on their counthry? Shure the loikes o' that was never hear tell uv, since the year wan."

"Hurry up and buy your ticket for Philadelphia before the boat arrives,"

The agent handed out the ticket. The long stocking made its appearance again. Biddy Finnigan purchased her ticket, after vainly endeavoring to obtain a reduction in the price, "bein' as she was a stranger just come to the counthry." The huge iron-bound chest was deposited on the ferry-boat, and its owner seated herself upon it, without delay.

At Jersey City the train dispatcher pointed out the conductor of the Pennsylvania Central train.

"Go to that man, madam; he will fix you all right."



"Take that, ye disrespectful thief o' the wurd! In throth ye'll put no thraine on me. Divil a stitch more will I wear than what's on me back."

“Arrah, what fixin’ do I want? Am n’t I fixed enough, wid me fine Dunstable bonnet and shepherd’s plaid shawl, not to mintion me new brogues, that I gave two shillins and six fur, the day before I shtarted,” muttering to herself. Biddy Finnigan was hailed by the conductor.

“This way, madam. Here is your train.”

“It’s not mine, sur. Do ye think it’s takin’ lave o’ me sinsis apin’ the quality I’d be?” Eyeing the conductor suspiciously, the woman stood still in the center of the track.

Remembering the wise counsels she had received in her native soil, to beware of the human sharks that betray the unwary emigrant, decoying virtuous women by seeming friendship, until they were lured to destruction, the maiden from Hibernia’s Isle stood on her guard, determined to repel any advances that savored of undue familiarity. She remained standing in the middle of the roadway.

Approaching her the conductor caught her by the shoulder, saying,

“This way, madam. I’ll put you on your train”

A thumping blow on his cheek from the muscular fist of the greenhorn stunned him.

“Take that, ye disrespectful thief o’ the world! In throth ye’ll put no thraine on me. Divil a shtitch more will I wear than what’s on me back! I suppose ye thought ye’d deluder me wid a foine thraine an’ a fancy gown, thinkin’ to cum Mother Delany over me; but I’d have ye to know I cum o’ dacint people. Me frock is no tarin’ foine gown wid a thraine, to be shure; but it’s a dacint frock, and covers a dacint woman, and divil a shtitch more will I let ye put on me back; so ye may take yer beautiful thraine to the soart that’ll wear it. An’ I advise ye, if ye have a liken’ fur a whole pelt on yer phiz, to keep yer hands off dacint women, mabouchal.”

Tingling with pain, the conductor put his hand to his cheek. The roar of laughter from the baggage men, smiting his ear, was adding insult to injury; but their merriment at his expense was of short duration.

The huge iron-bound chest had just been deposited in the baggage car and the metal check thrown to the newly arrived emigrant, when, perceiving her bit o' property in the baggage car, Biddy Finnigan jumped in after it, and seated herself on it, resolutely refusing to leave it.

"Aisy me foine lads. How well yiz thought to be off wid me bit o' property while me back was turned, but I am up to yer thricks upon thravelers."

It was now the conductor's turn to laugh at his companions.

"Get off that baggage, madam!" shouted the exasperated baggage master.

"Ye had betthur save yer breath to cool yer porridge, alanna! Be the same token from the signs that's to the fore ye have not mooch to spare, I'm thinkin'."

Directing attention to the baggage check he had given her, the baggage man said:

"Madam, you hold the check I gave you for your trunk!"

"Ha, thin now, what a gumalouch ye take me for. Did ye think I'd be afthur sellin' ye me illigant box, wid three cuts uv linen me aunt Peggy's spinnin', not countin' the tay and shugar, an three pound o' eight-penny dips, an' me Sunday frock, let alone the sods o' turf that I'm bringing to me cousin Pat Duffy, all for an owld brass milk ticket not worth a thraneen. In throth I'll not. Here it is to ye back agin," slinging the check as she spoke. Biddy Finnigan sprawled herself so as to gain a firm hold of her box.

Finding expostulation useless, the baggage man went for the master of transportation.



“Aisy, me foine lads. How well yiz thought to be off wid me property while me back was turned, but I am up to yer thicks upon thravelers.

“Here is the master of transportation. He will make you quit, madam!”

“Faix, it’s not surprisin’ to me he got thransported, whin he consourts wid the loikes o’ you,” regarding the railway official with the deepest distrust. Biddy poured forth her ire, as she rolled up her sleeves and prepared to defend her property.

“Cum on the two o’ yiz, yer comrade has the signs o’ thransportation hangin’ about him yit. His arms is that thin ye cud reddy a pipe stim wid wan uv ’em. I suppose it was the climate uv Australia that whizzed the hair of his head; an’ his poor little dawnshee body is so thin ye could hide him behind a fac handle, an’ divil a shadow he’d cast on the flure.”

The railway magnate beat a hasty retreat, not liking to become the butt of his employees’ jests. He brought a couple of policemen, who finally succeeded in getting the woman into the passenger car.

At every station the train stopped at Biddy Finnigan rushed to the conductor, shouting at the top of her voice,

“Where’s me box? What did yiz do wid me property? Take care yiz don’t lose me wee bit uv a box!”

When the train pulled in at the Philadelphia depot, it was with a sigh of relief the conductor beheld Biddy Finnigan’s box placed on a dray.

CHAPTER III.

*Mrs. Weathersby has Company to Dinner.—A New Way to
Make Pumpkin Pies.—Flavoring Ice Cream.—Jerusha
Ann's Experiment results in a Divided Jury.—
Emulating the Childhood of Illustrious
Men.—The Aristocratic Little Fitz-
doodledoms Riding the
Great American
Elephant.*

JERUSHA ANN was kept at home for a while to recuperate. A diet of toast and tea was prescribed for her. Dr. Proudfoot ordered an antiphlogistic course of treatment. Pastry was positively forbidden. With anxious eyes Jerusha Ann beheld her mother rolling the flaky pie crust. Seated on a cracker box, in front of the kitchen stove, she beat the whites of the eggs to a foam, and her mouth watered as the sugar, nutmeg, eggs, cream and pumpkin, whisked together in a great earthen bowl to the proper degree of consistency, were finally deposited in the flaky crust and baked.

"Yum, yum; pumpkin pie is good for little girls, Maw. Makes 'em grow. Can't I have some?"

"Jerusha Ann! What did mother say?"

"Hankerin' after the flesh-pots of Egypt. I know that's what the preacher said; but Paw says pumpkin pies is a Yankey institution. I reckon they never were in Egypt, 'thout they went on a foreign mission."

“Jerusha Ann! How you do talk. Aint you ashamed of yourself?”

“Ne’er a time, Maw. I believe in patronizing home industries. You know Paw says that’s what we have a protective tariff for. Yum, yum; I could demonstrate the power of home consumption now, on that off pie. Say, Do you want to see me do it?”

“No. You start in and set the table for dinner. Deacon Smithers and Sister Smithers are coming to dinner. You set two extra places, and git down the china ice cream plates, from the top shelf.”

Jerusha Ann departed for the dining-room and began to set the table.

Mrs. Keziah Weathersby placed her pumpkin pies, the joy of her heart, on the sideboard in the dining-room, remarking to Jerusha Ann that she must be sure to have things jest so before Deacon Smithers arrived. More’n likely he was settin’ up to Miss Sally Fairfax, Mrs. Fitzdoodledum’s sister, and she just wanted Deacon Smithers to see there were ladies in the church could get up just as good a dinner as the Fitzdoodledums, though they didn’t wear seal-skin sacques, sailin’ into the front pew; nor live in three-story stone fronts, with mansard roofs.

When the door banged to, after her mother, Jerusha Ann climbed on a chair, and, by the aid of a teaspoon, succeeded in scooping out the pumpkin custard, which she relished exceedingly. A pot of mixed mustard she confiscated, and forthwith filled the pie crusts with the yellow compound.

The ice cream was made to pay toll. Scooping up saucerful after saucerful of the ice cream, Jerusha Ann filled up the vacuum with grated horse-radish, and awaited results.

The Weathersby’s guests arrived, and Deacon Smithers

asked a blessing in due form. Miss Smithers, his maiden sister, cast longing glances at the sideboard, and complimented Mrs. Weathersby on her luck, in always making the best pumpkin pies in the country.

"Aint a gal this side of Connecticut can come up to Keziah on bakin' pumpkin pies," remarked Sam Weathersby, as he divided the spheres into quarter-sections and helped them to his guests.

Sister Smithers tasted hers, and a spasmodic contraction of the lower jaw, followed by a singular contortion of countenance, was explained as another attack of that "pesky neuralgy."

"Jerusha Ann! You go up-stairs and fetch the bottle of pain-killer and a piece of flannel. I reckon I'll fix you all right, Sister Smithers." Mrs. Weathersby bound up the jaws of her guest; but, behold, Deacon Smithers' jaws showed symptoms of the family ailment. Seizing a plate of ice cream, the deacon emptied it in a gulp, endeavoring to cool his burning throat; but the deacon jumped from his seat and made for the spittoon, exclaiming "Jewillicans, I'm poisoned!" and, rushing from the house, sought the nearest physician.

That gallon of ice cream broke up Guiseppi Topiani's ice cream business. The jury didn't agree as to whether it was prussic acid, arsenic or strychnine poison the Italian had put in the ice cream, for the express purpose of poisoning Deacon Smithers, who had appealed to the city authorities to have ice cream saloons closed on Sundays.

A few days after Deacon Smither's pastoral visit, Sam Weathersby was relating to his wife the incidents characterizing the early lives of our nation's heroes. Ulysses S. Grant, when a little boy, mounted an elephant and rode him round the ring. See to what an elevation this

led! The boy Grant rides an elephant in a circus,—the man Grant becomes President of the United States!

Jerusha Ann resolved to emulate greatness. She wanted to become President of the United States too. The trouble was where to find the elephant. Jerusha Ann was equal to the occasion. She grabbed hold of a domestic elephant, and got astraddle of him. The aristocratic little Fitzdoodledums join in the race,—mounting hogs, they ride through the mud gutters of the city, shouting: “Hurrah, for the great American porker, Bismarck’s elephant!”

CHAPTER IV.

First Experience in a Rocking Chair. — "Bad Cess to the Cabinet Maker that med this Chair wid the Heave-ho o' the Ship to it." — "Dhrownded on Shore be a Wathur Snake." — "Divil's Cure to ye, fur an Iron Chist that Laves me a Dissolute Woman, widout a Shawl to me Back or a Bonnet to me Pole, in a Furrin Land."

"MUSHA the half o' ten to ye Biddy agrah. We got Father Foley's letthur, an shure we wor expectin' ye a fortnight ago." Such was the hospitable greeting Pat. Duffy extended to his cousin, as he gave her hand such a pump-handle shake that threatened a dislocation of her arm.

Mrs. Duffy a buxom young woman, welcomed the newly arrived emigrant in a cordial manner, as she subjected the right arm of her kinswoman to a repetition of the pumphandle squeezing.

"An' how is every rope's linth o' ye, Biddy, avic. Throth I needn't be axin, fur ye have the shine o' the roses' bloom in yer face. It's aisy seein' the foine Irish roses in yer cheeks is fresh from the owld sod. The hot sun o' this country 'ill blache 'em afore yer long out, I'm afeered."

"God forbid that same, Peggy. Shure a woman widout color in her face isn't nathural. I seen a power a young wimin on the road comin' and it's walking ghosts

they wor. God help 'em, the poor craytures; me'be it's out uv hospital they cum. I was afeered a ketchin the faver from 'em, an' I kep a sate to meself," replied Biddy Finnigan."

"What way did ye cum?" asked Mrs. Duffy.

"It wus by rail they towlt me; but divil a rail I seen. They clapped me into a thing for all the wurld like the inside uv a Swaddler's church; every man to himself; wid a sate an a windy, an' lashins uv elbow room."

The ponderous chest had proved too heavy for the drayman to lift, and he called out for assistance, to enable him to deliver it.

"Lave of yer things here, Biddy, an' go in the front room an' take a sate, while Patsy an' I give a lift wid yer chest. It's as heavy as lead and a ship's load, so it is.

Mrs. Duffy followed her husband down stairs to lend a hand in getting the "wee bit uv a box" up in safety.

Biddy Finnigan left to herself, made an inspection of the premises. She beheld newly ironed clothes hanging on the clothesbars, and wondered to herself where the fire was, as no fire was visible. Obeying her kinswoman's instructions, she divested herself of her plaid shawl and straw bonnet, placing them on an iron box as she supposed.

"Musha, but ye're the quare shaped chist, wid a gap in the top; like Phil. Flanagan's haggart at the ind o' the boreen, an' four round rings on top, an' pecthures o' green garbage runin' fitchie fotchye all over. In all me days, I never seen such a quare iron chist."

Soliloquizing to herself, Biddy entered the front room, and Mrs. Duffy returning, gave her guest a seat in the rocking chair—the seat of honor and pride of her heart.

"An how is me mother, Biddy. Is the cough any betthur wid her?" asked Mrs. Duffy.

"Yis; a little aisyer."

Biddy clutched the arms of the rocking chair as a drowning man clutches at a straw; the sinews of her neck were distended, and she did not dare to move her head, while her feet were distended, and her whole demeanor bespoke inward sufferings.

Replying to the questions of her entertainers in monosyllables, Biddy supposing that a damaged chair had by mistake been allotted to her, endeavored not to betray the uneasiness she felt.

"What ails yer neck, Biddy? Did ye catch cold on the ship comin' over?" asked Mrs. Duffy.

"Oh no! It's a powerful wakeness that come over me, and I'm afeerd the chair I'm sittin on is a trifle rickety in the legs, Peggy!" Scarcely daring to look down before, Biddy ventured to take a peep at the legs of the chair, as she spoke, the forward motion of her body caused the chair to sway forward on its rockers.

"Urrah, come quick an help me, before I'm spilt all over the flure; the chair is slipping from under me. For God's sake cum before I'm kilt dead, Peggy!" Screaming out in terror, Biddy sprawled and clutched to save herself from falling, but, in the agony of fear, she overbalanced herself and was precipitated on the floor, ere her hostess got to her assistance; the rocking chair tumbling on top of her.

Pat Duffy and his wife lifted her up and finding she had sustained no bodily injury, gave her another seat near the kitchen door.

"That chair was made to rock, Biddy. It's the best bit of furniture we have in the house," explained her kinswoman.

"Bad cess to the cabinet maker that med it thin.

How well he thought to keep up the heave-ho rowlin' o' the ship on the land."

"Why, the ladies of Amerikay love to spind their time sittin' in the rocking chair, Biddy, an' I thought you would loike it also," remarked the host.

"Some an apple, an some an iniyun, every man to his opinion, is an ould saying, and shure it's no more wondhur fur the people that never was on the ocean, to fancy the rowlin o' the ship on top o' the waves, than the quare fancy o' the man that kissed his cow fur choice; but I'm thinkin the cabinet maker that med that chair was aythur born in a bog, or was a sayfarin' man in his youth, an so a rowlin gate cum nathural to him."

Conversation was again resumed. The Duffys made inquiries regarding their old friends of days lang syne, and Biddy informed them regarding the domestic arrangements, business prospects and marital engagements of their old neighbors and relations. Mr. Duffy enquired:

"And how is Ned o' the Hills?"

"Faix it's a long story. But did you hear tell o' how he sarved the Belfast Bailiff?" answered their guest.

"No, tell us about it."

"Well, ye see, poor Ned got into trouble, an' the peeler got wind uv it, an' a coupleo' bailiffs from Belfast came down to sarve him wid a Latitat."

"A Latitat?" interrogated the listeners.

"Yis, it's thrue, fur me. Furst they tuk an alfy david uv him. Wasn't that a mane thing, to go and take an alfy david on a poor man, wid a wife an six little children depinden on him."

"In throth it was," came the reply.

"Not contint wid taken an alfy david on him (an shure if they had the sperit uv a flay off a dacint blanket,

they'd have taken a couple o' shillalahs an leathered the day lights out o' him, an' not go takin an alfy david on him), they up o' an' goes before a magistrate, an' takes out a Latitat agin him."

"Oh, dear me, what a misforthin!" came the refrain from Biddy's listeners, who with the glowing sense of injustice always meted out to the peasantry of Ireland, felt that any law document associated as it was with English misrule and British domination, was an evil, more dreadful in its consequences, than broken bones, or bodily injury, resulting from a hand-to-hand encounter.

"Yis, but the bys gothur an' lay in wait fur the owld bailiff by Lannahan's Mill, an' whin he kem they saized him an' med him kneel down on his marrow bones, an' they bruk the Latitat (an' musha faith, I dunno how they had the strinth to do it), an' they med him swally it in little pieces."

"Ding! Ding! Ding! The jingle of fire bells broke in upon the laughter of Biddy Finnigan's auditors. Pat. Duffy threw up the window and looked out to see the fire engines pass. But behold! they were stationed opposite his own house.

The apartments occupied by Pat. Duffy and his wife were in the second story of a two-story brick dwelling. The front room was used as a sitting room, and the one back of it, served the double purpose of kitchen and dining room. On the kitchen cooking stove, Biddy Finnigan had deposited her shawl and bonnet, supposing it to be an iron chest. The articles catching fire, communicated it to the ironed clothes, hanging on the clothesbars, and thence it spread rapidly, enveloping the rear window in flames.

A policeman on his beat, in the rear, perceived the fire and turned on an alarm.

A fireman rushing up the stairs with the hose in his



“Holy Moses, what a snout he has! Turn the craythur’s head thother way, an’ God reward ye, sur.”

hand, turned a stream on to the kitchen door. It happened that Biddy Finnigan, being seated near this door, received a ducking. Jumping from her chair in affright, she caught the fireman by the shoulders pleading with him to spare her.

“Ow! Ow! I’m kilt entirely. Lanyewallah to think I shud crass the salt say to be dhrowned be a wathur snake. See how he sputthers an’ spits the wather out uv his nose.”

“Turn the craythur’s head thother way, sur, an God will re ward ye! Oh, Holy Moses, what a snout he has got; an’ the two eyes of him stannin’ to the fore like shinnin’ bits o’ brass. Was it fur this I crossed the salt say, to be dhrowned on shore be a wathur snake? Ach, why did I lave ye owld Ireland? Why did I cum to the country where snakes of all soarts does be twistin’ an’ twinin’ an’ sputtherin’ vinom on the people.”

The fire was soon extinguished, and the origin of the fire discovered.

“What made you put your bonnet and shawl on the stove, Biddy? asked Mrs. Duffy, when it was all over.

Wringing her hands in despair, Biddy Finnigan gave expression to her sentiments, as she contemplated the burnt embers of her shawl and bonnet.

“Musha, Divil’s cure to ye, fur an iron chist that laves me a dissolute woman, widout a shawl to me back or a bonnet to me pole, in a furrin land.”

CHAPTER V.

The Weathersby's Conclude to Keep a Hired Girl. The Bride Applies a Mustard Plaster on the Wrong Man.

SAM. WEATHERSBY prospered in his commercial pursuits to such an extent, that his better-half, urged the necessity of putting on style. At first *pater familias* objected to changing his mode of life, but the wife of his bosom wept and frowned, and fretted, and as a closing argument, insisted that the chores Jerusha Ann was compelled to perform were spoiling her hands. Unless he consented to keep a hired girl, all the money spent on Jerusha Ann's music lessons, would be thrown away.

This domestic controversy ended, as such discussions usually terminate.

Jerusha Ann kissed her papa, and the fond father drew out a cheque to pay for all the extra articles of luxury, deemed indispensable in the home of one of Mudville's solid men.

Early in the following week, Mrs. Weathersby, accompanied by Jerusha Ann, took the train for Philadelphia.

Domiciled in the Continental hotel, Jerusha Ann spent the first day of her arrival in forming the acquaintance of the chamber-maids, bell boys, porters, clerks, stewards and elevator boy. Ere the second day had passed, she had a thorough knowledge of the location of the pantry, store room, pastry room and ice cream department, and had established

friendly relations with the custodians of these several repositories of good things.

Mrs. Weathersby was invited to a church sociable, and as her precious darling's wardrobe afforded no garment of sufficient elegance to appear in, she left her at the hotel, telling the chamber-maid to look after her during the few hours that she would be detained at the sociable.

Munching gum drops, Jerusha Ann tired of the monotony of remaining in one place, got her pencil and began to draw pictures. The objects inside the room could not satisfy the lofty ambition of the juvenile artist. Opening the door she amused herself making likenesses of the passers by.

Room 56 was emanated by a newly married couple. Groans emanated from the apartment and a bell boy was summoned.

The bride opened the door and requested the boy to make her a mustard plaster for her husband, who had just been taken suddenly ill with colic.

The boy hunted up the chamber-maid and sent her to receive the order. The sick man continued to groan and his bride came into the hall several times, to watch for the return of the chamber-maid.

"Oh, if I only knew where to get the mustard, I'd make it myself in half the time," she exclaimed in her anxiety.

"I'll show you where the mustard is kept, if you like, Misses." Dropping her paper, Jerusha Ann hurried through the corridors accompanied by the distressed lady. The friendly relations she had established with the steward were put to good account and the lady was instantly furnished with the mustard ; but in her haste she had forgotten to provide herself with a piece of cloth.

Taking off her white apron, her young guide generously donated it to hold the mustard; and fearing her mother's return, ran back to her room. Just as she resumed her place, she beheld a tall, powerfully-built man, very much under the influence of liquor, arrive at room 58, and between hiccoughs and lunges right and left, he finally succeeded in opening the door which he closed only partially behind him.

Disrobing, the bibulous individual was soon in his bed and asleep.

It just then occurred to Jerusha Ann to try an experiment. The lady occupant of room 56 had left a chair, with its back drawn up to the open door-way, so that she might enter her room on her return without delay.

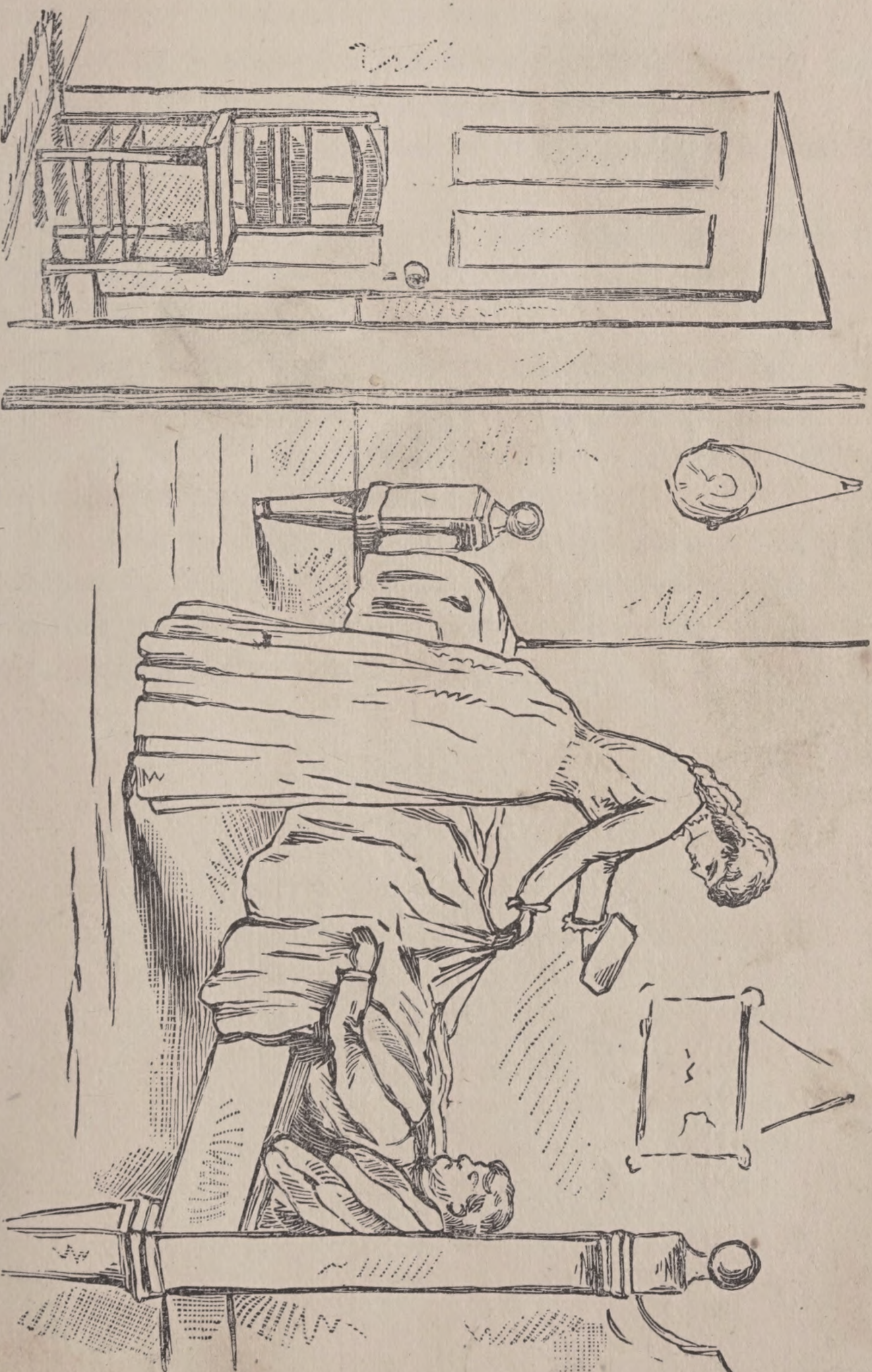
Drawing a chair up to the open door-way of room 58, Mrs. Weathersby's incorrigible daughter awaited results.

Racing through the hallway, holding the mustard plaster on the palms of her hands, the bride rushed through the open door of room 58, recognizing the chair balanced against it, as positive evidence that it was her own room. Throwing back the covering with one hand, she placed the mustard plaster on the stomach of the unconscious sleeper, and holding it down, begged in pleading tones:

"There, keep it down, darling Hubby!" "It was your own precious pet made it for her Hubby!" "Still!" "No, don't kick precious one, it will make you well soon. Bear it for your own sweet wife's sake, I know you will."

"Tarnation sakes! what's that? Who is a burnin me? Hick—up—I eh—ain't no Bunko steerer. Who's a brandin me in my southern territory? Take it off!" Ere the recipient of such graceful attention could realize the situation, the door of his apartment banged to, a female form fluttered for an instant and was soon lost to sight.

Mrs. Weathersby returned from the party bringing bon-



“Throwing back the covering, she placed the mustard plaster on the stomach of the unconscious sleeper.”

bons tied up in her handkerchief. "Why, what has become of of your apron?" demanded the young hopeful's mother.

Cracking peanuts on the marble-topped dressing case, with the key of the door, Jerusha Ann replied:

"I donated it to the cause of evangelizing the heathen, maw!"

"What made you give your fine linen dimity with the cambric ruffles. Your old moth eaten one, with the iron rust is good enough to give away."

"It's all right, maw. Caused a great awakening. I've got the returns in already." Crunching peanuts until it was time to go to bed, no further particulars could be elicited concerning the lost apron from Jerusha Ann.

The next morning the earliest train bore a lady and gentleman far from Philadelphia. The population of the city of Brotherly Love was minus a bride and a groom, all through that romp of a girl's experiment.

CHAPTER VI.

Biddy Finnigan Answers Mrs. Weathersby's Advertisement.

"I had two Karackthurs, mam, but I lost wan uv em on the Ship comin' over." Jerusha Ann Shows the Country-man his Room. "Darn these New Fangled Beds, Spread Around Three Sides of the Room for Style. A Fellar has to Split Hisself in Two to Lie Down in Comfort on 'em."

MRS. WEATHERSBY inserted an advertisement in the *Public Ledger* for a servant to do general house-work, application to be made in person, at room 57, Continental hotel.

Biddy Finnigan after applying at the court-house, on Broad street, the Academy of Music, the Alhambra and the Chestnut street theatre, finally succeeded in finding the place. Mounting the stairs she gave expression to her views concerning the tendency of American architects to erect many storied edifices.

"Wirrasthrue, the ind o' these steps must be cut off, 'I'm thinkin.'" "Faix the builder uv these stairs must have tuk the patthurn from Jacob's laddhur. I'sn't it quare in a counthry where there is lashin's uv land, that they'd be buildin' houses up in the sky."

Arrived at the landing, she accosted one of the guests:

"Would ye be afthur tellin' me, sur, where is the lady that wants a sarvint?"

“Ask the chamber-maid, Madam, I cannot inform you,” replied the gentleman hurrying on.

Seizing hold of the chamber-maid, the same question was repeated.

“Would you be afthur tellin’ me, where is the lady that wants a sarvint?”

“What is her name and number?” asked the maid.

“Musha be whipped to me for a poor mimory, I forgot the name. It’s sumthin’ about the saysons, so it is, an’ to make a long story short, she is wan married woman, an’ she wants a sarvint maid, an’ that’s what brought me here. Would you show me where she lives, allana, an’ God love ye, fur me heart’s broke lookin’ fur the place, an’ I’m shoved about like snuff at a wake, an’ no nearer me journey’s ind.”

Jerusha Ann sliding down the banister guessed the newly arrived emigrant might be in quest of her maternal relative.

“Say are you lookin’ for Mrs. Weathersby’s room?”

“That’s the wan, me purty little girl. Mrs. Weathersby, so it is. Will ye show me where she lives?”

Jerusha Ann led the way to her mother’s room. “Here is a girl come to hire out, maw!” ushering Biddy Finnigan in, as she spoke. The mischief loving child volunteered a favorable comment upon the applicant, “I reckon she’ll do.”

Mrs. Weathersby scanned the woman from head to toe, taking a mental inventory of her good points. “What is your name?” she asked:

“Biddy Finnigan, mam.”

“You look strong and able, have you good health?”

“Oh yis, mam; I have good discharges. I had two karackthurs, but I lost wan uv ’em on the ship comin’ over.”

Mrs. Weathersby laughed as she continued. "Two characters! How's that? I am particular and must have references."

"Shure that's what I'm tellin' ye, mam. I had two karackthurs, wan fur doin' up fine things, an' thother for vegetables an' mate. But I suppose I lost wan uv 'em on the ship comin' over, fur I haven't seen hilt or hare uv it since I landed," unfolding a very white, smoothly ironed handkerchief, Biddy presented a document which she said was wan uv her discharges.

Mrs. Weathersby perused it and learned that the bearer, Biddy Finnigan, was honorably discharged from the service of Sir Richard O'Gorman, M. P., of Mount Joy Square, Dublin, and that she had proved an honest, faithful servant, giving especial satisfaction as a meat and vegetable cook.

Contemplating the robust frame of the applicant, and reflecting upon the fact that she had served a titled nobleman, visions of the elegant dishes cooked in European style and courses served in proper order, with which she would astonish the ladies of the sewing society, floated before the imagination of Mrs. Weathersby, who aspired to mount the social ladder many steps higher.

"What wages do you ask?"

"A hundhred dollars, mam."

"A hundred dollars! why that is preposterous!"

"I got the half uv it at Sir Richard O'Gorman's, an' where's the use o' me comin' to Amerikay, if I wasn't to double it?"

"Do you mean to tell me you got fifty dollars a month in Ireland?" asked Mrs. Weathersby in astonishment.

"No, mam; tin pound a year I mane. It's be the year, I always hired. We wor ped every quarthur."

"Oh, that alters the case. One hundred dollars a year

a little more than eight dollars a month; I don't object to pay that. Where do you live?"

"At me cousin's, mam."

"But who is your cousin?"

"Wan Patrick Duffy, mam."

"Well, where does he live?"

"In his own house; nate an' comfortable as pays in a pod."

"What street does he live on? Tell me the street and number."

"I forgot the name o' the sthreet an' the number, but it's aisy findin' the place. You jump on the sthreet car, it was the yallah wan I tuk; an' more betoken, there was a couple o' big jack asses wid crapped ears haulin' it, an' ye tell the dhriver to stop at the corner groceryman, an' thin ye get off, an' ye walk on a piece till ye cum to a vacent lot wid a house sthanin' in the middle uv it, an' it's a peeler that owns it; an' thin ye go on till ye cum to another impty lot, wid a sthable in wan corner uv it, an' ye turn to yer right till ye cum to Dutch John's, an' thin ye go on till ye cum to a dairy, an' afthur ye pass the cheese monger's shop, ye turns to yer left, an' there's a quarry where they does be sellin' tombstones; an' thin ye tare across skeow ways an' there's me cousin's, Pat Duffy's stanin' forninst ye. The house is med of breeks, painted red, an' there's a furriner, wan Mrs. Brown, livin' in the down stairs. She's an English woman, an' can't spake plain, but she'll show ye the way upstairs to me cousin's an' me' be it's Peggy herself, she will open the dure to ye."

By the time Biddy finished her description, Jerusha Ann and her mother were convulsed with laughter.

Writing the address of the railroad depot, Mrs Weathersby told Biddy Finnigan to have her trunk sent there on

Wednesday morning, and to come to the hotel by six o'clock in the evening, to take the bus with her, as she proposed leaving for Mudville, by the nine o'clock train.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Weathersby went out to make a few purchases, and stationed her daughter in the hallway, to be sure to receive the bundles that would be delivered for her, as she had lost a package on the previous day through an error in the delivery.

Jerusha Ann, amused herself playing mumbledy-peg with the elevator boy between times. A gentleman from the rural districts, gripping a bulky satchel in his hand, was accompanied by the night clerk from the office, and the elevator boy told to show the gentleman to his room.

Just then the Grand Army of the Republic escorted by a perfect battalion of citizen soldiery, marched up Chestnut street. The bands played "And We'll Rally Around the Flag Boys, We'll Rally Once Again," the clerk, elevator boy and a number of young ladies, guests of the house, rushed to the door, to see the military procession.

Looking back, Jerusha Ann beheld the country-man, still standing in the hall with his valise in his hand. Approaching him, she said: "Say, mister, here is your room. You look kind of tired, I reckon ye feel like going to bed; just pull down this door when ye get in, that's the way you shut it."

"Thank ye, sis. I am just tired to death." The man stepped into the elevator as he spoke, and pulled down the door as directed. Divesting himself of his attire, he stretched himself on the plush covered seat, put his valise under his head, and threw his coat and pants over him for a covering.

"Darn these new fangled beds, spread around three sides of the room for style. A fellar has to split hisself in



"Say, Mister, here is your room."



"Starting upright and cocking his revolver to shoot the intruder, he beheld a bevy of young ladies entering his apartment."

two to lie down in comfort on 'em. Call this a first-class hotel, where a fellar has to brace himself on edge to take a stretch. I'll be dogoned if this ain't too utterly too-too. Polished wooden walls, red velvet mattresses, a dozen navy revolvers for a pillow, your old pants for a kiver. This is the esthetic, sure enough. Old Sam Jones keeps a better hotel than this, way out in Pikesville; an' he don't pretend to blow about it, like these Eastern chaps!" Muttering to himself, the gentleman, from Pikesville, made the best of the situation. Tired nature's sweet restorer came to his relief, and he was soon fast asleep and snoring. He was awakened by some one throwing up the door of his room. Starting upright and cocking his revolver to shoot the intruder, he beheld a bevy of young ladies stepping into his apartment.

"Hold on Gals! You've made a mistake, I reckon. This here room is taken. Just step outside a minute, till I haul on my clothes, an' I'll call the boss to give you gals a room!"

The good intentions of the gentleman from Pikesville were not appreciated by his visitors.

Female shrieks rent the air, causing a rush of gentlemen to the spot, who beheld the complicated state of affairs. The door was pulled down and the rural gentleman requested to dress himself, that a more comfortable bedroom might be given him.

Jerusha Ann took her bundles upstairs, while the results of her pranks set the house in commotion. Half an hour later, as she took her seat in the omnibus between her mother and Biddy Finnigan, the elevator boy jammed a bag of candy into her pocket as he bid her good bye. His parting words were: "Sorry you are going, sis. Guess we'll have no more circus till you come back."

CHAPTER. VII.

*The New Domestic.—Boiling Eggs.—Obeying the Missthrus's
Ordhurs. — “He is Hoppin’ Hot, Mam.” — A
Delegation of Citizens endeavor to place Mrs.
Weathersby in the Insane Asylum.—
“I have Seen that Look in the
Poor Dear’s Eyes
Before.”*

DETERMINED to enforce a proper respect for her dignity, Mrs. Weathersby gave instructions to her new servant.

“Remember, Bridget, I want you to do just what I tell you without any questioning. I see you have a habit of talking about things. What I command you to do, go and do it, without inquiring any further.”

“I’ll thry me best, mam, fur to plaize ye, an’ folly yer ordhurs,” replied the maiden from the Emerald Isle, as she listened to the directions of how to make rolls for breakfast.

“Here, when your rolls are nearly done, Bridget, you take this glass and boil the eggs with it.” Mrs. Weathersby gave a three minute sand glass to her new domestic, with nine eggs.

“Yis, mam; I’ll do that same,” answered Biddy.

Mrs. Weathersby left the kitchen, and hastened to her daughter’s apartment, to make her don befitting attire for school.

When the rolls were nearly done, Biddy put the eggs and the sand glass down to boil.

Breakfast was announced, and when the eggs were called for, the new domestic, by nods and winks at her mistress, tried to convey some secret information concerning them.

“What happened to the eggs?” demanded her mistress.

“Naithin, mam; but the thing ye know is all laked into the bottom mam, an’ it’s as hard as flint. Divil a cook it’ll cook, an’ do me best wid it.”

“What do you mean? Dish them all in the dish I left on the kitchen table and bring them in.”

“The wan wid the hin settin’ fur a cover, is it, mam?”

“Yes, that’s it.”

Biddy Finnigan brought the dish of boiled eggs in with the minute glass in the center.

“Why, what have you done with the sand glass,” inquired her mistress.

“I’ve done me best, mam. I biled it, an’ biled it, an’ it all laked into the bottom, an’ not another stur to it.”

“What possessed you to boil the glass?” asked Mrs. Weathersby. While the lord of the manor, and Jerusha Ann, gave vent to their feelings.

“I was doin’ what ye bid me. Ye towlt me to boil the eggs with the thing ye know, an’ that’s what I did, mam.”

“All right, Biddy, you did just what you were ordered. I’ve been there myself, and I know what it is. These eggs are all right; never eat a better breakfast in my life. Give me another cup of coffee, Keziah, to wash that down.” Chuckling to himself, Sam Weathersby partook of his breakfast with a hearty appetite.

As he was in such a good humor, the partner of his

bosom induced him to order home a new ottoman rug from the carpet store, that he had refused to buy for her.

So the first mistake of the new help was passed without reprimand.

Later in the day, Mrs. Weathersby was making doughnuts in her store room. The twisted pieces of sweetened dough were piled, in a wooden bowl, ready to fry, and as she was finishing the last lot, she called to her assistant who was at work in the kitchen.

"Bridget!"

"Yis, mam."

"Put the spider on the stove to get hot."

"Yis, mam." Bridget hunted in the cobwebs of the yard till she found a spider, which she placed on the stove, muttering to herself about the inhumanity of "thratin' a poor dumb crayture that way."

Her mistress called out:

"Is the spider hot yet, Bridget?"

"Yis, mam; he is hoppin' hot."

"Well, pour a cupful of lard into it!"

"Yis, mam. Oh dear, Oh dear. Isn't it bad enough to go roast the poor thing, widout smutherin' it to death wid a hape o' lard on tap uv it. But here goes, I must folly ordhurs, I suppose." She poured the cup of lard over the spider as she spoke.

The flames ascended from the hot grease, and Mrs. Weathersby rushing out discovered a conflagration in progress.

Seizing some strips of rag-carpet that were near, she dipped them in the water-bucket, and, by persevering in keeping them wet, subdued the fire.

"Get out of my house this instant, you good-for-nothing —!"



“Isn’t it bad enough to go roast the poor thing, widout smutherin’ it to death wid a hape o’ lard on top uv it?”

Biddy stood not on the order of her going, but hastened out to the woodshed, where she remained in concealment until Jerusha Ann returned from school.

Peering out from her place of concealment, she asked :

“How is yer mother, now?”

“She is just as mad as she can be, I tell you,” replied the child.

“Is she? The poor craythur. Shure I might have known that, be the ordhurs she gave me. Stay here, Jerusha Ann, an’ don’t stur from where ye are ’till I bring yer fathur to ye. Poor child! God pity ye; it’s an awful thing to have your mother go mad,” remarked the kind-hearted soul as she ran as fast as she could to Mr. Weathersby’s store.

“Cum quick, sur! The mistress is out of her head, sur. She tuk a fit while she was rowlin’ out paste, an’ nauthin’ id do her, but I must gethur a lot o’ insects from the yard, an’ roast ’em on the stove, an’ thin she med me power grase on tap uv ’em; an’ shure the house was near bein’ burnt. She is ravin’ mad, sur. If ye wor to see the fire flashin’ from her eyes, an’ the way she is goin’ on. Ye had bethur bring some men wid ye to help ye, sur, fur its not safe to go near her, an’ I suppose ye’ll have to put her in the mad-house.”

Sam Weathersby accompanied by a policeman, and a delegation of citizens entered his domicile.

The policeman attempted to tie Mrs. Weathersby’s hands. Her eyes flashed fire and she knocked him over, as she shouted :

“Get out of that, you ornery puppy. Don’t you dare to lay your hands on me, or I’ll show you. You can’t fool with me!”

“Oh look at the gleam in her eye,” remarked Mr. Jones. “They always have that.”

“Who are you talking of. You are just as homely as

a mud fence, any how. But if you don't quit sassing me, you will be worse looking yet."

Making pugilistic demonstrations, Mrs. Weathersby continued to excite the apprehension of her fellow-citizens.

"With such a wild look in her eyes, she is not safe to be at large," exclaimed the committee on public safety.

"I have seen just that look in the poor dear's eyes before," remarked Sam Weathersby.

"What in thunder, brought you all here, anyhow," asked the supposed lunatic. Explanations followed, and the origin of the trouble was found out.

That night as Jerusha Ann, seated on a kitchen chair, endeavored to teach Biddy Finnigan the American nomenclature for kitchen utensils, she expostulated with her young instructor:

"Musha, wasn't it quare for yer mother to tell me to put a sphidur on the stove, when she mint a fryin' pan?"

CHAPTER VIII.

Biddy Finnigan Caters to the Invalid French Visitor's Tastes.

*"Ye et all her Pusheens, an' I'm Afeerd the
Owld Wan is a Trifle to Tough in
the Legs, Sur?"*

"Did you get the sausages, Bridget?"

"No, sur. The divil a wan he had left, but two ould gray Polonys wid a coat o' hair growin' on 'em, loike fur on a mole, an' so I left 'em wid him fur a patthorn."

"Well, I reckon you got the cheese, anyhow? Dutch John always keeps a good supply." Mr. Weathersby put the market basket on the kitchen table as he spoke.

"In throth I didn't, sur, fur they wor openin' a box wid the remains of a dead Dutchman, wan Limberbugger, that was sint by express to 'em; an' I had to howld me nose wid the sthink, savin' yer prisence, sur. An' shure me heart was sorry fur the poor people. It'll take a power o' snuff to go round at the wake, I'm thinkin'."

"Never mind; John will send the cheese in time, I reckon. Here is a dollar for you, Biddy, and I want you to have things all O. K. for breakfast."

Sam Weathersby slipped a silver dollar into the open palm of the Hibernian domestic.

"I niver hear tell o' that before, sur. How do ye cook it? Is it fried or roasted ye loike it, sur?"

"Get out, you know what I mean."

"Faix I don't, sur."

"You ain't quite so green as not to know what O. K. means?"

"May be it's a soart o' coffee. They do be havin' Moquay coffee in ould Ireland, the quality does; an' the smell of it on a cowl'd, frosty mornin' would rise the cockles off yer heart, so it would."

Biddy Finnigan wiped the corners of her mouth with the hem of her check apron, as the reminiscence of by-gone days rose to her mind.

"Good coffee is one of the fixin's needed. Here is something he'll enjoy."

Sam Weathersby drew forth, from the bottom of the basket, a tin bucket containing a dozen fresh frogs.

"I want you to cook these in French style."

"Och, murther! Shure you wouldn't ate frogs, Mr. Weathersby?"

Biddy Finnegan let the pan of potatoes she was peeling fall in her consternation.

"Well, I don't hanker arter them, particular; but Mr. Paulette will enjoy them, I guess."

"Shure he can't be a Christian man, sur, an' ate the loikes o' thim."

Biddy Finnigan contemplated the frogs with a look of intense disgust, her full lips distended till her mouth resembled the Mammoth cave of Kentucky.

"I don't know if he is a church member; rather guess not, though," Mr. Weathersby replied.

"Maybe he is a kayhole, sur!"

"A what?"

"A kayhole, sur. Thim is sum soart uv half-furriners—naythur fish, flesh, nor a good salt herrin, they say."

"No; I reckon you mean a creole. He ain't one. Mr. Paulette is one of my best paying customers. He lives away

off in Nevada; and, Biddy, I want you to put on style while he is here, and show the Frenchman that Sam Weathersby's folks live just as well as any on 'em!"

"Oh, bedad! I will, sur."

"You must ask Mr. Paulette every day just what he fancies for his dinner and cook it to suit his taste. I'll pay you for your extra trouble."

"Oh, never fear, sur. I sarved Frinch folks before. The Frinch loikes their mate cooked wid hapes o' garlic an' the roasts done to a tho' than; an' as for soups, the list o' them is the linth uv a process sarver's writ. They puts wine in the gravy wid ham, and makes salad wid sorrelgrass, an' stuffs turkeys wid chestnuts. Himself used to bring Frinch dukes an' lords home wid him from Paris to go fishin' an' huntin' in Ireland, an' it's many's the foine dish I cooked fur the furrin gintlemin in Mount Joy Square. But by the piper that played before Moses, I never seen the likes o' thim cooked fur a Christian man or woman, since the day I was born."

"I hear Mrs. Weathersby a comin'. She will tell you how to cook 'em. Have things all O. K. while our visitor remains with us, Biddy." Sam Weathersby slammed the kitchen door to, and was soon absorbed in the perusal of the morning paper, with his heels elevated to the position of mantelpiece ornaments, as he awaited the entrance of Mr. Paulette in the dining-room.

Mrs. Weathersby told Biddy to broil the hind legs of the frogs, and gave her particular instructions to see that the macaroni was done brown.

Biddy scratched her head as she received the orders of her mistress. "What do you call that thing ye put in the oven, mam?"

"Macaroni! See that it's done brown," yelled Mrs.

Weathersby, as she chased Jerusha Ann upstairs, out of the coal-shed, to make her put on her new organdie dress before breakfast.

Biddy Finnigan left to herself soliloquized upon the odd dishes. "Musha! Bad luck to ye Maggy Rooney, ye had the quare taste to give yer name to a pan o' butthered maggots; an' you an Irishwoman, too, I'll go bail. The Rooneys is uv a good owld Irish stock! A veil agra! It's little they thought wan o' their decindants id be given the name to a pan o' butthered maggots." "God help us, it's little respect the childur o' these days shows to the mimory o' their forefathers." Ruminating upon the degeneracy of filial affection in the nineteenth century, Biddy busied herself about her culinary, work until her mistress called to her to serve breakfast, as the French gentleman was waiting.

Mr. Weathersby's invalid visitor, Mr. Paulette, was traveling for the benefit of his health. A long residence in the mountains, with the necessary reliance on canned vegetable diet, had produced a disorder of the stomach, and the wealthy speculator was forced to seek a change of temperature and food in hopes of regaining his lost health. Although he had resided many years in Nevada, Mr. Paulette spoke very little English and had the habit of expressing his satisfaction by the French equivalent of "It is good" (*c'est bon*.)

"You must make yourself at home while you stay with us, Mons. Paulette, and order anything you fancy. Bridget here will cook it to your taste," said the hospitable host to his guest.

"Begorra, I'll try my best. How did you loike the frogs, sur? Wor they right?" asked the domestic, as she brought the gentleman another cup of coffee.

"C'est bon!" replied the Frenchman.

"You may well say bones. Divil a much mate is on

'em, sur. Here is a fresh plate Will ye thry a score o' these Maggy Rooneys; maybe ye'd loike thim?"

Mons. Paulette partook of the macaroni and again expressed his satisfaction — C'est bon!"

"You say bone! Arrah, it's jokin' ye are? Shure they're nauthin' but grizzle an' pelt. Maggots has no bones at all, at all."

Jerusha Ann snickered right out, and was sent from the table in disgrace, as Mrs. Weathersby served her guest with more water-cresses and dispatched Bridget after more hot pancakes.

Mr. Weathersby remarked: "You have some privations to suffer up in the mountains, even if you never know what a case of sunstroke is."

"*Mais oui*, nevaire ze nice vegetable from ze garden like zis Mistere Vethasby; I like ze life en famille. Ze ladies at ze table make ze heart happy." The Frenchman placed his hand over his heart and made a most polite bow to his hostess.

The lady smiled her acknowledgment of the compliment, as she refilled the guest's cup.

"I should think it would be kind o' lonesome without the women folks," remarked Mr. Weathersby.

"*Mais oui*, two hundred man vit ze une lady." Mr. Paulette replaced his cup and arose from the table, following his host into the parlor.

After the breakfast dishes were cleared away, Biddy Finnigan interrogated the Frenchman concerning his dinner. "Misthur Pullet, what would you loike fur yer dinner, sur; the masthur says I am to get ye what ye loikes to ate?"

Mons. Paulette was an epicure. He noticed a number of pigeons flying about in the neighborhood, and fancied what

a treat the dainty birds would be, so he gave his instructions in the best English he could command :

“You have ze pisheen, eh !”

“Yis, sur ; we have pusheens.”

“Eh bien, you cooke me une younge pisheen every day for my dinnaire. I like ze pisheen.”

“Very well, sur.”

“Tare an’ ages, but that sick Frinchman has the divil’s own taste ; fried frogs an’ butthered maggots fur his breakfast, an’ a briled kitten fur his dinner,” muttered Biddy Finnigan as she sauntered out to the woodshed where the cat had her kittens. Supposing the Frenchman intended to say *pusheen*, the Irish for young pussy, Biddy proceeded to examine the kittens.

“Musha it’s sorry I am to go take yer little family from ye, poor baste, but that frog-atin’ Frinchman cocked his eye on ’em, an’ divil a thing less id do him nor wan o’ yer pusheens fur his dinner.”

Selecting a kitten from the lot, Biddy killed it, skinned it and jointed it, stewing with butter, flour and garlic, garnishing the dish with force meat balls made of bread crumbs, calves’ brains, thyme and parsley, fried in hot lard. The dinner courses served in European style delighted M. Paulette.

“How did ye loike the pusheen, sur? Was it cooked ter yer liken?” inquired the domestic as she handed M. Paulette a match to light his cigar.

“Perfaitment ! ci tender et ci bon !” replied the invalid as he seated himself on a rustic bench under the cherry tree to enjoy his after-dinner smoke.

“Faix aye, his bones is tindhur as a staggerin Bob’s, I dar say !” ejaculated the domestic as she went into dinner.

After finishing his cigar, the visitor took a stroll through

the garden, deciding to re-enter the house through the back, with a view to presenting a *douceur* to the servant for the extra labor his visit would entail.

The kitchen door stood open, and, Biddy Finnigan washing the dishes, perceived the slow pace of the invalid. Compassion for the sick man's condition prompted her to invite him in.

"Ye can cum in this way, if ye like, sur. It's the handiest."

M. Paulette entered, and, placing a five dollar gold piece on the table, inspected the large airy kitchen, so different from the pent-up quarters allotted to culinary purposes in the houses of Nevada. His face beaming with admiration and astonishment, he expressed his appreciation of the commodious kitchen, partly in his native tongue.

"C'est une grande cuisine for ze cook?"

"Yer set fur a grand squeezin 'o the cook? Faix, ye'd betthur not thry it, me lad, or I'll measure the linth and breth 'o my fist on yer countenance, so that yer own mother wouldn't know ye."

Perceiving the gold coin, and supposing the proverbial gallantry and loose morals attributed to Frenchmen had prompted Mr. Paulette's unseemly language, Biddy Finnigan poured forth her ire with unabated fury. "Ye'll give the cook a grand squeezin', will ye? ye frog-atin spalpeen; to talk that way to a dacint woman. All I say is, thry it; an' it'll be yer last hug, for I'll give ye a welt o' my fist that'll smather yer faytures all over yer face loike butther on a hape o' hot pancakes." Shaking her fist in his face and brandishing the dishcloth in angry gesticulation the, irate domestic dumbfounded the Frenchman, who exclaimed:

"Qu'elle horreur!"

"Hell's horror! ye may well say it is. An' I advise ye

to keep yer squeezin' fur the sort o' cooks ye do have up in Nevada."

The invalid guest, astounded, gazed in wonder at the hostile demonstration; and, as he offered no personal violence, the irate female began to cool down.

"I may have tuk ye up wrong, sur; an' if I did, I ax yer pardon. Fur I've a hasty timper, an' sometimes it flies away wid me."

Jerusha Ann came in quest of the invalid visitor; her father had a barouche at the door to take him out riding.

Biddy Finnigan held no further conversation with the Frenchman until the sixth day of his visit, when the cat's progeny becoming exhausted, the maid endeavored to induce a change of fare.

"What'll you have fur dinner to-day, sur; wouldn't ye loike a change?"

"Non! Non! Encore more pisheen; you cook zo nize; I like ze pisheen best!" The gentleman resumed his reading, and Bridget departed to the wood-shed, but soon returned hauling in the old gray cat.

"Don't ye think the owld wan is too tough? I'm afeered she's a thrifle tough in the legs, sur, an' as ye ate all her little pusheens, I thought I'd ax first before killin' the poor baste, feerin she's so owld ye moighten'd be able to chaw her."

Monsieur Paulette found the climate too trying to his constitution to remain in that country an hour longer.



“Ye et all her pusheens, an’ I’m afeerd the owld wan is a thriffe too tough in the
legs, sur.”

CHAPTER IX.

Deacon Smithers Seeks a Helpmate.—Jerusha Ann Introduces a New Church Member.—The Widow Tucker.—Respecting the Wishes of the Dear Departed.

FIVE motherless babes appealed to the paternal solicitude of Deacon Smithers. Feeling the incompleteness of masculine nature to cope with the wants of these dependent infants, deacon Smithers was looking around him for a helpmate. Seeking the sisterly counsel of Miss Smithers, he enumerated the eligible ladies.

“There is sister Rodgers, a woman of Godly life; a discreet woman; not filled with the vanities of the giddy world. What think you of sister Rodgers, Jane?”

“That sour-visaged relict of the last century, Eliza Rodgers? Surely, you could never think of putting a woman like that over your children, brother.”

“Well, how would Mrs. Hunter, who sits in the third pew, on the right, do? She is a God-fearing woman, a neat, tidy housekeeper, and has a competency to support herself on. Dost thou approve Mrs. Hunter as a mother for my orphan babes, Jane?”

“Henry Smithers! How do you suppose Elizabeth could rest in her grave, seeing that termagant Sarah Hunter placed over her children? No, she couldn’t do it! Sir.”

“Sister Fairfax hath a goodly income, and, though a little touched with the spirit of worldliness, yet I think she loves our little motherless dears.”

"She would need a big pile; but all the money in the world, would never hide that ugly wart on her nose."

"Oh, sister! Miss Fairfax is not to blame for the shape of her features, nor the defects of nature. Surely, it is not Christian to mention bodily defects. I think, sister Fairfax, already loveth the innocent prattle of our lambs."

"That's all put on, just to catch you. She is an ugly old maid. Nobody wants to marry her, and so she just baits her hook, with a few candies for the children, hoping the father will nibble at the bait. I think I know what Sally Fairfax is after. She don't own the houses on Main street, either. That was a story given out to help her to catch a husband. She has only five years' lease of that property."

"Ah! Perhaps, sister Fairfax is a little too much filled with the spirit of mammon to adorn, with the proper grace, the parsonage of Bethel Church." Deacon Smithers sighed, as he pondered on the difficulty of finding a helpmate.

"Sister Tucker mourneth for the dear departed. I saw her yesterday, and she was bewailing her lonely state. Verily, the human heart seeketh sympathy. Perhaps, sister Tucker might be induced to listen to brotherly counsel, upon the sinfulness of grieving."

"I reckon she might."

"Sister Tucker, hath a comely presence, brown eyes, fair complexion, a graceful form, and a winning smile."

"That is true."

"With such a helpmate, the parsonage of Bethel Church would beam with feminine attractiveness; and be an influence over the young, leading them unto righteousness. My mind is made up. I shall pay sister Tucker a pastorly call, and ask her to become a mother to my precious lambs."

Deacon Smithers arose and reached for his hat. As he was leaving the sitting room, his maiden sister called after him :

“ Don’t commit yourself, brother, till you find out if the widow Tucker is engaged to Hiram Allan, the wholesale grocer. Folks do say the wedding is to come off the fifteenth of next month.”

Deacon Smithers heeded not the admonition. He bent his steps in the direction of Franklin street, where the widow Tucker resided.

All nature seemed to rejoice ; the rosy god of day was kissing the June roses into life and loveliness ; the sparrows hopping from branch to branch of the lilac bushes, carried twigs or bits of straw in their tiny beaks, suggestive of housekeeping intentions ; the shrill scream of the jay, answered by the warbling of the katydid, told the same story of female sovereignty ; the croak of the bull frog sounded like a protest from *pater familias*, against feminine extravagance ; and the squabbles of the little “twit tweets” resounded with the echoes of family jars ; even the bees, hob-nobbed with the honeysuckle blossoms, and the festive mosquito spread himself to make a mash, on the blooming belle of the forest ; the horsefly yielding to the influence, stopped his labors and offered the leg of a dead ant, with true gallantry, to a female companion. Every object in earth, air or sky, seemed to beckon Deacon Smithers onward in quest of a mate.

So he drew near the widow Tucker’s house. His heart beat with ponderous velocity, like the swish swash of a propeller’s paddle wheel, and his eyes swimming in delight, like young ducks in a horse pond, beheld the beauteous form of his lady love sitting in a rocking chair, near the front window.

The widow was arrayed in weeds of the deepest woe,

her dress of jet black, had an annex of crepe extending to the waist, the sleeves terminated in a semi-basement of crepe, while a mansard with dormer-window attachments of the same fabric of woe, roofed the structure.

"Good morning, sister Tucker." The Deacon placed his hat on the piano, and extended his hand in friendly greeting to the widow.

"Good morning, Deacon Smithers. Nice weather we are having," answered the widow.

"Yes, sister Tucker, the weather is inspiring. As I came along to make you a pastoral call, I noticed how all nature rejoices in companionship. The birds are building their nests, the insects fulfill their appointed tasks in couples, and every flower blossoming forth in beauty, is a reminder of double blessings." The Deacon shifted his right leg over his left, as he moved his chair nearer the widow's.

Taking her pocket handkerchief, bordered with two inches of inconsolable woe, the widow began to weep into it: "He! used to talk just so. Ah, dear, dear, how can I survive him. To think, that I am here, and dear John laid away in Laurel Grove Cemetery. Eha—eha—Oh! dear, dear, what shall I do?"

Drawing his chair, just a little mite closer to the grief-stricken widow, the Deacon endeavored to console her.

"Sister Tucker, it is not good to mourn always. The sacred memory of the dear departed needs no such overwhelming outburst of feeling as this. You, as a good Christian woman, fulfilled every wifely duty to your husband while he was living, and have mourned him after death, with every demonstration of affection. Therefore, weep not, as one that cannot be comforted. I beheld the last tribute of wifely commemoration, erected to the memory of my esteemed friend, John Tucker, when I was at Laurel Grove, last week."



“Seizing her hand as he jammed his chair right up against the rocker, Deacon Smithers poured the balm of consolation on the heart of the bereaved Sister Tucker.”

Between her sobs, the widow gasped out: "Did—eha! eha!—Did you eha!—eha!—Did you think it worth a thousand dollars?"

"Well, yes; I should say it was a bargain at that price. Therein you have shown your respect for the prudent counsels of dear John. He always liked a close bargain."

"Yes, eha! eha! I always try to respect dear John's wishes," sobbed the widow.

"Sister Tucker. I feel the great solemnity of this occasion. Would that I could pour the balm of consolation on that bleeding heart. Would that I could inspire you with thoughts of the living, that you might take hope and consent to make another life happy."

The widow wiped the tears from her eyes, as she sighed:

"Well, Deacon, I'll try."

Seizing her hand, as he jammed his chair, right up against the rocker, the Deacon poured forth:

"Yes, sister Tucker; to cease repining, to bind up the wounds of the afflicted, to influence the young heart to high and noble purposes, to comfort and solace another life, that is an aim that makes life worth the living. Can you do this?"

"I mean to try, Deacon, since you think it is my duty. For you know, Deacon Smithers, I always did try to do my duty. Though some long-tongued folks in this town go to talking about me, in regard to this very matter."

Giving the little white hand an impressive squeeze, the Deacon continued:

"The tongue of malice, ever inclineth to evil; but with a husband to shield you, you need not fear."

"Then, you think my getting married again wont scandalize the church members, Deacon?"

"No! No! I feel that the church members will fully approve of the union, and your influence will be a benefit to the young, in leading them unto righteousness. I shall feel blessed in your presence at the parsonage, and five motherless darlings shall cling to your motherly care ——."

"Five children! did you say, Deacon Smithers? If I don't make Hiram Allan smart for his deceit, my name is not Matty Tucker. He never let on to me he was married before; always made out to me, he was a bachelor. I don't believe it, Deacon. Hiram Allan ain't twenty-four years old."

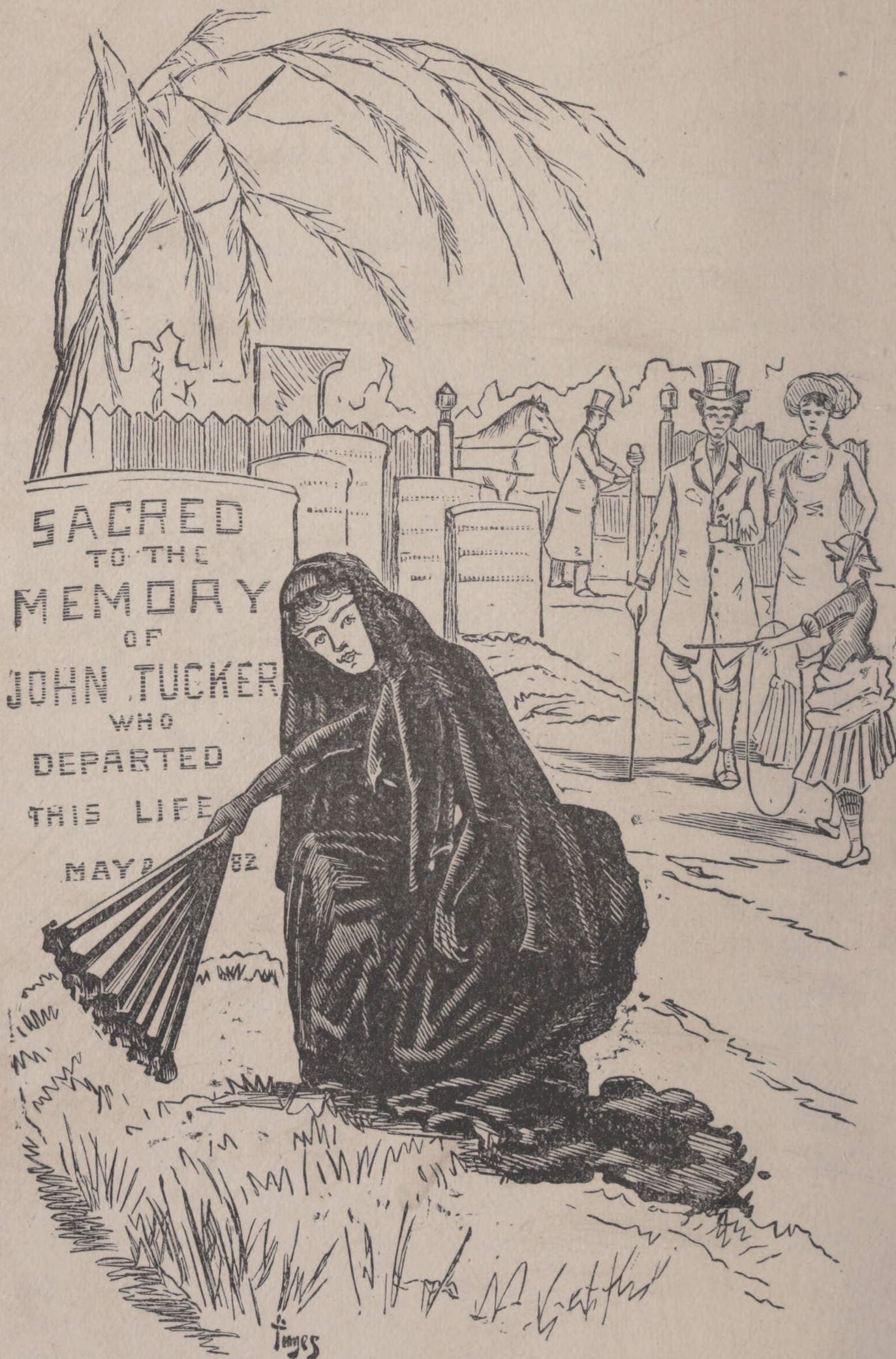
Deacon Smithers widened his distance, and grasping his hat, remarked that it was a mistake. "He did not wish to say that Hiram Allan was the father of five children."

"I reckon 'tis a mistake, Deacon. Hiram wanted me to set the day earlier, but I promised dear John, before he died, that I would not marry again till the grass was dry on his grave; and you know, Deacon, I always try to respect poor dear John's wishes."

"The Deacon's pastoral call came to a sudden close. Jerusha Ann, bowling her hoop on the pavement, while talking to a lady, hailed the Deacon: "Say! This is Mrs. Swipes, Deacon Smithers. She kind of thinks of joining our church. We're a goin' to Laural Grove Cemetery, to take a walk. Will you come along?"

Mrs. Swipes, a lady with a blonde wig, and a general appearance of rejuvenated antiquity, acknowledged the introduction, and seconded the invitation.

"Do come with us, Deacon Smithers. I had the pleasure of listening to your beautiful gospel discourse on last Sabbath, and was very much edified. As our young friend here, remarked, I have had some intention of becoming united with Bethel Church, and would like to know the rules."



"Respecting the wishes of the dear departed, I promised dear John that I would not marry again till the grass was dry on his grave."

Thus appealed to, Deacon Smithers, accompanied Mrs. Swipes on her promenade, and expounded church matters to her, while Jerusha Ann trundled her hoop along the side walk.

After walking through the pebbly avenues, shaded by weeping willows and reading the inscriptions on the tombstones, they returned to the cemetery gate, when Jerusha Ann called out:

“If there ain’t Hiram Allan, dressed in his Sunday clothes, a hitchin’ his horse to the hitchin’ post. As sure as I’m a livin’, if he aint got a new buggy too. Shouldn’t wonder if the widow Tucker wasn’t around. Look thar she is!”

They looked in the direction indicated by Jerusha Ann’s hoop stick. There bending over the grave of the dear departed John Tucker, the widow, holding an enormous black fan in her hand, was fanning the grass dry on her husband’s grave.

CHAPTER X.

Jerusha Ann's New Hat.—Biddy Finnigan's Opinion of a Chrushed-Strawberry Peek-A-Boo.—“Where is the Dhrawurs for the Tay-pot.”

“ARRAH, where did you git that quare outlandish thing ye have on yer head, Jerushy?”

“This is my new chrushed-strawberry Peek-A-Boo hat. How do you like it, Biddy?”

“Musha, it looks for all the world loike a mat made o' withered rushes dipped in pig's sowkin's, an' a wisp o' dun-duckedy colored ribbons in the middle uv it; naythur bright red nor a good crimson.”

“Why, this is the latest style, Biddy. Everything is crushed-strawberry color now.” Jerusha Ann, placed her hat on a nail, and admired it.”

“Shure, there's no accountin' for tastes, my dear, as the man said whin he kissed his cow. Where's the dhrawurs for the tay-pot, Jerushy, yer mother towlt me to make tay fur afthur dinner, whin she wint to meetin', an' sorra wan o' me kin find the dhrawurs fur the tay-pot?”

“I reckon you will have to make a new pair, Biddy.” Jerusha Ann went to her mother's work-box and brought some pieces of linen and lace to Biddy. “Maybe, you wont want to make them on the Sabbath, Biddy?” Seating herself on the kitchen door-step, Jerusha Ann amused herself by throwing chunks of soup meat to the chickens and seeing them fight over the pieces of hot meat. When the door-bell rang, she ran to the front door to let her mother

in, and told Biddy to dish the dinner, as the folks were home from church.

Mrs. Weathersby brought one of the ladies, of the sewing circle, home to dinner with her.

Jerusha Ann set another place at the table, and cautioned Biddy to see that everything was all right before she rang the bell for dinner, as Mrs. Folsom was so awful stylish.

“Stylish? Be whipped to her for the airs she puts on. I seen more style in Sir Richard’s, in Mount Joy Square in Dublin, thin she cud howlt a candle to in her whole life. An’ shure she is no spring chicken; she wouldn’t crack undhur the wing, I’ll go bail, wid tindhurness.”

Jerusha Ann laughed. “Oh! Biddy, she is so very particular. You know she is always saying some such word as beesom, ’cause it makes her lips go up kind of pretty, and she never disagrees with anybody; she always sides with everybody’s opinion about everything.”

“In throth I know her smooth ways; she’d tickle the bricks to plaise the wall.”

Biddy arranged everything with particular care, served the courses in their proper order, got down the finger-bowls, which had never been used before in the Weathersby household, and served them with the *serviettes*. Mrs. Folsom had taken occasion at a former time to snub Biddy. Shrewdly suspecting that the shoddy Mrs. Folsom was ignorant of the use of finger-bowls, Biddy served her first.

Taking the bowl in her jeweled hands, Mrs. Folsom raised it to her lips and drank the contents.

“Ach woman dear ye’ll fill yer belly wid wind, drinkin’ so much wathur. Shure it was to wash yer fingers in I gev it to you. Did ye never see finger-bowls before, alanna? We uses thim at this house every day.”

Sam Weathersby chuckled as he dipped his fingers in the bowl and wiped them in the linen *serviette*. His wife and daughter showed such dexterity in the use of theirs, that their shoddy visitor felt at a considerable discount. The feeling was increased by the remark of Sam Weathersby:

"Try it, Mrs. Folsom. You'll find it a handy institootion for takin' the stickin' things from fruit off your fingers." Nodding to Biddy to refill Mrs. Folsom's bowl, the master of the household, by this stroke of policy, gained two points of advantage: he tickled his wife's vanity in upholding the family dignity, and cemented the friendly feeling of his domestic, who, by a series of little trifles, had succeeded in establishing the master's supremacy.

When Mrs. Weathersby ordered the tea, Biddy brought the tea-pot on a salver. But when the family beheld a bung with plume of white paper ornamenting the spout, and another in the air hole of the lid, it was a tax to keep their risibilities in check.

Mrs. Folsom asked "what are those things on your tea-pot Mrs. Weathersby?"

"The latest style in Decorative Art, Mrs. Folsom. Oscar Wilde, the great Esthete, told us how to decorate our homes you know," replied Jerusha Ann as she passed the cake-basket around.

"Biddy will explain the matter to you," added Mrs. Weathersby.

"Thim is tay dhrawurs, mam. The quality always uses dhrawurs, mam, fur ye see the rayson uv havin' dhrawurs on the tay-pot: The sintimint o' the tay is kep in the pot an' doesn't be wandhurin aff in the air; the wathur takes a powerful grip o' the tay, an' that's the way we git the rale juice out o' the lafe, an' the fine flavor o' the tay, mam."

Soon after dinner was over, Mrs. Folsom went home.

The Weathersby's style of living would be gazetted all over the town before the end of the week, and Mrs. Weathersby rejoiced that her stock, in the social scale, would go up in consequence. For once she was pleased with a green-horn girl.

Jerusha Ann went up to Biddy's room and proposed a conundrum to her. "Say Biddy, why am I like a manufacturer of lucifers?"

"Bekase there's so much o' the divil in ye, I suppose."

"No. It is because I am a match-maker. Deacon Smithers has been to tea three times this week at the widow Sikes; I am the cause of her joining the church. You wait and you'll see some fun one of these days."

CHAPTER XI.

Diagnosis of Deacon Smithers' Symptoms. Pastoral Calls.

The White Choker Period.—The Widow Sikes Baptized by Immersion.—Why that Romp of a Girl Recruited New Church Members.

As THE grasshopper hoppeth o'er Kansas prairie, as the gray gander waddleth toward the white goose, as the cockroach inclineth toward the damp places, as the racoon hankereth over the chicken-coop, as the tom-cat warbleth nocturnal praises of the feline Marias, so the festive widower wooeth the pining widow.

The medical practitioner diagnosis a case by the symptoms of the disease. First a slight cold, then a diffuse blowing of the probocis, followed by a slight fever; fever increasing, pulse high, fever alarming, then the crisis.

To make use of a metaphor, the diagnosis of Deacon Smithers' widowership was undergoing the different stages of the disease that precedes the final crisis, ending in the total annihilation of the widower's state.

The disease first broke out in a slight eruption of little specks of admiration distributed over the entire surface, then followed a chill; a faint repression emanating from the widow Sikes, as a sort of reserve power, condensing the amatory fluid into steam. Then came a profuse blowing of his own horn, by the patient; a subdued fever manifesting itself by sudden gushes marked the next symptom of the malady; fever, local in the beginning, at last becomes general; pulse indicating a hundred and twenty beats; treatment palliative,

rather than retroversive ; sops, toast and teas administered by the widow ; fever raging, patient becomes delirious, threatens to end his widower existence ; a feminine hand brings state of the disease to a final crisis.

Deacon Smithers in the discharge of his ministerial duties, first called upon the widow Sikes as he was passing by in his every-day attire ; next he brushed his coat before calling ; then he wore his Sunday hat, when about to visit sister Sikes ; after that he put on a clean shirt ere bending his steps in the direction of her residence, and at last he donned his entire Sunday suit, white choker, and kid gloves, as he sallied forth to expound the scriptures to the new church member.

All these manifestations caused Miss Jane Smithers to dwell in a perturbed state of anxiety. When the white choker period arrived, she gave a deep sigh as she saw her brother shut the front door after him, and immediately calling the children together, she told them their papa was going to bring a new mamma home ; she guessed she'd have to pack the trunk and start for the East.

Jerusha Ann came to play with Susy Smithers, and Susy in a burst of uncontrollable grief, conveyed the sad tidings to her friend.

“Dry up, Sue, she ain't half as bad as you think. I know her, an' tain't true she's a connivin widow neither. I'll tell you what to do : You just let on you think she is awful young, an' she'll give you a blue satin polonaise for your doll or anything you've a mind to.”

Susy dried her tears and brought out her china set, and the children had a party under the apple-tree in the back yard. Jane Smithers refusing the supplies, Jerusha Ann appealed to Biddy Finnigan, who opened the cake-box and picked the specked apples out of the barrel for her, besides

giving "a grain o' tay an' a meischaun o' butthur to the feast," a couple of cut pies piled into the basket completed the outfit, as Biddy imparted her favorite advice: "Ye'll be a child but wanst in yer life," so make the best uv it, while ye can; for childhur must be childhur till the ind o' the wurd."

The children had a high-old time. Alphonse Fitzdoodledom and Johnny Rodgers joined them, and put up a swing in the apple-tree, and they played till supper time.

As Jerusha Ann slipped in with the empty basket through the alley gate, she imparted the news to Biddy.

"Say, Biddy, it's did. Deacon Smithers is going to be married to Mrs. Sikes. She is goin' to be baptized next Sunday. Don't you want to cum an' see her?"

"Is it me go inside o' the Bethel meetin'-house? In throth, I'll not?" answered Biddy.

"'Taint in no meetin'-house. Don't you know the Baptists always baptize in the river. There's a lot goin' in, on Sunday, down below Rodger's mill. Say, wont you come? There is goin' to be cake and ice cream and candies passed around to the Sunday-school children; I'll get you some."

Jerusha Ann coaxed an affirmative reply from Biddy at last, as she fastened her clean apron in the back.

On Sunday, at the appointed hour, a large concourse of people from the country around, assembled at the appointed place, to witness the ceremony of Baptism by immersion. A number of candidates, attired in the usual garments, awaited the coming of Deacon Smithers, who was to be the officiating minister. Among them all, none seemed happier than the widow Sikes, whose gorgeous rainment, beautiful blonde hair, blooming cheeks, and lily-white skin, attracted the attention of all observers.

Jerusha Ann got Biddy Finnigan a seat on a cracker



“Beaming with inward consciousness that she was about to become one of the elect, the widow waded boldly in; when, lo! her off leg bobbed up serenely, and floated on the tide.”

box, and taking her position on the end of a log that jutted out over the river bank, called to Biddy to look out, Deacon Smithers had just come.

After exhorting the candidates, Deacon Smithers waded in and commenced the dipping. The ceremony went on all right till he came to Mrs. Sikes.

Beaming with inward consciousness that she was about to become one of the elect, the widow waded boldly in; when lo! her off-leg bobbed up serenely and floated on the tide. This caused a suspension of her equilibrium, and the upper portion of her body rotated considerably, then with a sudden dash, flopped into the swift current; the seething waters caught the widow's blonde locks and bore them triumphantly away.

"Orrah! Will you look, Jerushy. The poor craythur's hair is tore out by the roots. Musha, what ails her leg? It's saized wid a sudden lightness!" exclaimed the compassionate maiden from Hibernia's Isle.

Laughing till the tears came from her eyes, Jerusha Ann exclaimed:

"Oh Dear! This is what I've labored for. Oh, dear me, just look again!" They carried the limp form of the widow Sikes to the shore and administered restoratives. Alas! no restorative could bring back the bloom to the widow's cheeks. The relentless waters mingling with the "Bloom of Youth," caused the complexion compound to flow in streaks down her cheeks, till she looked like a Comanche Chief, painted for the war-path. Jerusha Ann let Biddy into the secret. The widow Sikes had a wooden leg. That was why she got her to become united with Bethel Church.

CHAPTER XII.

A Spiritual Seance at Sam Weathersby's—Extraordinary Manifestations—That Romp of a Girl Tries Her Skill as an Interviewer of the Dead—Realistic Materialization of the Spirits Breaks up the Circle—A Simultaneous Stampede—Jerusha Ann's Sunday School Lecture.

SPARKS flying like sky rockets on a fourth of July, lighted up the great big blacksmith shop, where Jack Carson hammered the anvil, and fitted shoes on the equines that the livery-stable man brought to be shod.

The air was redolent of burning horse hoofs, ammonia and the fumes of sputtering iron, yet there sat a female form, undeterred by the commingling smells, from holding a familiar chat with the blacksmith's boy.

Attired in a handsome suit of pink chambrey, with a satchel filled with school books hung at her back, Jerusha Ann Weathersby, seated on a pile of old tackling and broken wagon-wheels, importuned the juvenile son of Vulcan to aid her.

"Say, Jack, won't you do it?"

"It's awful risky, sis."

"Who said it wasn't. Wouldn't be no fun in it, if it wasn't risky."

"I guess Dr. Arnot would have me put in the penitentiary for it, if I was caught."

Slinging her satchel on a case of horse shoes, Jerusha replied :

“See here, Jack Carson, if you ain’t got spunk enough to do it, I’m agoin’ to ask Johnny Rodgers to fix it for me; and you needn’t bring your belly-gutter to slide down our hill next winter, neither.”

“I’ll do it, Jerushy! Don’t you ‘go back’ on me for that lop-sided Johnny Rodgers.”

“All right. You bring a bottle of phosphorus with you, an’ come round by the back-alley gate, after school is out, an’ I’ll let you in.”

“Won’t your maw go for me, if I do?”

“She is gone to spend the day with Mrs. Folsom. They fixed the cabinet this morning. I got Biddy to leave the step-ladder in the parlor so we could have the use of it.”

“Oh, the hired girl is into it, eh! Then I guess we can fix things all hunki-dorie.”

“Don’t fail to be on hand, prompt, Jack. I’ll help you carry the illustrious personator of George Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte, George Eliot, and James A. Garfield.” Jerking her satchel over her shoulder, Jerusha Ann departed from the blacksmith shop and hurried off to school.

After school was dismissed, Jack Carson’s whistle at the back-alley gate was answered by the appearance of Jerusha Ann, with a bundle of brown wrapping-paper, and a ball of twine.

Together they sallied forth, in the direction of the medical college.

“You boost me over the fence, Jack, first,” whispered Jerusha Ann to her companion.

Jack Carson was a strong youth, in his seventeenth

year. He assisted her to climb the fence and vaulted over the enclosure after her.

Filing off one of the iron bars that protected the basement windows, he raised the sash and crawled in, leaving Jerusha Ann on the outside. She fastened the cord around the wrapping-paper and lowered it after Jack. Soon after a bulky, long package, securely wrapped and tied, was thrust through the opening.

Making their way over the fence, Jerusha Ann and her companion, carrying the bundle between them, took a short-cut across lots, to the rear of the Weathersby abode.

Biddy Finnigan opened the gate for them, and told them they must hurry up with their fixin's, as Mrs. Weathersby had sent word she was coming home to tea at six.

Screw-eyes were inserted in the tops of the door and window-casings in the front parlor, where the cabinet for the seance had been erected.

Unfolding the package, a human skeleton was brought out. Painting the ghastly object all over with phosphorus, Jack Carson adjusted it so that by a system of check-strings, the skeleton could be made to dance around the room in a circle ; then he placed it horizontally lying on top of the cabinet, covering it with a piece of black cambric muslin. Coarse spool-silk attachments, connecting with the wires on the ceiling, were concealed behind the damask curtains and passed through the key-hole. Biddy Finnigan being cautioned not to let them slip through when admitting the guests.

There was to be a grand seance at Sam Weathersby's house. Mrs. Folsom had become a medium, and had the power of producing most marvellous manifestations. It was announced that the spirits of George Eliot, Napoleon Bonaparte, George Washington and James A. Garfield

would become materialized, and give their experiences in the spirit world.

The members of the press were invited to witness the erection of the cabinet in the morning, and be present at the evening seance to investigate spiritual manifestations, and a company of the most select citizens would all be enlightened as to the state of their departed relatives.

Nothing was left unfinished that could be done to show the etherial character of the ghostly visitors, who were to tip tables and go through the regular performances.

That romp of a girl, Jerusha Ann, beheld the preparations going on, and she determined to try her skill as a materializer of the dead.

After Dr. Arnot's skeleton had been duly installed in his post of honor, she made Jack Carson borrow a white-faced owl and a tame squirrel. With these carefully hid in Biddy's bed-room, as also, her able ally Jack, she was prepared for business.

The elite of the elite, as the shades of evening fell, hastened to the Weathersby mansion.

Among the guests was a pompous individual, a gentleman descended from Pocahontas. He was a Virginian, and, of course, belonging to one of the first Virginy families (who ever saw a Virginian that belonged to the second family), not only was Mr. William Henry Harrison Loring belonging to the F. F. V's., but he delighted in recounting his military exploits, and the illustrious people with whom he claimed to be on terms of intimacy, going through the long list on every trivial occasion.

The guests had all assembled, Mrs. Folsom arrived, and was duly examined, to see that she had no contrivance, for cutting herself loose, concealed about her clothing, after which she was placed in the cabinet and fastened with a

rope, after the usual manner of spirit mediums. Biddy Finnigan was stationed at the door to prevent its being opened during the seance. The lights were extinguished, the ladies and gentlemen caught hold of hands forming a circle and awaited developments. Tip, tap—the table tilted.

“Who is there?” demanded Sam Weathersby. A spiritualist explained that it would be necessary to put the question in a different form.

Mr. W. H. H. Loring objected.

“I think, ladies and gentlemen, the question of our host is eminently proper. No true lady or gentleman, whether in the flesh or in the spirit, would refuse to give his name or pedigree.”

Scarcely had Mr. Loring finished his remarks, when the owl, which Jerusha Ann just then let loose, flapping his wings, hit Mr. Loring on the cheek, as he flew past, giving forth the hoot, which, under the circumstances to the excited imagination of the Virginian, seemed to say:

“Whoo—whoo—who are you—”

“I am William Henry Harrison Loring, descended from one of the first Virginian families; served as chief of staff with Gen'l Sherman during the late war; commanded the frigate *E Pluribus Unum* in the war with Tripoli; the intimate friend of El Hafid Mahomet, Khedive of Egypt; private secretary to Abdul Asiz, Sublime Porte of Turkey; amanuensis of Louis Napoleon; political adviser of President Lincoln; served as second to the Count Zuriarokoff in a duel with the Duke Alexis; beside many important positions which I have filled at foreign potentates' headquarters. Pray, sir, who are you?”

The owl, perched on the top of the window, failed to respond to the question, and the spiritualist, annoyed at the interruption, put the question:

“Is it the spirit of James A. Garfield that is with us?”

Three taps of the table responded in the affirmative.

“Ah! I beg your pardon, General, I might have known by your familiarity in tapping my cheek, that it was my old chum, President Garfield,” W. H. H. Loring apologized.

“Will you materialize?” asked Mr. Brown.

A faint, shadowy outline of the late President was reflected in the door of the cabinet, which drew forth murmurs of satisfaction from the guests. One of the ladies asked the medium if she could summon the spirit of her darling Daisy, a three-year-old daughter, who had journeyed to the spirit land.

Three raps of the table showed that the spirits were disposed to be very accommodating.

“Is the spirit of Daisy present?” asked the lady.

Jerusha Ann jerked the tame squirrel into the room, and Bunny’s pattering feet were plainly heard by the interested investigators. The squirrel went round the circle, and finally clambered up the mother’s skirts, perching with tail erect on her shoulder.

“Oh, I feel the darling’s golden curls fanning my cheek!” exclaimed the delighted parent.

The strange voices frightened Bunny, and the animal scampered over the table, across the carpet and sought shelter in the window curtains.

“Ah, ah, did you feel her little feet?” asked Mr. Brown. “I felt them distinctly.”

“Felt uncommonly like a rat chasing over my hands,” remarked Mr. Weathersby.

“Your impressions correspond with mine, sir,” said Will Wilson, a press reporter.

“Must squeeze their feet like the Chinese, in the spirit land, to make a three-year-old child’s foot less than half an inch,” muttered the incredulous host.

"Now, Sam, can't you keep still; you'll keep the spirits from manifesting. You always must have the measure and rule for everything. That's not the way we shall become enlightened. You must believe and be silent," observed Mrs. Weathersby.

"Don't want any rats in mine, Keziah," snarled the unbelieving husband.

Mr. Brown, the spiritualist, said he felt the table moving, and asked: "Is the spirit of the great military hero present?"

The shadowy outline of Louis Napoleon was revealed in the cabinet door.

The Virginian felt a little uncomfortable, yet, as he had professed to be such an intimate acquaintance of the deceased emperor, he asked the shadow:

"Do you remember me, emperor?"

Just then the owl, catching a sight of the glistening skeleton, flew from his perch to the top of the cabinet, hooting: "Whoo—whoo—whoo—who-are-oo."

"I am William Henry Harrison Loring, the gentleman from Virginia, who was your amanuensis at the time of the Tripoli Alliance Concordiat. The adviser of President Lincoln, the Charge d'Affairs with the Pshah of Persia. Surely you can not have forgotten your old friend, William Henry Harrison Loring, the descendant of Pocahontas? It was in hopes of renewing our friendly relations, emperor, that I came to this seance to-night,——"

Jack Carson, stationed outside the door, now began operations with the check-strings. Gradually the skeleton, glimmering with phosphorus was brought down. In its girations, the long frame bobbed its head into the cabinet; the sightless skull, with its grinning teeth, hitting the medium, and apparently missing her, freezing the very marrow of her bones with fright.



“Like Macbeth’s guests, the investigators of spiritualism didn’t stand upon the order of their going.”

When the pedal extremities touched the floor, then began the dance of death ; the hideous skeleton, every bone gleaming with phosphoric light, girated around the horrified spectators ; the ghastly grin and fantastic contortions, rendered a thousand times more hideous by the inky blackness pervading the apartment. To add to the horror, the squirrel, frightened by the apparition, sprang from its hiding-place, and clambered first on one and then on another of the spectators. The owl, alarmed, swooping down from the top of the cabinet, his white face and glaring eyes distended to unnatural proportions, the flapping of his wings and shrill cry added discord to the pandemonium.

Like Macbeth's guests, the investigators of spiritualism didn't stand upon the order of their going.

The horrified lady-medium rushed to the door, followed by the lineal descendant of one of the first Virginia families ; Mrs. Weathersby making her exit in quicker time than a flash of lightning ; the mincing lady of fashion distancing the reporterin her long strides for the door ; the enthusiastic disciple of Andrew Jackson Davis wedging himself in the middle between the ladies who had gained the door-way, and even the incredulous host, who struck out on a two-forty race for the hall with such vigor, that his boot-heels struck the aristocratic Mrs. Fitzdoodledom in the nose.

Never was there a more striking example of that truism : " Death is the great leveler of all. "

Jerusha Ann and Jack Carson climbed up the cherry tree, at the beginning of the stampede. As Jerusha beheld the last coat-tail fluttering over the front pailings, she delivered this Sunday-school lecture to her accomplice :

" It is not wealth, nor birth, nor rank, nor state, its the get up and git, that makes men great. "

CHAPTER XIII.

*The Widdy Shannahon's Mercantile Correspondence.—
An Original Bill.—Jerusha Ann Teaches her Pa
a System of Keeping Foreign Accounts by
Double Entry.*

NORAH SHANNAHON, relict of one Patrick Shannahon, was the keeper of a grocery and provision store. Hanks of onions festooned the show window above, while red herrings, yarmouth bloaters, crackers, cheese, butter and the best "Irish black tay," displayed in artistic confusion beneath, attracted the attention of passers-by.

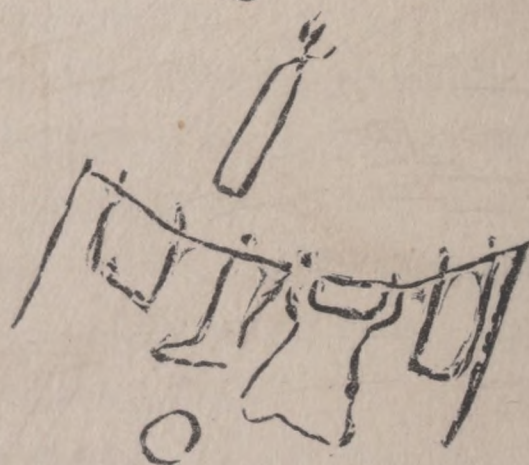
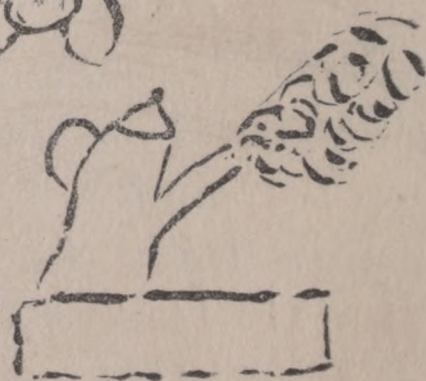
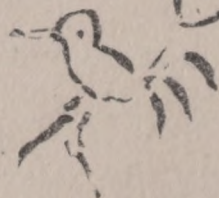
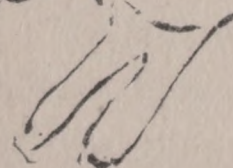
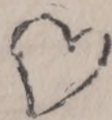
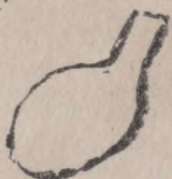
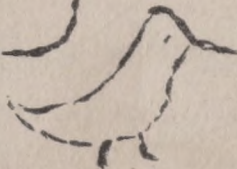
Milk cans polished brightly, standing inside the door, were supposed to convey by their appearance a sufficient intimation, that milk was kept on sale.

Since Weathersby's cow was sold, Jerusha Ann in her predatory excursions in search of milk, formed the acquaintance of the widdy Shannahon.

Now, it frequently happened, that Jerusha Ann felt very uncomfortable, on account of the very limited supply of pocket money allowed her by her maternal relative, and as change was scarce when milk was needed in haste, she was sometime authorized to get the milk on credit, a privilege which opened a new source of revenue to her.

Norah Shannahon's system of book-keeping was unique. To use her expressive metaphor, the ready reckoner was often as puzzling as a problem in Euclid.

Cash-book, day-book, journal and ledger were all combined in one volume, viz., the door frame.



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The widdy Shannahon's system of keeping accounts consisted of entries in original etchings; pictures which by an association of ideas, in the mind of the accountant, represented her debtors, as also the various commodities which she had given them on credit.

Thus, she was enabled to understand that Samuel Weathersby owed for a quart of milk, by making an outline of a weather-vane with a cock crowing, for the debtor, and an O for the quart of milk; small o signifying a pint. That Mr. Carpenter had obtained a peck of onions on credit, by the outline of a saw and a symbol of the measure of onions; or Mr. Bacon, by a ham, with a small o, denoting a pint of milk. Matters went along smoothly enough until Mrs. Hennipin was added to the list of debtors. The introduction of a hen in the ledger, under the artistic treatment of the widdy Shannahon, was the source of confusion, owing to the impossibility of distinguishing between the hen and the weather-cock.

Jerusha Ann called for the milk-bill, and was consulted by the proprietor of the store, as to which was her father's, and which Mrs. Hennipin's account. The door jamb had an index heading on it. The account stood:

OWING.

Mr. Weathersby.....	1 quart of milk.
Mr. Carpenter.....	1 peck of onions.
Mr. Bacon.....	1 quart of milk.
Mrs. Hennipin.....	1 gallon of milk.
Mr. Weathersby.....	1 gallon of milk.
Mr. Bacon.	1 pint of milk.
Mrs. Hennipin.....	1 lb. of candles.
“ “	1 lb. of starch.
Mrs. Harts.....	1 pint of milk.
Mr. Taylor.....	1 gallon of milk.
Mrs. Hennipin.....	1 quart of milk.
Mr. Weathersby.....	1 gallon of milk.
Mr. Taylor.....	

"Come here, alanna, I'm flusthrificated an' divil a wan o' me can make head or tail of how the schore stands at all, at all. You see where I put it down last. I dunno whether it was Misthur Taylor got the hank o' sausage, or yer father; nor the pound uv Irish black tay, ye see here done up in the wan pound bundle wid a taypot smokin' on top. Was it youze or the Hennipins got the pound o' black tay last week? I'm a poor schollard, an' I got the weather-cock so near the taypot, that my mind is upsot."

Jerusha Ann burst out laughing, after which she proceeded to elucidate the hieroglyphic account.

"Was it the pants or the rooster that got the sausages, Mrs. Shannahon?" she inquired, puzzled at last.

"Shure, I have no schore wid a Misthur Pants, avourneen."

"Oh! I forgot, I mean Mr. Taylor. What would you do if you had another customer, a Mr. Pants. How could you write down his account?"

"Och! that's aisy enough. I'll make a coat for the Taylor, an' the briches 'id be for thother."

Jerusha Ann figured up the bill, and found that two dollars was the amount of her indebtedness.

Mrs. Weathersby declared she never owed that amount, and refused to pay the bill; but Jerusha Ann went down to her pa's store, to collect the funds.

"Say, pa! What will you give me to teach you a new system of book-keeping, so you can keep accounts in any language? Is it worth five dollars?"

"I should say so."

"Well, hand out the cash, and I shall induct you into the mysteries of foreign accounts."

Sam Weathersby gave his daughter a five dollar bill,

and she proceeded to make a *fac simile* of the widdy Shan-nahon's ledger on the door jamb.

Tickled at his daughter's cuteness, Sam Weathersby threw her a silver dollar extra.

"I reckon you and Biddy can find a place in the circus this afternoon for that Jerusha Ann. Run off and enjoy yourself."

"That gal is just as smart as they make 'em ; a regular chip of the old block. She always did take after her dad," remarked Sam Weathersby as he watched the retreating form of his only daughter. And she sped with the fleetness of a deer in the direction of the Weathersby abode.

CHAPTER XIV.

*Mrs. Weathersby Entertains Her Aristocratic Neighbor.
Biddy Finnigan "Larns Frinch."—"The Roosthur
is Runnin' Over the Cellar, Mam." Yankee
Cows Talk.—Stewing Crab-apples for Tea.*

"DON'T ask me questions like that, Biddy. Do just as I tell you to. It is so stupid to have you always asking questions," the shrill voice of Mrs. Weathersby denoted that the lady of the household was not in the very best humor.

"Oh, very well, mam. I'll not ax ye any more. I only wanted to be sure, how ye wanted 'em done, mam. So I'd plaise ye."

"I tell you now, once for all: bake these in the oven, and here are some crab-apples; stew these crab-apples for tea."

"Is it for tay, mam," Biddy elevated her eyebrows in astonishment.

"There it is again, what did I just tell you?"

"Oh, well, I won't do it agin, mam, I'll be as dumb as an oysthur."

Mrs. Weathersby shook her silken train and tossed her head in lofty disdain, as she passed out of the kitchen.

But the real source of her ill-temper was not the domestic's annoyance, it was the disappointment in not having the new lace-curtains hung in the parlor-windows, for the aristocratic Mrs. Fitzdoodledom was coming to spend the afternoon and take tea, and it was an effort that taxed the

forbearance of the hostess, to be able to receive her guest with becoming dignity.

Scarcely had the common courtesies of greeting, and inquiries regarding the health of the different members of each family been exchanged, when a violent commotion in the poultry-yard prevented further conversation. Ringing the bell violently, Mrs. Weathersby demanded the reason for this unusual noise.

“Biddy, what is all that noise about?”

“Its Rodger’s cock, mam, that’s fightin’ our bantam; an’ he has his gills bleedin’.”

Mrs. Weathersby excused herself to her guest, and went out with Biddy to restore quiet.

“Biddy, you must never say that word again. Do you hear?”

“An’ what will I call him, mam?”

“You must say rooster.”

“Rooster! Well, I’ll thry, mam. I suppose that’s the Frinch for cock; I’ll say rooster thin.”

Pouring a couple of buckets of water over the beligerant fowls was successful in putting an end to the battle. Biddy kept repeating the word rooster to herself, as she fed the poultry, and muttered her individual comments.

“Rooster! Musha, its little I thought I’d be takin’ lessons in Frinch at my time o’ day. Nauthin’ll do herself, since that frog-atin’ Frinchman paid us a visit, but talkin’ Frinch. If it wasn’t for himself and Jerushy, though she’s a wild divil wid her thricks, there ’ud be no sthandin’ in the wan house wid herself. She has as many airs as id float a man o’ war.

Biddy set about preparing the mash for the new cow, and when it was ready, tried to induce Bossy to eat it.

"Here it is for ye, now, an illigant bran-mash. Don't be lookin' sheepish an' bashful that way. Will ye ate yer supper?"

The cow, annoyed by the pestering flies, shook her head.

"Is it no, yer sayin'? Faith, then ye'll live to ate the cook that makes soup uv yer own tail, before I make ye a betthur mash nor the wan that is forninst ye."

Bossy appeared to reconsider the subject, and fell to at her supper, as Biddy returned to the kitchen and got out the berries to pick.

Another tugging at the bell summoned her attendance at the parlor.

"Draw a pitcher of cider, Biddy, and bring it here, with cake and glasses," commanded Mrs. Weathersby.

Biddy descended to the wine-cellar where the cider was kept, and filled the silver pitcher with the amber fluid, but she could not stop off the cock, and the more she endeavored to do so, the worse matters became. So she thought it best to appeal to her mistress to aid her. Returning hastily to the parlor, she was about to say the cider-cock was beyond her control, but remembering her mistress' instructions never to say cock again, she communicated the intelligence:

"Och, Mrs. Weathersby, darling, I wint to dhraw the cidur an' the rooster is runnin' an' I can't sthop it, mam; an' its runnin' all over the cellar, mam, an' what am I to do wid it, mam?"

"Oh, never mind the rooster, bring in the cider."

Biddy obeyed the order, but again importuned:

"Mrs. Weathersby, yu'd better come an' see for yourself. The rooster is turned wrong, an' its runnin' all over the cellar, mam, an' divil a bit o' me can sthop it."

“Didn’t I tell you not to annoy me about that old rooster. Let him run all over the cellar if he wants to. You go and get supper ready now, and let the rooster alone,” retorted the petulant mistress, while her barrel of cider was rapidly decreasing.

“Musha, God help me, I’m to be pitied—Sthriven to please every wan, an’ its more kicks nor ha’pence I gets for me pains.” Biddy scratched her head, and gazed at the crab-apples, puzzled to remember the special instructions regarding them.

“I moight as well sell me head for a ha’penny, as to ax what she wants done wid these. Oh, I have it. Stew the crab-apples for tay. Thim was her ordhurs.”

Biddy peeled and pared the apples, put them in the tea-pot and stewed them with a liberal allowance of water.

Sam Weathersby greeted Mrs. Fitzdoodledom with the utmost urbanity, as he put cream and sugar in his tea, and recalled the last occasion upon which he had the honor of entertaining her.

“I owe you an apology for my boot-heels, Mrs. Fitzdoodledom, but I swear the darned spirits got me so scared I made tracks for the street so quick, that night of the seance, I never stopped to look who was comin’ arter.” Here Mr. Weathersby raised his tea-cup, and took a great swallow of the exhilarating beverage.

But Mr. Weathersby instantly arose from the table and began sputtering into the spittoon.

“Tarnation sakes! What infernal stuff is that ye have for tea, Keziah?”

Mrs. Weathersby sipped her tea, and her mouth looked like a rejected clam, while Mrs. Fitzdoodledom was taken with a sudden paralysis of the jaw, and clapped napkins, doylies and the table-cloth to the afflicted cheek, thereby

upsetting the floating island into the charlotte russe, and knocking the preserved cherries into the cake-basket, making floating islands of the rich fruit, jelly and cream cake.

In answer to the bell, Biddy Finnigan made her appearance, and her mistress fiercely interrogated her:

“What on earth did you do to the tea?”

“Bad scran to the grain o’ tay I used this day; ye towlt me to stew the crab-apples for tay, an’ I follied yer ordhurs, mam.”

Sam Weathersby burst out laughing.

“Well, take the tea-pot out and make us a good cup of tea, Biddy, and help Mrs. Fitzdoodledom out of her scrape, while I get the bottle of pain-killer for her jaw.”

The disordered dishes were removed, clean napkins and fresh relays of confections brought forth, and the hostess entertained her visitor with a recital of all the blunders committed by her greenhorn girl. Mrs. Weathersby was telling how Biddy had put a live spider on the stove and poured grease over it, when told to put the spider on to fry the doughnuts, much to the amusement of Mrs. Fitzdoodledom. Biddy entered the dining-room with a fresh pot of tea, the aroma giving evidence of the genuine article.

Hoping to amuse her visitor by the comical answers of her Hibernian domestic, Mrs. Weathersby asked:

“Biddy, did you give the cow her supper?”

Assuming a look that was child-like and bland, Biddy replied:

“I offered her her supper, but she said she wouldn’t take it.”

“Said she wouldn’t take it. Why Biddy do the cows in Ireland talk?”

“No, mam; they’re not up to the cuteness o’ the yankey cows. It’s the cows here that do be talking.”

Jerusha Ann and Mrs. Fitzdoodledom tittered and Sam Weathersby joined the chorus, while his spouse continued:

“Why, Biddy! that’s the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of. What did the cow say?”

“I med her a bran-mash as ye towlt me, mam, an’ whin I thried to make her ate it, she said no as plain as any yankee ever said it: she shook her head.”

CHAPTER XV.

Jack Tar Enforces Decorum During Divine Services on the Clerk of the Church.—Jerusha Ann makes the Discovery that Mrs. Fitzdoodledom's Back Drapery is "Fiction Founded on a Stern Reality."

THE balmy breezes of a Sabbath morning, fragrant with the perfume of budding flowers, fanned the cheek of Jerusha Ann Weathersby as she stood at the front gate, taking an obscurial view of Mrs. Fitzdoodledom's back drapery.

Mrs. Fitzdoodledom had become exceedingly social of late with her neighbor across the way, and Jerusha Ann, as she stood next her mother attired in her Sunday-go-to-meeting suit, was taking a mental inventory of her rich neighbor's motives and the geography of her back drapery, while her mother waited for Biddy Finnigan to bring her parasol and hymn-book from the wardrobe up-stairs.

Jerusha Ann was prompt to act upon her opportunities, and regarding this pause as one of the golden opportunities once lost, lost forever, she determined to seize it ere the gnawing tooth of time had devoured it.

Quietly opening her clasp-knife, Jerusha jabbed the sharp blade into the multitudinous folds of silk gauze that presented the appearance of a labyrinth, incomprehensible as a Chinese puzzle, on that portion of Mrs. Fitzdoodledom's anatomy termed the posterior.

Satisfied with her experiment, Jerusha obtained permission from her mother to hasten on alone to the Episcopalian

church that she might be in time for the morning Sunday-school.

As she wended her way to the house of worship, Jerusha Ann indulged in little outbursts of merriment and soliloquized :

“I struck it that time sure. I guessed that hump o’ dry goods didn’t stand out like that without a foundation. Te-he, I reckon Mrs. Fitzdoodledom will create a sensation in church to-day.”

“Never would have called for maw to go to church with her, if her husband had no ax to grind. I kin see through a fence as well as any of ’em. Calculates to get pa’s vote and some of the boys’ in the shop too, by it. If Horatio Fitzdoodledom wasn’t runin’ for Congress, I reckon maw might a sat on the chair till she’d grow’d to it, ’fore Mrs. Fitzdoodledom would call to take her to hear the Rev. Dr. Robinson’s eloquent Bible discourse.”

Jerusha continued on her way in a cheerful state of mind.

As she turned the corner of the street, she perceived a sailor, attired in his best, making his way toward the church.

A new idea got possession of Jerusha Ann, and she waited on the corner till the jolly Tar came near, when she accosted him :

“Say, mister ! Are you going to meetin’ to-day?”

“I’m a steerin’ for that port, sis,” answered the herculean son of Neptune.

“Ah, I am so glad. You know how folks should keep still in church and behave themselves? Well, there is a man in church who won’t behave himself, he talks right out in meetin’.”

“I’ll muzzle his hatchway, darn the lubber. Can’t he go below decks while the captain is given orders,” said the sailor.

"Oh mister, you could help us so much if you keep him still during meetin'. You go right up to the first pew on the left near the pulpit, you'll see a little man sittin' in the pew, that's him. I just wish you'd make him behave himself."

"I'll make the lubber heave to an' keep a silent watch," was the sailor's reply as he continued his swinging gait and entered the church.

Jerusha Ann took her seat in church and began reading her hymn-book. She was so absorbed in her devotions, that when her mother and Mrs. Fitzdoodledom came to her pew, she had to be shaken by the shoulder before she perceived them.

Red, yellow and blue lights streamed through the stained glass windows of the sacred edifice, reflecting prismatic colors upon the gorgeous toilets of the ladies as they filed into their respective places. The mellow tones of the organ poured forth in solemn strains, and the swirl of the silken robes rustling against the pew doors became less distinct, as the Rev. Dr. Robinson attired in surplice, came forth to entone the solemn service.

Praying in a loud clear voice, Rev. Dr. Robinson began the services.

"Amen," the clerk responded.

"Shut up yer locker! Can't ye keep still in church," shouted the sailor in that falsetto voice usually denominated a pig's whisper.

Everyone in church tittered, except Jerusha Ann who continued absorbed in her devotions.

The minister frowned his disapproval and again resumed the prayer. Perfect quiet reigned until the place where the responses again were required.

Louder than before the clerk answered: "Amen."

"Muzzle yer hatchway, ye land-lubber. Ain't ye got



“There, I told ye, yed be put out if you didn’t stop your gab.”

any manners ?” yelled the sailor into his companion’s ear.

The minister coughed, turned around and stared menacingly at the front pew.

“I shall request the members of this congregation to preserve order during divine service, as talking is forbidden during the hours of worship.”

Nudging the clerk, the son of Neptune made grimaces, calling his attention to the minister’s remarks.

After a long pause, Dr. Robinson again resumed the prayer, and when he came to the responses, the clerk answered gravely :

“Amen !”

“Talking is forbidden, didn’t ye hear the captain? If ye don’t shut up, you’ll be put out,” roared the sailor.

Unable to endure the disturbance longer, the minister ceased his praying, and turning to the congregation, while looking at the occupant of the front pew, said in his severest tones :

“Will some one oblige me by putting that man out !”

“There ! I told ye ye’d be put out if ye didn’t stop yer gab.” Seizing the clerk, who was very diminutive in size, the sailor clapped him under his arm and walked straight out of church with his struggling, writhing victim, depositing him on the sidewalk ; after which he returned to the church, his face beaming with the consciousness of having performed his duty.

Even fashionable Christians could not resist the appeal to their risibilities, and though the organist, with uncommon tact, began a grand chorus to quell the agitation, yet ripples of merriment would break forth, despite the choir’s best efforts to drown it in a volume of song.

The services were not prolonged to their usual length.

Rev. Dr. Robinson did not impress his hearers with his usual calm, dignified utterances, and every one was glad when the exercises were brought to a close.

One of the first to leave the church was Mrs. Fitzdoodledom, but, alas for human vanity, the aristocratic lady's swan-like movements were followed by a zig-zag deposit of sawdust.

There are depths in human forbearance not reached, when the exercises of cumulative catastrophies call for their development.

As the members of Dr. Robinson's fashionable congregation wended their way home, the route for a picket-fence surveyed by the sawdust from Mrs. Fitzdoodledom's leaking bustle, appealed with irresistible force to that depth not dreamed of in the philosophy of polite society.

Jerusha Ann informed Biddy Finnigan that she had made a discovery regarding Mrs. Fitzdoodledom's back drapery, it was: "Fiction founded on a stern reality."

CHAPTER XVI.

Thanksgiving Day in the Kitchen.—“ Miss Lucinda, Will You do me de Indignity to favor me wid de Injection ob yer Company to de Pawty to-night? ”—The Green-eyed Monster.—Cæsar’s Predicament.

SAMUEL WEATHERSBY’S star was ascending in the social firmament, and Keziah, the partner of his joys, insisted that they should keep a carriage and a driver, of that particular shade of ebony, which imparts such an aristocratic air to the equipage of our Upper Tendencies, more familiarly known as “Big Bugs.”

Sam Weathersby was wont to express the opinion of the late lamented Abe Lincoln, regarding the partner of his bosom :

“There is jest one way you kin rule a woman, and I know how to do it. If you want to rule a woman, let her have her way in everything. That’s the secret, why I am the master in my own house.”

This peaceful policy of Samuel Weathersby resulted in acquiescence to his wife’s wishes.

How Deacon Smithers’ congregation did stare, when they beheld an elegant carriage with a pair of spanking bays, draw up in front of Bethel Church.

Surprise gave place to astonishment when the ebony-skinned driver descended from his perch and opened the carriage door, with that peculiar grace and alacrity, the

secret of which is known only to coachee's of the African race.

Mrs. Weathersby and her little daughter, attired in the most fashionable raiment, stepped out of the family carriage and promenaded to their pew, the first Sabbath after the addition of the family turnout, to the many evidences of social distinction, that had dazzled the eyes of the goodly citizens of Mudville; and it is but fair to say that they were the observed of all observers. Nay, as a faithful historian chronicling the local events of the good city of Mudville, truth compels the admission that that turnout of Sam Weathersby's had the effect of turning out all thoughts of the preacher's text from his hearers' minds.

There was one individual who failed to rejoice at the advent of the negro coachman's addition to the Weathersby household, that individual was the maiden from the Emerald Isle.

"Musha, what ailed yer mother to go hire the loike's o' that dhriver. Shure, he's as black as the ace o' spades, so he is," was the confidential comment of Biddy Finnigan, as she unburthened her thoughts to Jerusha Ann.

"Well, he can't help that, Biddy; it's all the effects of climate. When Cæsar was in Ireland, his skin was white, I reckon," replied the hopeful daughter of Sam Weathersby.

"In Ireland! did ye say?" interrogated Biddy.

"Why, yes. You ask him about it!" Jerusha Ann slipped out to the stable and had a talk with Cæsar, until dinner was announced.

The burly form of the negro cast a shadow athwart the kitchen doorway soon after, and Biddy addressed the gentleman from Africa:

"I say, me good man, where are ye from?"

"I'se bawnd in Maryland, but I'se been through Ire-

land on my way out yondah, foa I cumed hea," the negro showed his ivories and seemed anxious to be on good terms with his questioner.

"An' so ye wor in Ireland on yer road. An' did ye cross the salt say whin ye cum over?" the conversation was now fairly started, and replies came readily from coachee.

"No, I neber; I cumed by de oberland route."

"Arrah, what a pity I didn't know that afore. I'd rathur cum by land twinty times, myself, only I didn't know the road, ye see."

"Law's a massy! Dat am de best way to trabel, Miss Biddy. It's jus like dis: when you is a totin' it on de land, you know whar you am; but when you is out on de big ocean, you am nowhars."

"Ha thin it's thrue for ye, if ye have a black-pelt itself; the divil a lie in what ye said."

"Yah! Yah! Dat am de truf, shua," the negro chuckled at the appreciation of his sentiments. And Biddy continued:

"Did you pass through the Parish o' Mullingar on yer road. It's there me mother's people war from?"

"I disremember de name ob de place, but peers to me I've bin dah."

"Oh, if ever ye wor there, it's aisy enough knowin' the place. There is purty hawthorn hedges, an' lovely green threes; an' maybe ye seen the little style, me uncle Patrick put in the gap, not a stones throw beyant the chapel."

"Why, Lawsee, dat am de place, shoa; lots o' green trees, an' a big high fence an' a lubly water-melen patch. Day got a mighty pesky dog dar. I 'member dat, Miss Biddy."

"Wathur-milons in Ireland? No, in throth, yer mimory is flusthrificated, me good man. I suppose the road was so

long, that ye forgot how the Parish o' Mullingar looked be the time ye r'ached yer journey's ind."

"My memory is tolable; but dat road war a mighty long road to trabble. It minded me ob de hard road to trabble ober Jordan, Miss Biddy."

"Oh, begor aye. I'm shure it was hard enough thrapsin through the guthur an' the ups an' downs o' the road. An' how did ye crass the mountains?"

"Oh, we had a good wagon an' a mighty good team o' hosses; we got along right smart."

"Faix, thin ye did bethur nor we did. We wor a long time comin'; an' the ship was rowlin' an' tossin' all the way over."

Biddy's conversation was cut short by the ringing of the table bell. As she went to the dining room to remove the soup plates, Cæsar Hawkins took a coal out of the kitchen stove to light his cob pipe with, and made his way out to the back porch to enjoy his smoke.

This first interview, by the timely interference of Jerusha Ann, with the generally received notions of modern geography, had so far propitiated the cook, that Cæsar Hawkins was tolerated thereafter by the Hibernian domestic, whose antipathy to the negro had threatened an open rupture and a possible loss to Mrs. Weathersby of her valuable servant.

Thanksgiving Day was near at hand, and there was a grand jollification—a supper and dancing party to be given by the members of the Lincoln Club, to their lady friends of sable hue.

The party was to take place a few miles out on the county road, and Cæsar Hawkins, who was a member of the club, asked leave of absence in the afternoon that he might call on his gal to give her a bid to "de pawty."

Jerusha Ann had learned from Cæsar Hawkins, dat Miss Lucinda Snow, his inamorata, was “de lubliest yalla gal dat eber left Ole Virgininy,” and she propounded the question:

“Say, Cæsar, are you going to invite Lucinda to go with you?”

“Yes, honey. Bless you I’s e a gwine to do dat berry ting.”

“I saw Pompey Jarret going by the alley gate yesterday. I wonder were he was coming from?” added Jerusha Ann.

“Klare to goodness, I’ll kill dat dah niggah, if I find him a monkeyin’ round Miss Lucinda Snow. I’ll mash his head against de wall.”

“Don’t get so mad, Cæsar. I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll go over first and I’ll bring my pink sash to Lucinda, and say you sent it to her. I reckon ole Pompey wont get ahead of you then.”

Promptly acting on the thought, Jerusha Ann crossed over the street and entered Mrs. Fitzdoodledom’s kitchen, where she beheld Miss Lucinda Snow engaged in paying her masculatory devotions to the Great American Bird.

You, fastidious epicures! surfeited with the elaborate menu’s of fashionable hotel tables, could you but catch a glimpse of Miss Lucinda Snow, eating her Thanksgiving dinner, you might learn the regal luxury of a banquet, such as you never before enjoyed.

The first cravings of appetite being appeased, Miss Lucinda Snow, with her head thrown back, was seated at the kitchen table balancing a fork, on which a huge piece of turkey, made well directed efforts to resist the desicating ivories that plied their task, with that peculiar crunch of satisfaction, which is heard only at a Thanksgiving dinner in the kitchen.

"Say, Lucinda! Cæsar sent you this to wear at the party to-night." Jerusha Ann delivered her sash, to "the lubliest gal dat eber left Ole Virgininy," as she spoke.

"Golly! dat am de genuwine moire antick for shoa. Yah. Yah," the masculatory performance came to an end, as Miss Lucinda Snow contemplated love's offering.

Jerusha Ann pinned it on, and assured her sable entertainer that it was too pretty for anything.

"Yah! Yah! Golly, dis niggah going to take de shine out ob dat Georgina Davis to-night at de pawty!" Miss Lucinda Snow indulged in a terpsichorean performance, keeping time to the measures of a tune which she chanted, and becoming enthusiastic at the possible conquests she would make of masculine hearts, she increased the tone of the orchestral melody, clapping her hands on her thighs and knees, as an accompaniment, as she danced "Juba," around the kitchen, until by a staccato emphasis of more than ordinary force, her elbows coming in contact with the dishes on the table, carried the war into China, and the rattling of broken dishes announced, in thundering tones, that hostilities had commenced in earnest.

Jerusha Ann remembering the example of Marquis Tseng, concluded it was about time to retreat from the capital where China's interests were about to involve serious complications, and she accordingly scampered home.

While Lucinda contemplated the field of disaster, with sad misgivings that the black flags ominous inroads upon her month's wages would show no quarter, she was aroused from her meditations by a well-known familiar rap, on the kitchen door.

"Come in, Cæsar!" The plaintive tones of invitation were in sad contrast with the late exhilarating peons of joy that welled up from the inner depths of Lucinda's being.

Cæsar made his appearance attired as became an ardent lover, in “de presence ob de lubliest gal dat eber left Ole Virginny.”

In making his elaborate toilet, Cæsar disdained the use of those highly perfumed soaps, so frequently denounced as destructive to the human skin; the rind of a boiled ham, with the greasy side applied to his epidermis, served the purpose of a satisfactory cosmetic, imparting that cocoanut brilliancy to his complexion, so highly esteemed as irresistible in charming the hearts of the opposite sex.

The crowning glory of all was the success achieved by this victim of Cupid's darts in his labors on his *chevalure*. The difficulty of bringing the kinks on his cranium into subjection, was solved by the application of a hand-carding machine to his hair. The teased wool had a soft luxuriant appearance, rarely to be met with in the tonsorial hair-dressing of American citizens of African descent.

Refulgent in a gleaming white shirt front, adorned with studs of colored glass, set in brass filagree, a suit of broad plaid and a gorgeous yellow necktie; Cæsar made his bow before his inamorata, as he made known the purpose of his visit.

“Miss Lucinda, will yo’ do me de indignity to favor me wid de injection ob yer company to de pawty to-night?”

“Lawsee Mistah Hawkins, I’s too debilitated by de felickety ob yo’ inwatation not to deliberate de rejection ob my company to yo’ dis ebenin, moa specially as I’s entirely obliterated to yo’ fur de contumacion ob dat lubly sash what yo’ gubbed me!” Miss Lucinda Snow contemplated the gift with that demure look which betokens the extremest depth of feminine gratitude.

“Been a sufferin’ de misery ob a smash-up I see, Miss Lucinda. Tings looks tolable disjinted, tell yo’ what, I’ll

go down to cheap John's an' git yo' a dish jist de match ob dis one. I reckon Miss Sally 'ill neber miss de udder tings no-how." Cæsar took the broken cover of a tureen with him and departed on his errand.

This was a bold stroke of policy on the part of Cæsar; here was his opportunity to cement the growing favor of his Dulcinea, into a tender attachment; and when he returned with the china tureen, exactly similar to the missing article, with the exception of a few bulbs and blotches on its exterior, suggestive of escape from hospital experience, the glow of admiration beaming on the countenance of Miss Lucinda Snow, amply repaid him for the paltry sum expended for the purchase of the missing article.

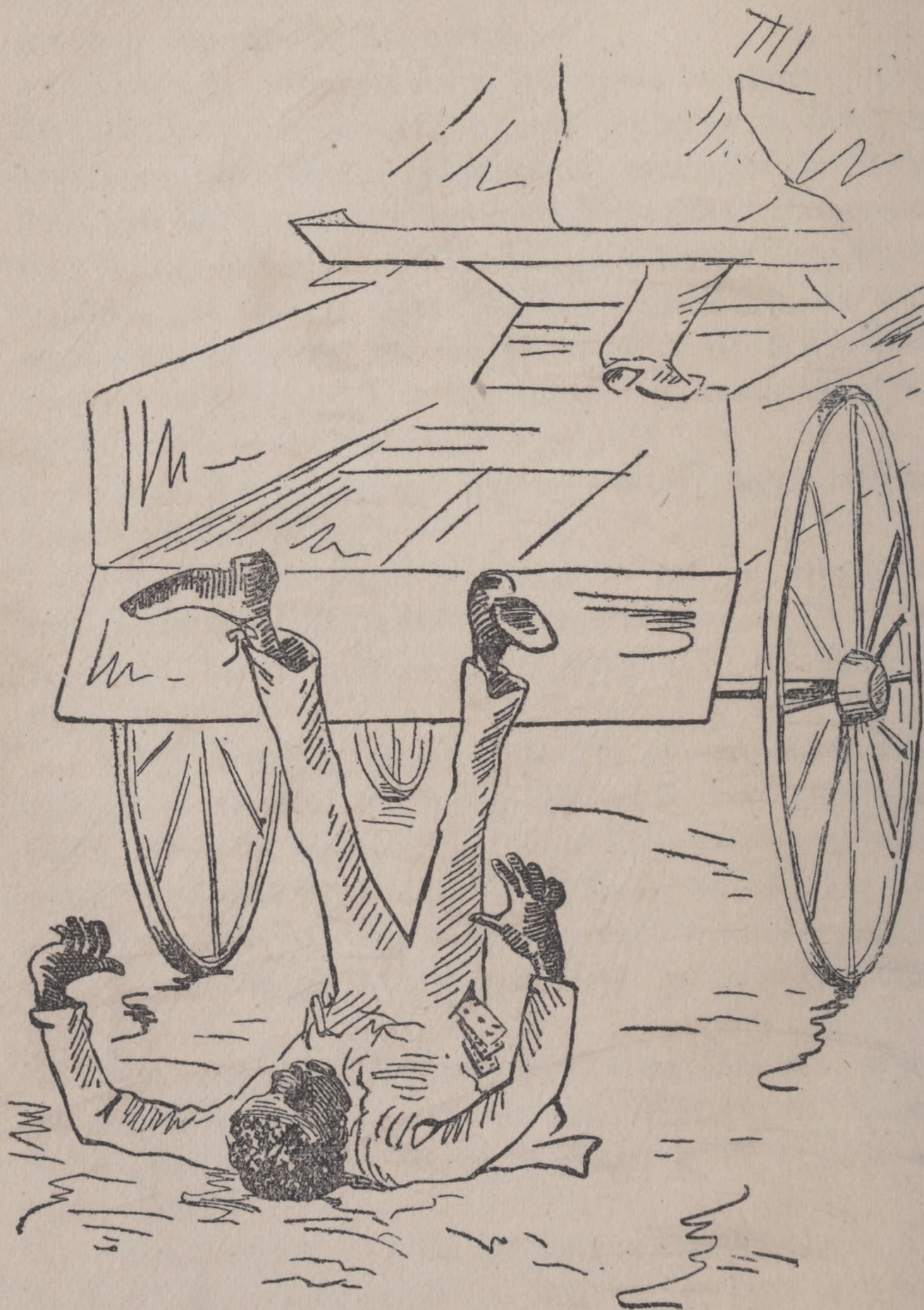
"Yah, Yah. Dat am de berry same; Miss Sally neber know de differ, Shoa."

Miss Lucinda Snow hastened to put out of sight the broken pieces of chinaware and washed her dishes, requesting Mistah Hawkins to sit in de kitchen, to she dressed for de pawty.

While awaiting his lady-love's return Cæsar had the extreme pleasure of informing Pompey Jarret, who called to take Lucinda to the party: "That Miss Snow was a gwine wid de President ob de Lincoln Club, an' he would not stand a show longside ob a good lookin niggah no-how, to whom Miss Lucinda Snow had promised de injection ob her company.

"Dat gal am de ficklest ob her sex. She dun' gone an' tole me to come fotch her to-night. Yo' kin tell Lucindah Snow I ain't a goin' to be de dish-rag if I can't be de table-cloth."

"I'm a gwine to fotch Georgiana Davis; she is a heap de pootiest gal in Mudville, dat am de fact, any-how!" exclaimed the discomfited swain as he beat a hasty retreat.



“Standing on his head in the mud, with dice and cards falling from his pockets, Cæsar Hawkins realized the full force of Jerusha Ann’s temperance lecture.”

Miss Lucinda Snow attired in a bright yellow tarleton dress and wearing the moire antique sash, soon after made her appearance.

As Cæsar with his inamorata on his arm turned the corner of the street, a juvenile voice accosted him :

“Say, Cæsar, do you mind if I go along?”

“Lord bless de child, no; but say honey, won’t yo’ mudder be mad bout it.”

“Paw said I could go, if you and Lucinda would let me go along,” answered Jerusha Ann, and she tripped along keeping in front of the lovers till they arrived at the house, where the grand ball was in progress; though the god of day still poured his refulgent rays on the scene.

Jerusha Ann paid particular attention to the candies and nuts, yet she could not but observe, that the green-eyed monster had taken possession of Cæsar Hawkins, who vowed dire vengeance against Pompey Jarret who had made himself particularly conspicuous in his attention to Miss Lucinda Snow. Bracing himself with numerous potations, in order to gain the requisite nerve, Cæsar Hawkins became so drunk he could not move a step, and some of his friends concluded the best thing to be done under the circumstances was to lift the inanimate form of the coachman, into a wagon and drive him home.

As Jerusha Ann perceived the turn of events, she quietly pulled the bar out of place that held the tail-board in place. The wagon was driven at a quick pace, and when a gully in the road filled with puddle was reached, a sudden lurch of the vehicle precipitated Cæsar into it, head foremost. Standing on his head in the mud, with dice and cards falling from his pantaloons pockets, Cæsar Hawkins realized the full force of Jerusha Ann’s Temperance lecture.

CHAPTER XVII.

Jerusha Ann takes Part in a Discussion Concerning the Antediluvian Period.—Biddy Finnigan "Argyifies Consarnin' the Antiquity of the Rale Owld Irish Factions."

"ARRAH, where did you git yer name, Jerushy?" asked Biddy Finnigan as she wiped the dinner dishes.

Pitching another stone, aiming to hit the foam on the beer-glass painted on Dutch John's sign, Jerusha Ann replied:

"Pa and maw hunted it up, I reckon."

"Musha! They didn't scrape far up the wall whin they rached it thin."

"Why, what's the matter with my name. Ain't it just as good as anybody else's?"

"It sounds for all the wurld as if ye wor callin' the pigs—Hiroosh—Hiroosh—"

"You git out, Biddy; I honestly believe you think all creation signifies something Irish."

"An' why wouldn't I? For the Irish is an owld, anshint people, an' the history of 'em runs time out o' mind since the year wan."

"You goin' to turn lecturer, Biddy? I guess you had better back up yer wagon onto some other point, if you don't want to get stalled. What do you know about history?"

"Faix, ye'd betthur thry me, I moight know more nor ye think."

Jerusha ceased her labors in the cause of temperance, and began catechising Biddy.

“ Well, where were the Irish before the antediluvian period? ”

“ Arrah, what soart o’ gibberish is that, scanty southin’ period? Can’t ye quit talkin’ Frinch an’ ax me in plain English? ”

“ Well, where were the Irish before the flood ; I reckon no where. ”

“ Begor, ye’re moighty mistaken ; they wor roastin’ their shins at their own hob, long before the flood. An’ why wouldn’t they? ”

Jerusha Ann laughed outright.

“ Now, you dry up, Biddy ; in all your colsarned days you never did hear of any Irish folks livin’ then. ”

“ Didn’t I. Aye, in throth, an’ the thradition in the owld factions is handed down from gineration to gineration, an’ how the bys o’ wan faction ’id be thralin’ their coats uv a fair-day, darrin’ the bys o’ thother faction to fight. ”

“ I reckon the Muldoons weren’t in existence in those days, Biddy, nor the Brannigans, nor the illustrious Finnigans. Hain’t no statistics to prove it, unless some enterprizing company of Philistines might have formed a stock company, and started on a whaling voyage round by the coast of Ireland, and located a settlement under the homestead act. Hain’t got the statistics to prove it. ‘ They moight, and then again they moightn’t,’ as the Henglishman says. ” Jerusha Ann vaulted on to the kitchen table, steadied the tin pie-plate in her lap, swung her legs, and began to devour a hemisphere of cherry pie, while listening to the reply of the female descendant of the first great Finnigan.

Squatted on the potato barrel with her hands clasping her knees, the maiden from the Emerald Isle proceeded with her argument.

“ Wid all yer book-larnin, its there yer out, Jerushy

I can prove it to ye, that the Brannigans is as owld as the hills, an' kep their own pack o' hounds, an' schores o' follyers, that used to be goin' fox-huntin'; an' its often I hear tell how wan o' the Brannigan byes wint courtin' a girl o' the Callahan's, an' Mrs. Callahan was moighty stiff, an' says she to him, says she: 'I wish,' says she, 'that ye'd consoort,' says she, 'wid yer own class,' says she, 'an' not be castin' sheep's eyes,' says she, 'at my daughter,' says she.

"An' says he, back again to her, says he, 'Mrs. Callahan, mam,' says he, 'I make bould to ax ye, mam,' says he, 'what objection, mam,' says he, 'have ye,' says he, 'to my courtin' yer daughtur, mam,' says he.

"An' thin agin says she to him, says she, 'Misthur Brannigan,' says she, 'my daughthur,' says she, 'is cum ov a good sthock,' says she, 'an' dates from an anshint line,' says she, 'an' I don't loike,' says she, 'to have,' says she, 'my daughthur,' says she, 'spakin',' says she, 'to every whipper-snapper upsthart,' says she.

"'Botheration,' says he to her, 'Mrs. Callahan, mam,' says he, 'I'd ax ye, mam,' says he, 'what roight,' says he, 'has the Callahans,' says he, 'to sthick up their noses,' says he, 'at the Brannigans,' says he.

"'Shakin' her shouldhurs, an' cockin' up her nose at him, 'Misthur Brannigan,' says she, 'my daughthur, says she, 'is cum of a rale owld sthock,' says she, 'for her owld, anshint ancestor,' says she, 'was in the Ark wid Noah,' says she, 'in the time o' the flood,' says she.

"'Ha! Thin, Mrs. Callahan,' says he, 'I'd have ye to know, mam,' says he, 'that the Brannigans worn't behowlden to Noah in the time o' the flood, for they kum over in a boat o' their own.'

"An' now, Miss Jerushy, don't ye see that the Irish is

a anshinter people nor what ye thought, an' they wor a grave people for sportin'; for in regard to the Finnigans, they used to keep schores o' horses an' hounds in their day. An' I'll tell ye what happened to me aunt Biddy: Me fathur's sisthur, 'God rest her soul,' she's dead goin' on twinty year, this Michaelmas day. Well, as I was tellin' ye, whin she first cum to Amerikay, it was to the town o' New York she cum. An' wan day, shortly afthur landing, she was sthrelin' along through City Hall Park, an' as she clapped her two eyes on the City Hall, the sight ov it looked so familiar, an' her heart was dawnshy an' wake, that it overcome her intirely, an' she sot down on wan o' the binches, an' roared an' cried her belly full. By an' by a jintleman passin' by, sthopped an' axed her:

“ ‘What seems to be the trouble, madam, you seem to be in affliction?’

“ ‘Musha, I am, God help me; I'm not long out, sir, an' whin I looked at that buildin' beyant, it reminded me so o' me father's stables that I cried wid grief,’ says she.”

“That will do, Biddy, here is the empty pie-plate; that's the bell for school.”

Swinging her satchel of books over her shoulder, Jerusha Ann hurried out of the back gate.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Jerusha Ann Interviews Hans Kippelheimer.—A Race for the Sausages.—“Sp—Sp—Sp—Sprechen Sie Deutsch!”—“Spitzboo! Boliss! Boliss!”—Yankee Doodle Wins.

“Say, mister, how much is that hunk of sausages worth?” asked Jerusha Ann of Hans Kippelheimer, the Dutch butcher.

“Das is by de pound mit de Preis; es ist zu viele for verkaufen de grosse.”

“Say, can’t you talk United States, old fellow? I ain’t Dutch.”

The butcher, a little provoked by the remark, answered testily:

“Vell, I tells you it is too much for you to buy.”

“How do you know it is too much? I reckon you keep a butcher shop to sell your spare-ribs, sausage an’ sich. Don’t ye?” Jerusha Ann took a tape-line out of her pocket and began measuring the links of sausages.

Hans Kippelheimer waited upon a group of customers, selling them head-cheese, spare-ribs, and garden truck, while Jerusha Ann continued measuring the pile of sausage links.

Hans had a hasty temper, and when excited stuttered. He was annoyed by the persistent measuring of his sausage links by the strange customer, and blurted forth:

“Va—va—va—vat you measure mine sausage for?”

“I—I—I—I—I want to see if its long enough,” mim-

few yards had been measured, she drew her chair near the counter and objected :

“You counted that last wrong.”

“Vell, I doos him over, eins, zwei, drei,—

Before he measured the next yard, Jerusha Ann caught a good grip of the other end of the long link, and calling to the pork merchant :

“Say, you hold on to t’other end, I’ll see if its long enough. No need to fuss over measuring it. If it reaches out on the street, I reckon it will do.” She continued, lengthening out the long coil, which reached way out beyond the sidewalk. Hans Kippelheimer, with the other end of the link in his hand, bracing his back against the rear wall of his shop, chuckled with satisfaction as he beheld the long stretch of sausage.

No sooner had Jerusha Ann attained the curbstone, than she shouted to the horrified Dutchman :

“I say, Hans, you or I for it; whoever holds on longest wins the bologny.”

Taking to her heels, Jerusha Ann ran down the street, the Dutchman following with the other end of the link. On, on, they sped, over drygoods boxes, wooden-ware, brooms, buckets, tin-pans, toys, ginger-bread, candies, and the various articles displayed on the sidewalk opposite the store-windows; up Jefferson street, down Eighth, across Main, knocking a basket of Pretzels off a peddler’s back, and scattering the contents. The Dutchman yelling at the top of his voice :

“Oh, mine sausage! Auch, vos a peebles! Sthill him! Sthill him! Vatch! Vatch! You sthille, you spitzboo! Boliss! Boliss!”

A policeman crossing the street for the purpose of making an arrest was prevented by the bystanders, who stood laughing at the comical race.



“No sooner had Jerusha Ann attained the curbstone than she shouted to the horrified Dutchman, ‘I say, Hans, you or I for it!’”

Jerusha Ann, still in the lead, kept the length of sausage taut as a clothes-line after a shower, and explained to the lookers-on :

“Its a wager ; whoever holds on longest, wins the race. Hurrah for Yankee Doodle !”

Hans Kippelheimer, panting for breath, was forced to let go his end from sheer exhaustion.

One shout of exultation burst from the crowd of spectators, as Jerusha Ann pulled in the sausage, and coiling it around her arm she tooted the national song :

Yankee Doodle came to town,
A huntin' for bologny,
And sauer-kraut Hans a holdin' on,
Was beat by a Yankee pony.

CHAPTER XIX.

Biddy Finnigan's Opinion of American Aristocracy.—

“Cook Accushla, Squeeze a Bit uv Fat Through the Kayhole to us.”—“Mrs. Weathersby, Darlin’, I’ve Cotched the Great Grandfather o’ the Bed-bugs!”

“MRS. WEATHERSBY, I wish ye’d come here, mam, an’ see Jerushy’s nick; its all broke out wid some soort of a pok.”

Biddy Finnigan twisted Jerusha’s head, as she inspected more closely several red blotches that encircled her neck.

Mrs. Weathersby examined the marks. “Oh, its nothing but bug bites. We must look to the beds again, Biddy; this warm weather brings them out.”

“Bugs! What’s thim, mam? I never hear tell o’ thim.”

“Why, did you never see bed-bugs, Biddy?”

“Is it thim flyin’ things wid the hard backs, mam?”

“No, they are not so big as those.”

“Maybe its them dawnshee little stingin’ things that does be blistherin’ a body these hot nights.”

“I reckon you mean mosquitos.”

“Maybe so; I thought they wor fairies’ midgets, for they stings loike a wasp, an’ they don’t be bigger nor a flay.”

“Those are mosquitoes, Biddy. Come with me and bring your scrubbing-bucket along, I will show you what bed-bugs are.”

Mrs. Weathersby inspected the beds, and had the bed

stead thoroughly cleaned. When her Hibernian domestic beheld the sheets, she gave expression to her astonishment:

“Oh, the murdhurin’ vampires, to think that a brute no bigger nor a grain o’ barley, ’id suck the blood uv a body, like a landlord’s agint in the owld sod.”

“Landlords’ agints must be pretty hard cases, I reckon, Biddy. Here, tip this feather to that slat at your end.”

“An’ what good does the feather be, mam?”

“You see, I dip it in this corrosive sublimate; it is a deadly poison. You must be careful not to get it near a cut on your hands. It would kill you, just as it kills the bed-bugs.”

“Oh, holy Moses! I’m all in a thrimble at thoughts uv it; an’ me away from me people to die all uv a suddint wid no wan to sphake to. Musha, God help us, its a lonely thought.”

Holding the feather at arm’s length, Biddy applied the poison with very great care.

“I suppose, mam, that they gev this pisen the name uv snorring supplemint bekase uv its killin’ the bugs, an’ lavin’ the people to take a snore in comfort afthur it.”

Mrs. Weathersby laughed and agreed in the deduction, while she carefully replaced the feather in the bottle of corrosive sublimate.

“Mrs. Weathersby, mam, is bed-bugs Americans, mam?”

“Why, Biddy, what makes you ask such a question?”

“Bekase I was wondhurin’ why they calls the quality here ‘big bugs,’ an’ I was supposin’ it moight be bekase some uv ’em was loike the landlords’ agints at home, in owld Ireland; an’ its how I was thinkin’ they grew to be big bugs by suckin’ the blood out uv the laborin’ people, mebbe.”

“Oh, you mustn’t think that. Mr. Weathersby is getting

to be a big bug, and I guess he don't scoop out no hands, nor cheat no laborer, neither."

"Divil a fairer man walks the sthreets than himself, God bless him. It wasn't him I was thinkin' uv at all, at all, but big bugs that doesn't live a mile beyant where we're livin'."

"Oh, I know who you mean. I can't say as they ever did it, either, though they do put on a heap of style. We'll finish up in my room, now, Biddy."

The crevices were thoroughly smeared with corrosive sublimate, and the house put in good order by a second house-cleaning, ere Mrs. Weathersby let Biddy resume her accustomed duties.

Happening to go into the kitchen to give some directions concerning dinner, later on in the day, the lady of the household was displeased to see such a crowd of beggars and tramps in the back-yard waiting their allowance of cold victuals.

Mrs. Weathersby, like many ladies of her class, had become suspicious of the integrity of the poor, in exact ratio as her own good fortune raised her above the biting claims of adversity. Although she had given her servant instructions to dole out the cold victuals to the poor, when she first came to live with her, she now began to repent of her charity, and declaring the applicants for relief to be a pack of thieves and good-for-nothing tramps, ordered them out and locked the kitchen door, taking the key out to make sure the kind-hearted Biddy should not minister to their wants.

But among the beggars there were some natives of Hibernia's Isle, whose quick-witted intelligence devised expedients to meet the case. Irish Kitty, making a telescope of her hands outside the key-hole, shouted through this improvised speaking-trumpet:



“Mrs. Weathersby, darlin’, I cotched the great-grandfather
o’ the bed bugs!”

“Arrah, cook accusshla, will ye squeeze a bit uv fat through the kay-hole to us?”

Mrs. Weathersby relented, and allowed Biddy to dispense the usual charity.

When Jerusha Ann returned from school, Biddy gave her a graphic account of the terrible bug hunting that had been conducted during the day, and the vampires they had killed.

That night, Jerusha Ann retired to rest, but she brought a close-covered basket into her room before retiring.

When the midnight hour sounded from the church-steeple, Jerusha arose and taking from her covered basket a snapping-turtle, she quietly slipped it into Biddy’s room.

Soon after, Biddy Finnigan’s vigorous thumps on her pa’s bed-room door were answered by Sam Weathersby and his wife rushing into the hall-way, in their night-clothes.

“Mrs. Weathersby, darlin’, I have him. I cotched him afthur a hard fight, mam. Look, will yez, I cotched the great grandfathur o’ the bed-bugs, mam!” Shaking the snapping-turtle out of the towel, Biddy contemplated it with feelings akin to those experienced by a valiant general who has conquered his enemy, on a well-fought field.

CHAPTER XX.

Internal Revenue Collectors have a Case in Court.—The Prosecuting Attorney Drawing Testimony for the Government.—Mickey Houghlahan's Evidence.—Sam Weathersby Treats the Crowd.

He was a stout, able-bodied man, attired in a suit of courderoy breeches, a gray frieze jacket, and a battered felt hat, who wended his way leisurely in the direction of Samuel Weathersby's store. Taking the dudheen out of his mouth, and clapping his forefinger and thumb on the bowl of the smoking hot pipe, he accosted the proprietor:

"I say, sur, does wan Samuel Weathersby live con-vanyint to these parts?"

"I am Sam Weathersby, what do you want?"

"Misthur Brown sint me to tell ye the thrial begins at tin o'clock, sur."

"Wait a minute, I'll put on my hat and be with you directly. I had forgotten all about it." Sam Weathersby locked his desk, and accompanied the messenger to the Court-House.

The case was one of unusual interest. Walter Johnson, the proprietor of a popular saloon, was charged with selling liquor upon which the legal duties, imposed by the government, had not been paid.,

Able counsel had been secured on both sides and many witnesses summoned.

Samuel Weathersby had been charged with selling the barrels of whiskey to the defendant, and though the United

States detectives had made a thorough examination of his stock, and failed to discover any unstamped barrels in his possession, yet, as the same brand of whiskey was only found in his warehouse, there was a strong suspicion that he sold the liquor to the retail dealer.

The case was called. The government agent testified to finding whiskey barrels unstamped in Johnson's saloon, and all that remained to be proven was the actual sale of the liquor that had been in the barrels. This, the prosecuting attorney hoped to establish by the testimony of the son of Hibernia's Isle, who had notified Mr. Weathersby of the commencement of the trial.

But the prosecuting attorney reckoned without his host. The Irishman's sympathies were all on the side of the saloon-keeper, and though he would not tell a deliberate falsehood while under oath, yet he would resort to all manner of excuses and delays to evade a direct reply.

After a number of witnesses had given their testimony, the crier of the court called :

"Michael Houghlahan are you present?"

"I am an' I amn't, agrah," the deep, rich brogue and quaint reply caused a titter through the court.

The judge brought down his gavel and commanded :

"Silence in Court! Witnesses must answer questions without equivocation or they will be fined for contempt."

The individual in the frieze jacket and courderoy breeches, remained standing in the open door-way, not a particle intimidated by the threat.

"Michael Houghlahan are you in court?" asked the crier again.

"I am an' I amn't. I'm betuxt and betune like the lane an' fat in belly bacon," replied the Irishman in a nonchalant manner.

An audible grin greeted this answer.

The judge, a dignified gentleman with a bald head, became angry at this affrontery and said :

“Michael Houghlahan, pay attention, sir. I warn you that if you persist in your present conduct, you shall be fined according to the full extent of the law. Witnesses must answer questions directly.” The judge resumed his seat.

Without moving a muscle the Irishman asked the judge :

“Wor ye spakin to me, sur?”

“Yes, to you.”

“An’ moight I make bowld to ax ye, sur, what’s the fine for thim as isn’t witnesses.”

The judge perceived the point that the man, not having been sworn, was not a witness, and turning to the clerk commanded him to swear the witness.

“Michael Houghlahan take the witness-stand !” ordered the clerk.

Sauntering leisurely to the seat indicated, the man was sworn and the prosecuting attorney began to cross-question the witness :

“What is your name?”

“Michael Houghlahan.”

“Where were you born?”

“In the Parish uv Enniskillen, sur, in owld Ireland.”

“Are you of lawful age?”

“No, sur, I’m beyant it.”

“Do you know Walter Johnson?”

“I do, sur.”

“Do you know what business he follows?”

“Yis, sur.”

There was a pause ; no further information being volun-

teered. The prosecuting attorney raised his eyebrows and said :

“Well?”

“Well?” answered the witness.

“Why don’t you tell the court what business Walter Johnson follows?” said the attorney.

“Bekase I wasn’t axed to tell it, sur.”

“Well, I’ll put the question in another form. Does Walter Johnson keep a saloon?”

“As I’m on my oath, I can say that Walter Johnson keeps his sate, sur,” gazing at the defendant as he spoke.

“Did Walter Johnson keep a saloon?” quered the Attorney, seeing he had a sharp witness to deal with.

“He did, sur.”

“Were you ever in his saloon?”

“I was.”

“Did you ever drink whiskey in Walter Johnson’s saloon?”

“An’ shure it wouldn’t be a dhrop o’ fresh buttermilk ye’d get in a saloon, sur.”

“That is not an answer to my question.”

“Faix it’s a raysonable answer.”

The prosecuting attorney pondered for a moment: this man was in the saloon at the time the government agent made the seizure of the unstamped whiskey barrels. If he could get him to admit having drank the whiskey from one of them, then he could gain the case. Calling the agent, he said to the witness :

“Did you see this gentleman in Walter Johnson’s saloon, and what happened when he was there? Tell the court in your own way, without omitting any thing that occurred.”

"I seen him foostherin wid the barrels, sur; but if I was to tell ye what happened maybe ye wouldn't loike it!"

"Did you see this gentleman take the barrels out of Johnson's saloon? What happened then?"

"Well, ye see, sur, to make a long story short, I was stanin' by the bar, so I was, whin a little foxy-headed man, wid a squint in wan eye, kem in, an' says he to Misthur Johnson, says he: 'Is Timmy Owens here?'

"'No, I don't know any Timmy Owens,' says he back again.

"An so a few minutes afthur, in walks the same man, an' says he: 'Is Timmy Owens here yet?'

"'No. Ain't no Timmy Owens here that I know of,' says Misthur Johnson soort o' stiff like.

"Faix, it wasn't long afore the same little man wid the the carrotty pole kem back, an' makin' bowld, he stalks up to the bar, an' says he: 'Is Timmy Owens here now, sir?'

"'Darn Timmy Owens, what do I know about him,' answers Misthur Johnson.

"'Arrah, ye must know him, shure everybody knows Timmy Owens,' says the little foxy-headed man, helpin' himself to a good glass-ful o' whiskey, an dhrinkin it down at wan gullup.

"'Didn't I tell you a dozen times that I don't know any such dead-beat galoot as Timmy Owens,' says Misthur Johnson, an' he was losin' his timper by this time.

"'Musha, yer mimory is failin' ye thin so, fur its you that knows Timmy Owens, as well as any man livin'; an' why wouldn't you; for who that wance clapped two eyes on him 'id ever forget Timmy Owens to their dyin' day,' says the foxy little man.

"Ripping out an oath, savin' yer prisence, Misthur Johnson swore he never saw Timmy Owens in his life.

“‘Nabochlish!’ says the man wid the carroty pole. ‘I’ll prove it to you, that ye know him well an’ so do these jintlemin stanin here. Ye see Timmy Owens is a tailor by thrade an’ by rayson of his sittin so constant, he is thrifle bandy legged, an’ whin he runs he goes this way an’ that way! hoppin on wan fut, an’ thin on thother: while his legs has a bind in ’em like a dog scrapin’ a pot, this way.’

“Wid that the little man raced out o’ the saloon bandy legged, an’ shure it id make a cat laugh to see him waddlin on the run, but more betoken he got off widout payin’ fur his whiskey, sur.”

Annoyed at the dodging witness, the attorney pointing to the empty barrel asked:

“Did you drink the contents of this barrel?”

“I don’t know, sur.”

“Did you drink any of the illegal whiskey?”

“Begor, I wouldn’t know the taste of illaygal whiskey from any other soart, sur.”

Determined to bring him to a decided admission, the Prosecuting Attorney asked:

“Now, Michael Houghlahan, remember if you answer falsely you can be prosecuted for perjury, for violating your oath. Did you drink what was in this barrel?”

Regarding the barrel with a puzzled look the witness observed: “I’d like to know what was in that barrel.”

“Don’t you see it is whiskey?” The prosecuting attorney pointed to the brand.

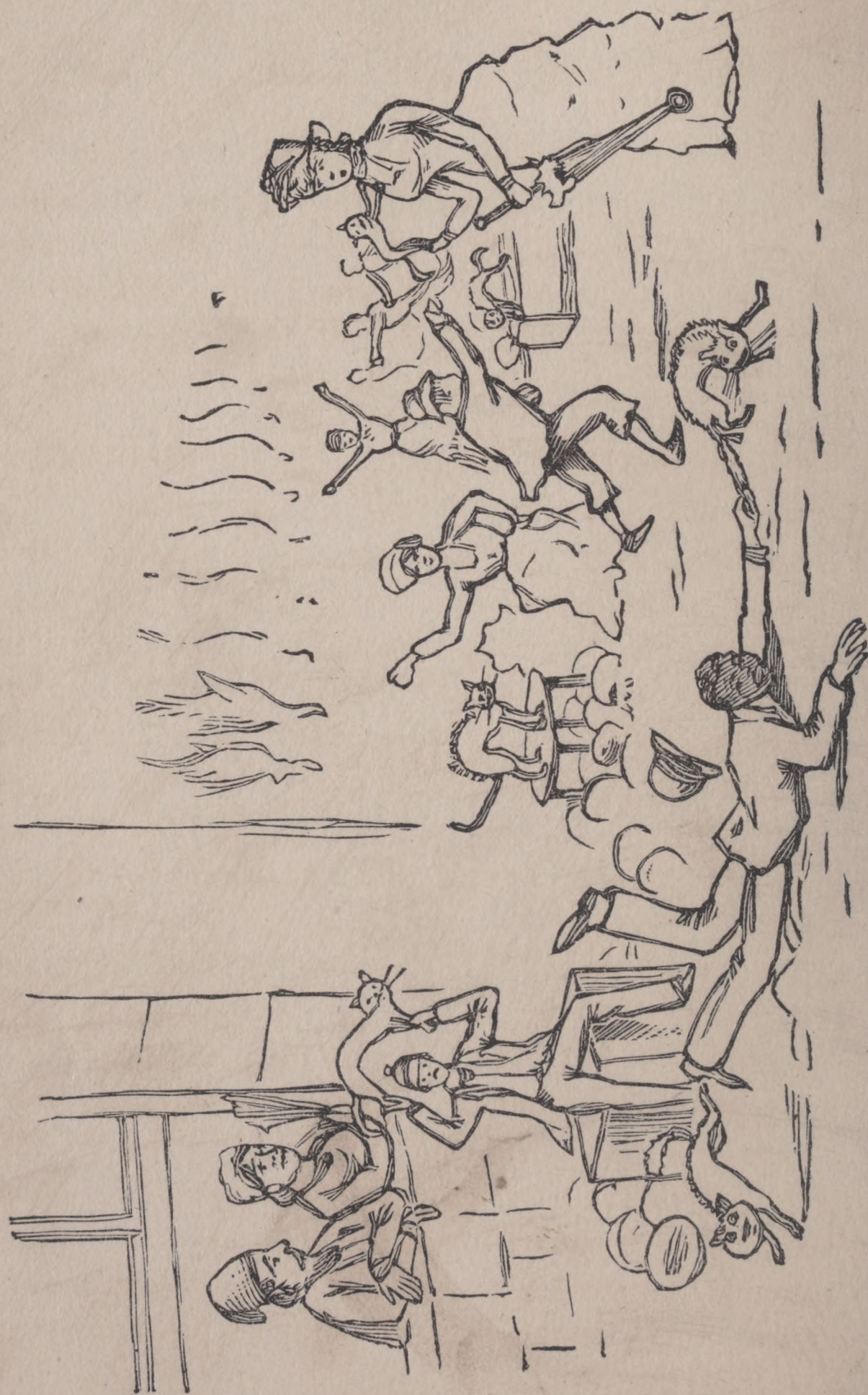
Turning the barrel leisurly round and upturning the opposite end upon which was stamped the name of the distiller, Pat Malloy, the witness scratched his head while a smile spread over his face, gazing at the prosecuting attorney and with a grave expression of countenance, he replied:

“I loike to be particular in the matthur o’ tellin’ the

thruth for fear o' committin' parjury, sur, an' as I'm on my oath this day, I couldn't swear whether it was whiskey or Pat Malloy was in this barrel, sur."

One roar of laughter shook the court, even the judge joining in.

The internal revenue agents failed to prove their case, and Sam Weathersby treated the crowd after adjournment.



Thick and fast they came, thick and fast they went; chasing cats, or the cat hunt,

CHAPTER XXI.

Wanted Five Hundred Cats.—His Imperial Highness, Mehemet Hafid, Khedive of Egypt, through his Agent, Mahamoud Al Baschin, Offers a Liberal Price for cats that stand the Required Tests.—The Citizens of Mudville treated to Thomas's Orchestral Seranades.

“WANTED five hundred cats for a foreign mission. Persons having cats to dispose of, will find a purchaser, at No. 109 Franklin Square. The cats must be strong, healthy and capable of standing a long sea voyage, as they are to be forwarded to his Imperial Highness, Mehemet Hafid, Khedive of Egypt. The agent of His Imperial Highness, Mahamoud Al Baschin, has opened an office at 109 Franklin Square, where he will examine all cats offered for sale, and will pay at the rate of three, four and five dollars apiece, for such animals as shall stand the test of the Khedive's requirements.”

This advertisement, published in the morning papers, caused a great commotion in the entire country, and awakened in the bosom of many a rustic maiden, visions of plethoric pocket-books, and stimulated the irrepressible bad boy to engage in this new branch of industry.

Jack Carson and Jerusha Ann Weathersby were seated in the large office room at No. 109 Franklin Square; although the weather was exceedingly warm, a bright fire was burning in the grate, and a poker, heated to a red heat, protruded from the grate-bars.

A red velvet fez, adorned with gold braid and tassels, encased the raven locks of Jack Carson; a blue, loose jacket, with gold braiding; a pair of loose blue silk pantaloons, and shoes of yellow kid turned up at the toes, completed his toilet; burnt cork plentifully applied, and a long black beard, attached by a wire spring to his chin, had completely metamorphized the blacksmith's boy into the noble Mahamoud Al Baschin.

Reclining on a low ottoman, attired in gorgeous robes of blue silk, embroidered in silver flagee patterns, with numerous chains of sequins dangling about her person, her nose ebon black, and lustrous eyes peering forth from the folds of her white yashmak, Avidya, the Egyptian maid, drumming her zithar, could never have been recognized as bearing any resemblance to Jerusha Ann Weathersby, were it not for her unmistakable voice as she shouted to the noble Mahamoud Al Baschin.

"I say, Jack, here they come; golly, what a crowd."

And now the negro attendant, attired in the costume of a fellaheen, with turbaned head, bowed three times before making known his message.

"Noble Mahamoud Al Baschin, the crowd is so great, that the Grand Vizier of the roadway, whom the people call policeman, requests that the sidewalk be cleared."

Putting her Egyptian fan to her face to hide her grinning, Avidya gazed on the throng of men, women and children, who stood jostling each other on the sidewalk, bearing over their shoulders, potato-sacks, flour-bags and satchels, that rotated in a very singular manner; while baskets of every conceivable shape emitted sounds of an extraordinary character.

Mahamoud Al Baschin gave orders: "Admit but one at a time."

Bowing three times, Zapallum, the attendant, withdrew and ushered in a country woman carrying a potato-sack in her arms:

"Have you a cat to sell, madam?" inquired the noble Mahamoud Al Baschin, stroking his beard.

"Yes, sir; an' if I do say it, there ain't a finer cat in Washington County than our Tom."

"If the cat stands the fire test, madam, I am authorized by His Royal Highness, Mehemet Hafid, to pay you five dollars for him; place the cat on this table, until we try him."

A large gray cat was brought forth from the bag, and stroked by its mistress into a placid humor.

Mahamoud Al Baschin seized the red-hot poker, and brandished it before the animal.

With one spring the cat jumped through the open window into the market opposite.

"Splendid! Catch him, madam, I will give you five dollars for that cat!" exclaimed Mahamoud Al Baschin.

The woman ran out of the office, across the crowded thoroughfare, into the meat-market, in pursuit of her cat.

Number two was admitted, bearing a flour-sack, which he unceremoniously emptied of its contents.

"I say, boss, I dun gone an' brought you de best cat in de States. What you agwine to give for her?"

"According to her merits. Five dollars if she stands the fire-test; four if she undergoes the water-test, and three for the noise-test. Under which grade do you enter your cat?" Mahamoud took a dipper of water out of the water-bucket, as he paused for a reply.

"I reckon she kin fotch de fust prize, massa. I enters fo de five-dollar stakes."

Scratching his woolly head, Sambo awaited the trial.

The hot poker had scarcely left the bars ere the white

tabby took affright, and bolted out of the window, scampering through the vegetable stands and knocking down the pint measures of small fruits in her flight.

"I'll give you five dollars for that cat. Catch her." Mahamoud had no sooner uttered this decision than the negro proprietor vaulted through the open window, and made a bee-line for his cat.

And now came a mongrel white and gray cat, a young country maiden brought forth from a closed basket.

Avidya left her seat on the ottoman, and began stroking pussy's sleek fur.

"*Sakya kama dhiyo yo na wanda siddartha grimalki,*" she said, gazing at the Khedive's agent.

The noble Princess Avidya, says: "In all the world there is not a more beautiful cat," interpreted Mahamoud Al Baschin.

The maiden smiled, and the Princess tapping her on the shoulder with the fan, said:

"*Ni yava tirthi hakmeesh.*"

"She says no other cat can draw the price," translated Mahamoud Al Baschin. "I will put the water-test to trial." Taking a dipper of water he dashed it over the purring pussy, with the same result as attended his former experiments, and offered the highest price for the puss. The bashful maiden went forth and hired a few little street-gamins to catch her cat, and they joined in the cat-hunt.

A boy of twelve years of age, keen-eyed, lithe and wide-awake, brought forth a black cat from his flour-sack.

"Captain, what stakes do you put up on this ere feline? I can give you her pedigree: she is a lineal descendant of 'Rip Snorter,' the greatest musician of the feline persuasion that ever made night melodious with song."

"If she stands the required tests, I am willing to pay

the highest price for her, at either the noise, water or fire-tests. If she shows strong, muscular action in leaping, she will be able to stand the climate of Egypt. The highest price of five dollars is only awarded to cats who stand the severest, the fire-test." Recognizing the urchin as one of the irrepressible newsboys, Mahamoud Al Baschin turned his head towards the fire-place, lest the keen vision of the boy should penetrate his disguise.

"Call out yer fire department, captain, I reckon Sarah Bernhardt can stand it."

The test was applied, and the boy lit out after his cat, dashing over hucksters, garden-truck customers and policemen in his eager haste to capture his cat.

Thick and fast they came, thick and fast they went; chasing cats to the four points of the compass, north, south, east and west; a motley crowd of all ages and races, Negroes, Dutch, Irish, Americans, tumbling over vegetable wagons, into drygoods stores, drug stores, and crockery-ware establishments, pell-mell, smashing crockery and upsetting soda-water glasses. Now the hunted feline would spring on to a young lady's shoulder, then on her open parasol, and seek refuge in an open window. Three or four claimants pursuing one cat, all thoroughly persuaded that the other individuals were mistaken as to the identity of their household pet. Umbrellas, walking-canes, and every conceivable article that could be transformed into a weapon of attack, seized by the excited cat-venders, regardless of the laws of *meum* and *teum*, as they sped onward after the fleet-footed grimalkins.

The Princess Avidya and the noble Mahamoud Al Baschin, with head and shoulders poked out of the window, contemplated the scene with mixed emotions. Egypt's stoic composure for once was at a discount.

Of the hundred and fifty cats subjected to the three tests, springing a rattle in their ear suddenly, immersion, and the red-hot poker brandishing, but one reported for duty. The irrepressible newsboy had captured the country-woman's gray Tom.

The Khedive's agent declared Tom to be a cat of the third grade, and paid his captor three dollars for him.

As the shades of evening fell, a close carriage drew up at 109 Franklin Square. The Princess Avidya and the noble Mahamoud Al Baschin entered it and were driven to the blacksmith's residence. Jack Carson's mother assisted the Egyptian Princess to remove the burnt cork from her skin, and to don the garments of civilized life. No entreaties could persuade the noble Princess Avidya to remain to tea, she sped home as fast as she could.

When Sam Weathersby related the wonderful cat-hunt that caused the suspension of business during the day, in the city. Jerusha Ann made more minute inquiries concerning the singular affair than her mother, and was more astonished than any one at the tea-table to hear of the many ludicrous incidents connected therewith.

That night few of the citizens of Mudville were able to get a wink of sleep. Sam Weathersby had just dozed off into a peaceful slumber, when he was awakened by the prelude to a grand Thomas orchestra.

Ma-ri-ar! Ma-ri-ar?

Come over in our yard!

There's goin to be a row!

There's goin to be a row!

Meow, meow-ow, meow-ow!

Sth—sth——

Bang went the boot-jack at the leader of the concert, which brought a temporary suspension of the performance.

Just as the downy wings of sleep were folded o'er the brow of Sam Weathersby, another:

“Mariar! Mariar. Meow ow-a-eow! Mariar!”

Stealthily the door was opened and Sam Weathersby appeared on the back porch in his night-shirt carrying a pitcher of water, which he dashed on the nocturnal musicians. A defiant old yellow Thomas continuing his invitation to Mariar; the pitcher dealt a blow to, and the basin was hurled after Mariar. Mr. Weathersby at that moment beheld every man in the neighborhood similarly occupied.

CHAPTER XXII.

Jerusha Ann Joins the Church Choir.—"Goodness Gracious de Pugs are so Pad auf dem Vindow."—Professor Hoffmeister "*Sthops de Rehearsal.*"

JERUSHA ANN joined the church choir; she was growing up to that interesting age, when the amusements of childhood were no longer able to satisfy the craving of her nature.

Not only were the Weathersby's advancing in the social scale, but Deacon Smithers' prospects had continued to improve ever since the day he had taken to himself the widow Sikes as a helpmate. All the modern luxuries had been added to his church, a new church organ had been purchased and a German music-teacher engaged as organist and choir instructor.

Professor Hoffmeister was a large, broad-shouldered man, endowed by nature with a keen appreciation of harmony and a flaxen moustache.

His mouth was made on the principle of the "Mammoth Cave of Kentucky," and when his jaws opened, wide interminable labrynth were unfolded to view.

Professor Hoffmeister's admiration for the great German composers was only equaled by his detestation of English authors and the English language.

Like a true Teuton, he invariably misplaced the letters "b" and "p" and stuck to the thick German "d" wherever "t" was led into use. Despite these peculiarities, Professor Hoffmeister was an excellent teacher and a skillful organist. He had a tuning fork which he would strike against the music

stand, and, placing it to his ear, listen to the sound, dragging the muscles of his face into comical contortions the while.

Deacon Smithers introduced Miss Jerusha Ann Weathersby to the choir members, and expressing the hope that the professor would ultimately succeed in organizing the best choir in the city, withdrew.

The rehearsals were conducted in the Sunday-school basement, which was sadly wanting in illumination.

When Deacon Smithers had gone, the professor handed Jerusha Ann an open music-book and resumed the rehearsal.

Playing a prelude he chanted the hymn:

“Do Dee mit all my heart I bray.”

“Sthop, vunce, Mister Vatson, you vas false on the P flat.” Striking the note, the professor rehearsed the tenor separately on his part several times, till he was familiar with it; then he told him to take his place. Striking the tuning fork on the stand and hoisting his features as he listened, the professor gave the command:

“Eintz more als de beginning.”

“To thee with all my heart I pray.”

Jerusha Ann tore a bit of the fly leaf out of her hymn-book and made it into a spit-ball; when the professor opened his huge mouth to give full tone to the last note, she dextrously aimed it for the yawning chasm, which put a sudden termination to the song.

“Do Dee mit all my heart I bra—spth—spth—spth—. Auch! Lieber Himmel, ein flying pug auf dem vindow kumed in mein droat,” sputtering and spitting the professor at last got relief.

Jerusha Ann came forward with her music-book and asked the professor to run over her part with her.

He complied and praised her accurate singing.

The full score was rehearsed by the choir and more

pieces of music distributed to the singers. This was a closing hymn, the last line reading: "Be ye faithful to the end."

The first word was continued for six beats; the piece, unlike the last, was set in the natural key. Mr. Watson had so thoroughly retained the flat sound, that he again made a mistake and gave it where it was not wanted. This provoked the professor, who rapped testily on the stand and reprimanded the tenor.

"Vas is das, Eh. You can't make it right?"

"Pee — spauch — spauch! Pee—" another wad of paper landed in the professor's mouth, causing a sputtering—"Goodness gracious de pugs are so pad. Ve vill sthop de rehearsal for dis nighd."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Jerusha Ann attends Miss Sawyer's Young Ladies' Academy.—Polishing the Rough Diamond.

THE YOUNG LADIES' ACADEMY, of Mudville, was presided over by the Rev. Deacon Smithers' cousin, Miss Minerva Sawyer, a tall, thin, spectacled lady, whose incisive metallic voice, cut its way to the outer periphery of the auditory nerves, as a rapier thrust, challenging the hearer to mortal combat.

Woe be to him, who entered the lists in a tilt of debate with Miss Minerva. The clanging consonants, jingled and jarred, or hissed with a fizz, suggestive of the sizzle of water poured on heated iron; solid phalanxes of *ings*, poured their full batteries of sound against the enemy; adjectives in the superlative, like mounted cavalry, dashed into the ranks of the foe, cleaving right and left, hewing down every obstacle; while, the howitzers, the metaphysical field-peices wheeled into position, belched forth an unceasing fire of shot and shell. "Cannons of thought's infinite grasp of the mighty deep of the infinites, infinite realm of the infinite," until the guns of the enemy were silenced.

Miss Minerva Sawyer was a native of Concord, New Hampshire, and as a matter of course, imbibed Emmersonian philosophy with the maternal lacteal fluid, ere the period of dentition broke out, providing her with incisors, wherewith to articulate the mighty problems of that school of science, which deals with the abstract essence of the infinitesimally infinite atoms of misty mists.

Jerusha Ann Weathersby was placed under the special tutelage of Miss Sawyer, that she might acquire a correct method of speaking English, and be imbued with proper precepts of moral law, whereby her natural brusqueness of manner might be changed into a demure, lady-like demeanor, befitting her to enter society.

On the first day of her admission to Miss Sawyer's Young Ladies' Academy, Jerusha Ann behaved with unusual decorum, receiving the reprimands administered by the teachers, with amiable submission; yet, her direct interrogatories concerning the curriculum of studies, caused a sensation among the scholars.

"Say, Miss Sawyer! What is this down on my bill of fare? It says, 'Calisthenics.'"

"Really, Miss Weathersby, you astonish me by the manner in which you address your teacher. Can you think of no better appellative than, 'Say!'" Miss Sawyer adjusted her spectacles on her nose and, with a grim visage, awaited the apology of her refractory pupil.

"Hello! How is that for calling attention? I was afraid you would think 'Hello' too telephonic, may-be!" answered the new pupil.

The laughter which followed this question, was quickly suppressed, by the ringing of the teacher's bell.

Frowning at the offender, Miss Sawyer, said:

"Miss Weathersby, I shall insist upon your observance of the rules of this academy. Whenever you have occasion to seek information on any subject, you must address your instructors by their proper names."

"Done! It's a bargain. You'll find me hunki-dori on the rules, if I do say it myself."

"Miss Sawyer, will you please enlighten me as to the meaning of the word 'Calisthenics,' enumerated in the

curriculum of studies, which you graciously presented me with this morning?" Jerusha Ann looked so innocent, that her preceptress doubted not but that the slang phrases she persisted in using resulted from the force of habit.

"The term 'Calisthenics,' Miss Weathersby, signifies a science which develops the inner consciousness of our being into an outward expression of form. 'Calisthenics,' is derived from two Greek words signifying beauty and strength. It is the art, science or practice of healthful exercise of the body and limbs, to promote a graceful carriage of the human form."

"Oh, I see, thank you, mam." Jerusha continued at her studies, and recited her lesson accurately, when the class was called.

A little later in the day, she again appealed to the principal of the school for information.

"Miss Sawyer, would you have the kindness to tell me what 'caligraphy' means? That's another conundrum down on my printed menu."

"'Caligraphy' is one of the most indispensable accomplishments included in the entire curriculum of this academy. No young lady can hope to attain that intellectual pre-eminence to which the yearning of atomic conglomerates of the psychological elements of nature aspire, in their search for the infinite perfection of the science of mind, without the aid of caligraphy," replied Miss Sawyer.

"Yes, but what does it all mean in United States. Can't you talk it out in plain United States so a body can understand the thing?" persisted the new pupil.

"It means the art of delineation by means of certain recognized symbols expressing thoughts, infinite grasp of the limitless realm of the unfathomable stretch of the mind; by means of an instrument commonly called a pen, upon a

textile product now in general use among all civilized nations, the same as that of which your copy-book is formed." Miss Sawyer gazed at her pupil with the air of self-approval, so habitual to her.

"Oh, you mean writing. What a lot of talk about such a plain thing. It looks to me that the fellow who put that big word down for just writing was troubled with a costiveness of ideas."

The scholars tittered as Jerusha Ann dipped her pen in the ink bottle and proceeded to write her copy.

The routine of school discipline continued from day to day began to tell on the buoyancy of spirits for which Jerusha Ann Weathersby was remarkable. She began to look haggard and weary under the restraint imposed upon her.

One day when unperceived by the teachers, Jerusha Ann climbed an oak tree that grew in the back yard. From the topmost branches she obtained a very fine view of the surrounding district and her heart leaped with joy as she beheld Jack Carson, driving his father's wagon, coming down the street. Putting her fingers in the corners of her mouth, Miss Weathersby gave a shrill whistle, such as boys usually indulge in, when they wish to attract the attention of their companions.

The whistle was immediately answered by Jack Carson in a similar melody. He looked around in vain for the whistler, but a cat-call from the upper branches of the tree apprised him of the whereabouts of an old play-mate.

"Say Jack, I dasn't come down, old spectacles is sure to be watching for me. Can't you hitch up Pacer to your dad's sleigh a and bring it round to-morrow evening, so you and I kin have a sleigh-ride? To-morrow will be Washington's birth day and I mean to have some fun. Bring a step

ladder, a rope and a bucket with you and hang around till you hear my whistle.

“All right, sis, I’ll be on hand at dusk,” Jack Carson cracked his whip and spurred his horses, passed on as he beheld Miss Sawyer looking out of the class-room window.

The school-bell rang, and Jerusha Ann descended from her perch of observation, to the amazement of the pupils, some of whom informed the principal of Miss Weathersby’s want of lady-like deportment. The offender was called up before the teacher’s platform.

“I have heard such tales of your flagrant misconduct, Miss Weathersby, that I can scarcely believe it possible that a young lady of your years can be guilty of such an offense. Did you climb the tree?”

“Yes, mam.”

“What caused you to do such a horrible thing?”

“My legs! I can’t climb hand over fist yet.”

“Can it be that the auditory nerve has failed to communicate to my tympanum the correct sound, or is it possible that a young lady-pupil of this academy has uttered a vulgar cognomen to express those perpendicular supporters of the human frame usually denominated limbs?”

Miss Sawyer looked at the scholars for an answer: the proposition seemed too overwhelming for belief.

“Yes, mam, I said legs, because I wanted to tell the whole truth. Had I said limbs you might have been in doubt as to which limbs, my arms or legs, and as my legs formed this motive power by which I was propelled up the tree, I came to the gist of the matter at once.”

Jerusha Ann seemed very respectful by her manner, although her words were not in harmony with the teacher’s views.

“Why did you climb the tree, Miss Weathersby?”

"Oh, just for fun and to limber up a bit my legs and arms, for every bit of me fairly aches from sitting bolt upright, and I fear my jaw is becoming dislocated from having to skirmish round in the dictionary for words of fifteen syllables to express my meaning. I'm not used to that kind of talk, and milk tastes as sweet to my lips as the lacteal fluid of a vacine quadruped." Jerusha Ann folded her arms and awaited her sentence.

"Are you not aware that you have broken the rules of this academy, Miss Weatherby?" demanded the teacher in her cutting metallic voice.

"No, mam."

"No!" "What do you mean, Miss?"

"Just what I say: No. I have studied the statutes and find no prohibition against climbing trees. Here is a copy of the rules. I know them by heart. You may see for yourself."

Miss Sawyer read over the rules, blank amazement taking the place of pronounced displeasure on her countenance. "Go to your seat, Miss Weathersby, I shall take this matter into consideration," she said.

"While you are about it, I hope you will take into consideration the propriety of giving us a holiday to-morrow, Miss Sawyer."

"How can you dare to ask such a concession?" The angry frown again settled on the teacher's face.

"It will be the birthday of the Father of our Country. He dared to do anything. I feel kind of patriotic like him, and I dare to do lots of things, some girls would be afraid to do; but they keep up a whole hippodrome, menagerie and circus of thinking all the same."

Jerusha Ann returned to her seat, while consternation seized upon her school companions.

CHAPTER XXIV.

*The Rev. Ichabod Weathersby Visits His Nephew.—
Very Peculiar Idiosyncrasies of Mrs. Weathersby
in the Treatment of Her Husband's Uncle.*

SAMUEL WEATHERSBY received a letter from his father's brother, informing him that the brotherhood had deputed him to visit the United States, in the cause of his order; and that while attending to his ministerial duties, he would pay Samuel Weathersby a visit at Mudville.

Most joyful was this news to the successful business man. When a curly-headed, barefooted boy, rambling through the pineries of New England, Sam Weathersby had accompanied his uncle Ichabod on many a hunting expedition, and many reminiscences of boyhood's days were recalled to view, by the reading of this letter from beyond the sea.

Ichabod Weathersby, as pictured to the vivid imagination of his nephew, was a stout, able-bodied Englishman, with blonde hair and side whiskers, rosy complexion and mild blue eyes.

Alas, time's snows had rested upon the blonde locks, and furrowed the plump countenance of the Rev. Ichabod Weathersby; the only feature by which his nephew could identify his uncle was the mild blue eye, kindling with compassion at the tale of woe, and moistened with the dew of human sympathy, as he recounted the many traits of his dear departed brother, which he now beheld in the lineaments of his son, when met by him at the depot.

The greeting between uncle and nephew was cordial, yet tempered by sad thoughts of the past.

Mrs. Weathersby had made great preparations for entertaining the Rev. Ichabod Weathersby. The spare bed-room had been newly carpeted and upholstered, new lace curtains adorned the windows, not only of the guest's chamber, but in all the bed-rooms in the house. A grand dinner was contemplated on the programme, but Samuel Weathersby would not allow the invitations to be sent until after his uncle's arrival.

The Rev. Ichabod Weathersby belonged to the Episcopalian order of Monks, whose monastery was located near Oxford in England. His visit to the United States was for the purpose of collecting funds to pay the debt on the Chapel, and to bring back to England with him young ministers disposed to join the order.

The weather was exceedingly cold on the day of the minister's arrival, and Mrs. Weathersby determined, that every precaution should be taken, to prevent her guest's catching cold.

She had purchased at a house-furnishing store, a warming pan, one of the odd utensils which the craze for ancient things had brought into use.

This warming pan, facetiously termed the friar, was made of metal, it had a long tubular handle through which boiling water was poured into the hollow interior. When filled with the hot water, the stopper was screwed tight in its place, and the article was ready for use.

The manner of using the warming pan was to place it between the sheets on the bed, to take the chill out of them, and about one hour's time was required before the genial effects of the heat were diffused thoroughly over the bed.

After supper on the day of his arrival, the Rev. Ichabod

Weathersby asked permission to retire to the library, that he might make his evening meditation.

While the minister was engaged at his devotions, his nephew consulted with the partner of his bosom, as to the invitations to be sent for the grand dinner.

Time slipped by until the mistress of the household observed that it was eight o'clock. Hurrying out to the kitchen, she called:

"Bridget!"

"Yis, mam."

"Did you see the friar out there in the kitchen?"

"Yis, mam; I did."

"Do you know about it?"

"Oh! Yis, mam; I do."

"Well then, since you have seen them before, I suppose it's not necessary for me to show you?"

"Oh! no, mam; I knows what a friar is, I'll go bail, widout comin' to Amerikay to be towlt."

"Very well, then; since you know all about it, I need only tell you, when it is hot to take the friar up and put it in the bed upstairs. Do you hear?"

"Yis, mam; I'll go do it at wanst,"

Mrs. Weathersby returned to the dining-room, to continue making out the list of invitations.

Biddy got her kitchen-lamp and proceeded to hunt for the friar. Now as the Rev. Ichabod Weathersby wore a long cassock, very similar to the Catholic monk's dress, Biddy naturally concluded that her mistress desired her to show the guest to his sleeping apartment, when she ordered her to put the friar in the bed. She found the minister engaged at his devotions in the library. Knocking at the door, a voice said:

"Come in."

"I beg yer pardon, sur, for breakin' in on yer prayurs, but the misthrus towlt me to put you to bed, sur, if you are hot," making a courtesy as she spoke, Biddy awaited an answer.

"Oh, Mrs. Weathersby thinks being fatigued from my journey, I had better retire early ; well, I am ready." Closing his book the minister preceded Biddy Finnigan up the stairs.

"Here is yer bed, sur. If ye wants anything, sur, I'll bring it to ye in half a jiffy." Biddy put more coal on the fire, and waited for any orders the visitor might give.

"I don't wish for anything more, except that you do me the favor to call me early in the morning." The Rev. Ichabod Weathersby gave the maid an English half crown.

"Thank ye, sur, an' pleasant dhramas to ye." Biddy Finnigan closed the door and departed.

The parson soon after retired to rest.

Biddy busied herself preparing the Tipperary hens for breakfast. Sam Weathersby had ordered prairie chickens home, and Biddy set to work picking the feathers off the Tipperary hens, as she persisted in calling them. While engaged at her labors the door-bell rang, and answering its summons, Miss Susan Brown, a member of the Bethel Church choir, was admitted.

Miss Brown was very cold, and had called to warm her hands before proceeding further homewards, as the night was so bitter cold.

"Stay all night, you can sleep in Jerusha Ann's bed," pleaded Mrs. Weathersby, as she chafed the numb fingers of her visitor.

"I believe I will ; the night is so very cold," replied Miss Brown.

The invitations were discussed until Mrs. Weathersby



“I want ye to get up, sur, you’re in the wrong bed. The misthrus towlt me to put you in thother bed, sur.”

noticed that it wanted but a quarter to nine. She went to the kitchen-hall and called :

“Biddy !”

“Yis, mam.”

“Did you put the friar in the spare bed?”

“Yis, mam.”

“Well, I guess it is hot enough now. Miss Brown is going to stay all night. You go right upstairs and take the friar out of the spare bed, and put it into Jerusha Ann’s bed. Do you hear?”

“Yis, mam; I’ll do it as soon as I wash the feathers off me hands.”

Biddy proceeded on her errand. She knocked loudly at the Rev. Ichabod Weathersby’s chamber door.

“Who is there?” demanded the parson, startled from his sleep.

“Its me,” answered the maid.

“What do you want?”

“I want ye to git up, sur, you’re in the wrong bed; the misthrus towlt me to put ye in thother bed, sur.”

“Well, wait until I am ready.” The minister dressed himself and opened the door.

“I’m sorry, sur, fur disturbin’ ye, but herself is very particular, sur, an’ she always wants things her own way; but shure, I thought it was here she wanted ye to sleep.”

By this time Jerusha Ann’s bed-room was reached, and the minister, being very sleepy, disrobed and went to bed in his new quarters.

Biddy returned to her labors; and the family discussion, aided by Susan Brown’s advice, was resumed concerning the list of invitations to the grand dinner.

At half-past nine, Miss Brown signified her intention of retiring, but Mrs. Weathersby asked her to wait a few

minutes until she gave some directions to Biddy. Calling again, Biddy answered:

"Yis, mam."

"Did you put the friar in Jerusha Ann's bed, Biddy?"

"I did, mam."

"Well, I guess it is hot enough now; you go upstairs and take the friar out of Jerusha Ann's bed, and put it in mine."

"Murdhur in Irish, what's that ye're tellin' me to do? Shure didn't ye bid me take the friar to Jerusha Ann's room, an' so I did; an' what more do ye want at this time o' night?" answered Biddy, in a petulant manner.

"Do just as I tell you; put the friar in my bed, and that's all you need do to-night," retorted the mistress.

"Well, I suppose fur pace sake, I moight as well do it first as last."

With a sore heart Biddy again ascended the stairs and knocked at the chamber door.

"My! My! What is the matter?" inquired the parson.

"In throth, I'm not here wid me own consint, sur; its rabbits rest they're givin' ye. But I was sint up, sur, an' she towlt me to take ye out o' this bed an' put ye in another."

"Well, well; really this a very extraordinary proceeding." The Rev. Ichabod Weathersby considered the subject for a few moments not knowing what to do.

"Ye could whistle that if ye had a tune to it, sur. Here she is peltin' ye from Billy to Jack, an' no sooner are ye fast asleep, then she gits unaisy in her mind, an' its me that has to be routin' ye out o' yer bed, an' shovin' ye about like snuff at a wake; but there's no escapin' it, sur; ye have to git up an' go into thother bed, so ye moight as well make a vartue uv necessity, an' rowl out agin, sur."

“Well, wait out there until I am dressed.” The minister donned his clothing and opened his door.

Muttering her displeasure at being compelled to perform the unwelcome task, Biddy conducted the guest to Mrs. Weathersby’s room.

“Herself is a good woman, sur, barrin’ the fidgets. It’s a divil uv a fit that comes on her betimes, an’ she goes fitchye fotchye, foosterin’ about little things, an’ she’s not two minutes in the wan way o’ thinkin’; only blown about be every wind like a weather-cock. Himself is a rock o’ sinse, an’ as good-hearted a man as ever stepped in sole-leather, but herself is as unaisy in her mind as a pig. Is there anything ye’d like to have, sur, before I go to bed?”

“Well, if you call me in the morning, early, that is the only favor I shall ask you to do me. Good night.”

“Good night, sur, an’ I hope ye’ll sleep in pace afthur this.”

Biddy Finnigan went to bed; Miss Brown sought repose on Jerusha Ann’s couch; but Mr. and Mrs. Weathersby continued at their tasks till the clock struck twelve.

“Twelve o’clock! I declare, and the list not yet completed; I must go show uncle Ichabod his room,” exclaimed Sam Weathersby. He went to the library and found that the gentleman had retired.

“Keziah, did anyone show uncle his room; I am ashamed of our conduct. What will he think of us?”

“I reckon Biddy showed him where the spare bed-room is; I heard her talking to some one a couple of hours ago, but I intended you should conduct your uncle upstairs. I suppose he asked Biddy to do it, seeing us occupied,” explained Mrs. Weathersby.

“Well, there is no help for it now; I must only apologize in the morning. Come, let us go to bed, Keziah, and

we will finish this in the morning," taking the list with him, Sam Weathersby went upstairs, followed by his wife.

Mrs. Weathersby took off her clothes and put on her night-dress, giving her husband his night-shirt out of the wardrobe. She was very tired and went to her bed—but lo! a man was snoring audibly. She drew aside the silk curtains that hung from the brass poled tester, the latest addition of decorative art with which the upholsterer had adorned her bed-stead, when the placid features of the Rev. Ichabod Weathersby appeared to view.

The sudden glare of light awoke the sleeper. Sitting bolt-upright he stared at the intruder upon his repose.

"Pray, madam, what is this for?" demanded the parson in an angry voice.

"Oh, nothing; only it is a mistake; you are in the wrong bed."

"In the wrong bed? Pray, when will I reach the right one; at this rate of going on, it will take a year, I presume, and I shall be compelled to air all the damp sheets in the city, before being allowed to take a night's sleep without molestation. Fie, for shame, madam! I wonder that you have the affrontery to appear before me in your dishabille. Go out of the room at once. I believe the maid was right in believing you were *non compos mentis*. Nothing short of a feeble intellect could palliate your offense, madam."

The Rev. Ichabod Weathersby was in a state of mind to mete out rebuke and reprimand to his nephew's wife; the more so, as he remembered the apologies of the maid-servant for being compelled to perform the unwelcome task, of moving him from bed to bed, just to gratify the nonsensical whims of her mistress, whom she had declared to be as "un-aisy in her mind as a pig." Scowling at the lady with haughty displeasure, the minister pointed to the door with

his index finger, intimating that she should take her departure instantly.

Samuel Weathersby now came forward, though his drapery was of the scantiest pattern.

“We beg your pardon, Uncle Ichabod, it is all a mistake; you are in the wrong bed, that is all; we had the spare room fixed up for you, but we will leave you now, and take it ourselves.”

“The spare room did you say? Pray where is that apartment, Samuel? From this night’s experience I should say one might journey to the north pole without being able to discover it. Really, Samuel, I must say your wife has been guilty of the strangest idiosyncrasy in the treatment of a guest, that I have ever met with. This is the third bed I have been removed to this night, all on account of Mrs. Weathersby’s peculiar directions. I am not astonished, my poor boy, to see the furrowed lines on your face, that should be rounded and plump at your years. I shall remain here for this night, but after having experienced the treatment I have just received, I must decline the favor of the dinner intended in my honor.”

“We are very sorry, uncle, but wait until morning; I am confident there is a mystery to be solved about this affair. Good night.”

Sam Weathersby and his wife took their clothes and withdrew to the spare room.

In the morning it was discovered that Biddy Finnigan had substituted the Rev. Ichabod Weathersby for the warming-pan, and the minister was persuaded to prolong his visit, though no entreaties of Mrs. Weathersby could induce him to accept of a grand entertainment in his honor.

CHAPTER XXV.

Miss Sawyer Requires the Young Lady Students to be in their Seats at the Second Tintinnabulation of the Academical Tintinnabulum.—The Stolen Sleigh-Ride.—Jerusha Ann takes Revenge on that Pesky Tintinnabulum.—Taking Down Aristocracy.

ALL day long Jerusha Ann was in a feverish state of excitement. She asked Miss Sawyer if even a half holiday might be expected in honor of Washington's birthday.

"No, Miss Weathersby; all the young ladies of this academy will be obliged to attend their scholastic exercises as usual. They must be in their seats promptly, ere the second tintinnabulation of the academical tintinnabulum."

A broad smile spread over Jerusha Ann's features as she listened to the reply.

"What is that? Is that a new division of time? All that Latin jaw-breaker is low Dutch to me. I can't get the drift of your meaning into my noddle," she answered.

"It is very strange, Miss Weathersby, that these common-place expressions fail to penetrate your cranium; your comprehension must be more obtuse than that of any other pupil," retorted Miss Sawyer.

"It must be, I reckon, then. Can I hunt the big words in the unabridged dictionary, Miss Sawyer?"

"Certainly, every student is at liberty to hunt a word in

the dictionary, or to consult any work on history or philosophy, whenever the miasma of doubt befogs the intellectual vision."

Miss Sawyer went into the class-room to give instruction to the first class concerning the zoophites of the glacial period, and the amorphous character of pumpkins growing in the prehistoric ages, compared with the yellow rotundity of this vegetable product of our own day.

Jerusha Ann got down the big dictionary and using the window-sill for a stand, she hunted out the jaw-breakers that had puzzled her comprehension. But Jerusha Ann had another object in view beside searching wisdom's page for lore, she wanted to catch a glimpse of Jack Carson when he would be driving by in his father's wagon.

In this she was successful, and, by a system of facial telegraphy, succeeded in ascertaining that Jack would be around at the appointed hour with the sleigh.

Miss Sawyer called the second class in geology to recite, and Jerusha Ann followed her companions into the class-room.

After supper Miss Weathersby astonished her teachers by making application to be allowed to go into the school-room for the purpose of consulting some historical authors concerning certain points in history, as she wished to incorporate some quotations from them in her composition.

The permission was cheerfully granted, and Jerusha Ann read a little history, and arranged the window so that it could easily be raised from the outside.

Watching her opportunity, she wrapped a warm shawl around her and slipped out into the back-yard.

To climb the oak-tree was but the work of a moment. Putting her fingers at each side of her mouth, she uttered a shrill whistle, which was instantly answered by Jack Carson's response.

A few minutes later Jack called from the outside:

"I say, all right; I have the fixins', Jerusha, a little further up the street."

"Bring the bucket and rope, Jack, and if ye can't climb up into the belfry without it, ye may fetch the ladder also."

Jerusha Ann directed her accomplice to fasten the rope around his waist and let down the bucket tied to the other end into the yard. It was done.

"Now, Jack, if you can't fix the bell steady, upside down, so as to hold water, I'll pass you up some sticks of wood first."

The sticks were required, and when the bell was braced perfectly steady, Jack let down the rope again.

Jerusha Ann tied the bucket filled with water to the end of the rope, and Jack hauled it up, pouring the contents into the open mouth of the bell, until it was filled to the very brim with water.

"Pay the rope out to me, Jack, and take the bucket with you. I'll climb the tree, fasten the rope to the outer limb, and let myself down hand over fist." Jerusha Ann tied the rope to her boot, and climbed the tree as nimbly as a squirrel. She then fastened the rope firmly to the over-hanging limb, and descended hand over fist, to the pavement.

The sleigh with comfortable buffalo robe stood in readiness. Jerusha got in and Jack tipped up Pacer to his best exertions.

The night was very cold and the keen air bracing, but as she sped along over the crisp snow, Jerusha Ann was not at peace with her own conscience. This was the first time she had ever acted without feeling that her father was disposed to look kindly upon her mischievous pranks.

As they neared her father's office, a light was perceived.

“Say, Jack, pull up ; let us get dad to come along. He always was my best friend. He won’t be mad about it. I just long to give dear old pap a good hug, anyhow.”

Jack pulled up and Jerusha Ann jumped out of the sleigh and rushed into her father’s private office. Creeping up behind him, and blindfolding his eyes with her hands, she propounded the conundrum : “Guess who it is?”

“Why Jerusha, my own darling daughter, what brought you here?” replied the astonished parent.

“A sleigh and Jack Carson’s pony. Say, dad, don’t you want to come along? We’re going to have a jolly sleigh-ride just for a couple of hours. I stole out without letting old spectacles know anything about it. Don’t you remember the story of that Arkansas girl, that sot and sot till she almost growed to the bench? I’m just in her fix, pa. My mind is not made up whether I belong to the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom, and I have a doubt concerning my own identity, not knowing but I may be a zoophite belonging to the misty mists of the abyss of things no fellow can find out.”

Jack Carson entered the office and asked Mr. Weathersby to come along, he and Jerusha were going out to the Washington House to have an oyster stew, and they would be glad to have his company.

Looking at the honest countenance of the young lad, Mr. Weathersby could not find it in his heart to scold him.

“Jack, this is a little too much, my boy. The teacher may expell Jerusha Ann for this night’s piece of business. However, as you both came to me, I’ll not be too hard on you. Take your sleigh-ride and return quickly, and never do such a thing again. Be careful of my girl, Jack. I would pluck out my right eye sooner than have harm come to her.”

"Never was a better father in all the world than mine," exclaimed Jerusha Ann, as she hugged and kissed her father, and then jumped into the sleigh.

The sleigh glided swiftly over the crisp white snow. Jerusha Ann felt happy, a hundred-fold more happy than she had felt before seeing her father.

Wild and thoughtless and up to mischievous pranks at all times, Jerusha Ann yet kept her sense of filial affection unimpaired. So long as her father was made a confident of, she felt as gay as a lark.

When Jack Carson and Jerusha Ann arrived at the country tavern, they found that Lord Hartington, an English peer, who had been hunting in the neighborhood, had ensconced himself in front of the fire and, with the evening paper in his hand, was monopolizing things generally.

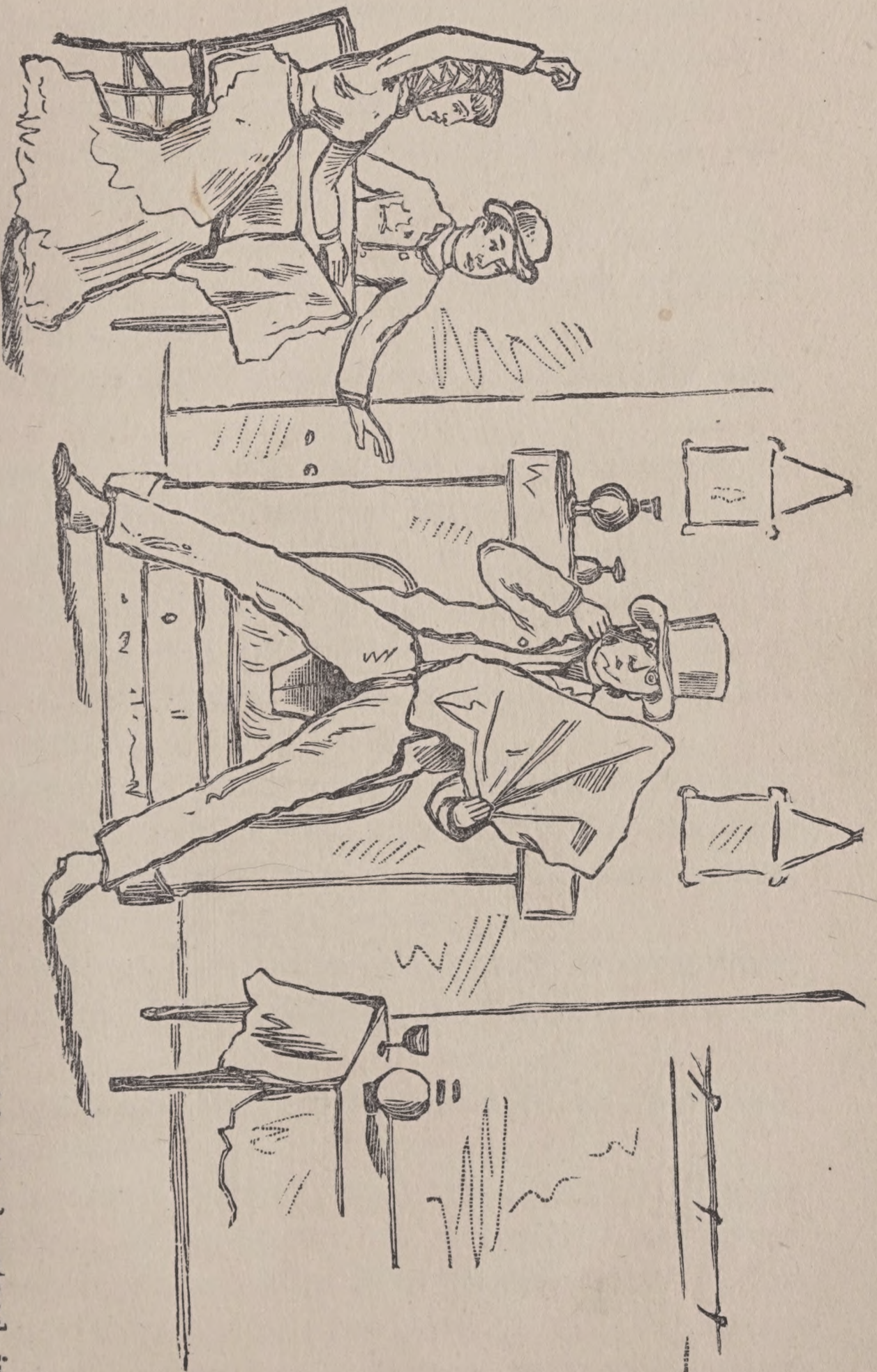
Jack ordered two oyster stews, but neither by hint or direct appeal could he prevail on his lordship to budge from his position, only by stealing a furtive opportunity could either Jerusha Ann or her companion warm their hands at the fire.

Remembering that she had provided herself with a supply of torpedoes that morning, in hopes of having a half holiday, Jerusha Ann tried the experiment of explosive persuasion on his lordship.

Throwing a handful of the explosive bombs on the floor under his lordship, as he stood, in a Colossus of Rhodes' attitude, before the fire, she beheld a fulfillment of her hopes.

The English lord made a sudden jump, giving an acrobatic performance rivaling a circus clown, while he called to the landlord:

"Landlord, here! Here! A conspiracy has been perpetrated upon your premises on the person of one of Her



“Throwing a handful of explosives on the floor under his lordship, as he stood in Colossus of Rhodes attitude before the fire, she beheld a fulfillment of her hopes.”

Majesty's officers. I accuse that Irish waiter of yours of having attempted my life with a dynamite bomb. Have the fellow searched instantly, sir, and we shall discover another of those foul plots by the Invincibles. I shall report this affair to the Home Government at once, sir."

Lord Hartington gazed at the landlord as if he suspected him of complicity in the plot.

Two men seized the waiter and searched his clothing for explosive machines, but they only discovered a pocket whiskey-flask in his inside pocket.

Jerusha Ann stepped forward and explained the accident.

"You see, landlord, this man was monopolizing all the fire, so that I couldn't warm my hands at it, and I just threw a few torpedoes so," dashing another handful of the torpedoes under the irrate lord as she spoke, by way of illustration. Not only was the same explosive noise produced, but the English lord jumped higher than before, every hair on his head standing out with affright.

Jack Carson paid for the oysters, and took Jerusha back to the sleigh, after she deposited a handful of the offending pyrotechnics with the proprietor of the Washington House, in case of future trouble for evidence.

It was well that Jack Carson was out of hearing when the representative of Her Majesty gave expression to his sentiments:

"The impertinent minx, to dare do such an outrage; the brazen hus——"

"Stop, we don't allow any such language to be applied to a lady patron of his house. It was only a frolicsome trick of a school-girl, and Miss Weathersby's father is just the very man to treat you to a breakfast of lead, if you say anything against his daughter. You can settle your account

now and leave this house, if the place does n't suit you, sir," remarked the landlord; but his guest concluded to remain until morning.

When Jerusha Ann returned to the academy, it was half-past eight o'clock. She got Jack to put the ladder up to the window which she had left partly open, and entering through the window, she went up to her room, without exciting the least suspicion as to her adventure.

The next morning, the tintinnabulum failed to tintinnabulate, and when the janitor ascended the belfry to see what was the matter, he found the upturned bell frozen in one mass of solid ice. Jerusha Ann had her revenge on that school-bell.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Jerusha Ann entertains the Rev. Ichabod Weathersby with a History of her Pranks.—The Citizens of Mudville are Treated to an April-fool Joke.

THE Rev. Ichabod Weathersby had concluded his labors in the Northwest, and had promised to pay his nephew, a farewell visit, before leaving the country.

In honor of her granduncle's visit, Jerusha Ann was allowed to come home for a few weeks. Spring had come with balmy breath, unlocking the ice-bound river and causing all nature to rejoice.

While taking promenades with her reverend kinsman, Jerusha Ann conceived the idea of getting up a little diversion in her own line to amuse her father's uncle.

It was late in March, and Jerusha Ann concluded that an April-fool joke of an expansive character, would be just the thing. She sounded her reverend kinsman, concerning his theory regarding practical jokes, and April-fool's day.

To the delight of her heart, the aged divine sat down on a rustic bench, near the river, and gave her a history of his own pranks, when he was a school-boy, and the tricks he had played upon the college professors in later years.

Never had she entertained so strong an affection for the reverend gentleman, as when she had listened to the recital of the mischievous pranks her aged kinsman had perpetrated, when the hot blood of youth coursed in his veins.

Jerusha Ann was a great favorite with the Reverend Ichabod Weathersby, and as he listened to histories of the various pranks Jerusha Ann related, his admiration was increased. When she told of the sausage chase with Hans Kippelheimer, he said :

“ That reminds me of a trick I once played on a huckster, who sold slices of boiled corned beef to the Oxford students. I ordered a slice with a coating of mustard spread all over it, and balancing the slice in my hands, apparently to ascertain its weight, I threw the slice in the hucksters face, and had the fun of seeing his countenance all smeared with mustard. Poor fellow, he was a good natured man, and bore all our pranks with the best of humor. Every boy in the college mourned for Andy, when he died.” Rev. Ichabod Weathersby paid the tribute of a sigh to the memory of the departed huckster.

That afternoon, Jerusha Ann made Mrs. Carson a call. Jack and his friend held a private consultation together, and Mrs. Carson was finally admitted to the conference. When a conclusion had been reached, the meeting adjourned.

The next morning, Sam Weathersby read an account of a wonderful invention, and a wager of \$1000.00, that had been staked on its trial.

The wager read :

“ Prize, \$1,000.00 ! A new invention ! A peculiarly constructed pair of boots, by means of which a man will be enabled to walk upon the waters, will be tested by the inventor, who has accepted a challenge to walk across Big River, in a pair of cork boots, on Monday afternoon, in the presence of the citizens of Mudville, for a wager of \$1,000.00.”

The civic societies will turn out in honor of the occasion, and the military band, from Washington Barracks, will play popular airs, as a tribute to the genius of our distin-

guished countryman, Mr. Goodsell, whose invention it is thought will revolutionize local commerce in the near future.

This announcement was copied by exchanges and circulated extensively, so that when the day arrived, all the trains leading into Mudville were densely packed with people, coming to witness the wonderful performance.

Business was entirely suspended at Mudville, on Monday afternoon, and the citizens and visitors crowded the river bank for miles along its border, not knowing at which precise locality Mr. Goodsell would cross.

Delegations of reporters from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Brooklyn and many other cities, were at work interviewing the newspaper men and the prominent citizens of Mudville, concerning the coming event; but the reticence of these gentlemen, only piqued the curiosity of these knights of the pencil to more indefatigable exertions, in searching for the bottom fact of the mystery.

Jerusha Ann Weathersby went with Jack Carson for a few minutes, to endeavor to catch a glimpse of Mr. Goodsell, promising to return to her father, mother and Reverend uncle, as soon as she had found out which would be the best position from which he could be seen.

Ere many minutes had elapsed, that "Romp of a Girl" had concocted a new plan for entertaining the expectant crowd, and returning without her escort, led the Weathersby party to the top of a hill near by.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

*Mickey Houghlahan the Unseen Power Behind the Throne.—
The Battle of the Party Flags.—Hibernian Tactics.*

WHEN the Weathersby party arrived at the top of the hill they found a stand, temporarily erected of loose boards, and placards announcing that from this stand the best speakers of the Democratic and Republican parties would address the masses in favor of their respective candidates and principles.

Hon. Jas. O. Riordan, the Democratic nominee, was the first to mount the rostrum. He spoke in a very entertaining manner, illustrating his anti-tariff doctrines by amusing anecdotes, and was loudly applauded by the crowd.

Next the Republican nominee, a tall gentleman of spare form, and an incisive speaker, who used gesticulation very freely, held forth.

Before the Honorable Horatio Fitzdoodledom had proceeded far in his debate, he made personal allusions and accused his opponent, the Hon. Jas. O. Riordan of being guilty of Hibernicism, in supposing that the American people could be cajoled into voting for him by reciting an anecdote. He regarded the utterances of the Democratic party as a stupendous joke, which would be treated by the test of the ballot-box with merited ridicule.

The speaking drew the crowd to the hill, and the masses were wedged together in a compact mass.

When the Honorable Horatio Fitzdoodledom had mentioned the personal weakness of his opponent, as his Hiber-

nicism, he excited the ire of Mickey Houghlahan, who took the matter to heart as an insult to his countrymen.

The platform consisted of a couple of large drygoods boxes placed on their sides, with loose planks laid across them.

Mickey Houghlahan crept into the box under the speaker (and having previously inserted the handle of one of the Democratic flags through a knot hole), he now waved it triumphantly over the speaker's head, and at every pause the Honorable Horatio Fitzdoodledom made, Mickey shouted through the knot hole:

“Hoorah! for the Dimocrats! Three cheers for the Hon. Jimmy O. Riordan, byes!”

The appeal was answered by three cheers and a tiger from the Democrats.

But the secretary of the Republican Central Committee was not slow to perceive the advantage this diversion gave the enemy.

Ramming a longer-handled flag pole through an opening in the other box, he crawled into it, and waving the Republican flag above the other, shouted:

“Hurrah! for the Republican party! the party of home protection!”

The battle was fairly begun now, and the crowd witnessed an impromptu performance of a struggle between the men under the platform, for a supremacy of their respective standards. Shouts of laughter from the by-standers were echoed far and near, and the crowd became interested in the contest, as their respective political bias inclined.

The Republican flag at last gained the ascendancy, and a triumphant yell from the Republican adherents announced their victory.

But this exasperated the Irishman, who felt the full

responsibility of the Democratic success or failure resting on his shoulders. By a prodigious exercise of strength, Mickey Houghlahan upset the platform, tumbling the Honorable Horatio Fitzdoodledom and the secretary of the Republican committee, into the crowd, and rolling his own box into the melee. Picking himself up, though bruised and mangled, Mickey Houghlahan mounted the broken boxes and waving the Democratic standard, shouted :

“Hurrah ! for Jimmy O. Riordan !”

- The plight of the defender of Democracy was so ludicrous, that the spectators made merry over the affair, but night came on, and yet Mr. Goodsell failed to appear.
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CHAPTER XXIX.

Mrs. Weathersby takes Jerusha Ann to the Sea-side with Mrs. Fitzdoodledom.—Admiral Fox asks the Blessing to a Bountiful Repast of Clam Diet.—Biddy Finnigan talks Irish to Jeannette.—Mrs. Gaston's French Maid.

MRS. FITZDOODLEDOM condescended to invite Mrs. Weathersby and her daughter to spend the summer season with her family at one of those quiet sea-side places, where you can be exclusive, you know, and not mix with the common herd one finds at the big hotels.

Jerusha Ann was coming out in society and Mrs. Fitzdoodledom hinted that a French maid would be just the thing to give tone to Miss Weathersby's social standing.

But Jerusha Ann had a mind of her own and as she was assured that every young lady of high standing in the best society, at the fashionable watering places was always attended by a French waiting-maid; she emphatically declared that Biddy Finnigan should be her waiting-maid and none other, a resolution opposed by her mother and approved by her father.

Dressmakers were engaged to make ravishing toilets for Miss Weathersby, and appropriate attire for her maid.

As Biddy Finnigan viewed her reflection in the pier-glass, she was between two minds, whether to laugh or cry.

“Musha, bad cess to the day I gave me consint to wear these clothes. This stiff linen cap like a sugar loaf wid a bordhur to it, looks loike a fools cap; the frock is illigant,

and the nate little muslin apron wid the pockets in it couldn't be bate; but the divil fly away wid the wan that invinted wearin' a black silk stays outside yer frock. I'll be fryin' wid shame every time I meet a man goin' the road while I have this on me."

No doubt remained in Jerusha Weathersby's mind regarding her entree in society. If she failed to make an impression herself, her maid would undoubtedly cause a profound sensation. No one could regard that Milesian countenance, brimful of good humor and drollery, peeping forth from beneath a Normandy peasant's cap, without relaxing the muscles of the face.

The Weathersby mansion was locked up; the furniture done up in the regulation linen, and the master of the household left to his lone sentinel duty, according to the most approved methods of polite society.

Oyster Bay, a quiet and very fashionable sea-side resort, was selected as the Summer abode of the Fitzdoodles and Weathersbys.

The first morning after their arrival, the proprietor of the establishment with white choker neck-tie and a general air of sanctimoniousness, seated at the head of the table, invoked the blessing.

The breakfast consisted of stewed clams, baked clams, pickled clams, clam-chowder, and some half raw biscuits and Rio coffee.

As Admiral Fox, with the whites of his eyes turned up, delivered his peroration: "We thank Thee, O Lord, for this bountiful repast teeming with the fat of the land, which, in the plentitude of Thy goodness, Thou hast pleased to bestow upon us. We thank Thee for the copious rains that, falling upon the earth, hath enriched us with bountiful crops, and for the blessing of peace in our midst; the great boon of

just and righteous rulers in the land, and we pray that our Chief Magistrate may be directed by wisdom in all his acts, and his counsellors be actuated by principles of justice and harmony in the deliberations of State jurisprudence; that our ship of State may buffet the waves of adversity, and ride on the ocean of prosperity, and we humbly ask for those gathered around this bountiful board, prayerful hearts teeming with gratitude for these good gifts. Amen."

Miss Weathersby horrified the assembled guests by saying: "I move we have some of the bounties you've been preaching about, Admiral. I reckon the cook has been keeping it hot while morning service was going on."

"If you desire any special article of food, we can have it cooked for you, Miss Weathersby," said Mrs. Fox, with a forced smile.

"Well, I'd like a dozen saddle rock or Oyster Bay oysters, fried. I noticed you have a couple of barrels of real fresh ones out in the yard." Jerusha Ann turned to the assembled guests and asked if any of them would join the oyster brigade.

Many followed her example, Mrs. Gaston, one of the elite of the elite circles of New York society among the number. To the astonishment of Mrs. Fitzdoodledom, Jerusha Ann Weathersby, by her unconventional ways, became the pet of that exclusive circle, around whose outer rim she had barely been permitted to rotate.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaston with their daughter Eva had taken Jerusha Ann for a stroll on the beach in the afternoon. Upon their return, as they squatted on the sand in perfect enjoyment of the sea breeze, Jeannette, Eva's French maid, was endeavoring to get into conversation with another lady's attendant, whose costume proclaimed her a Normandy peasant maid.

"*Il fait si chaud !*" [It is very warm !] giving a shrug to her shoulders to emphasize her remark, observed Jeannette.

"See the show? Arrah! what show are ye talkin' about?" The racy Hibernian brogue, coming from the Normandy peasant, made Mr. Gaston laugh heartily—he directed the attention of the ladies to the colloquy.

Gazing in wonderment at her companion, Jeannette exclaimed: "*Vous n'est pas Francais? mais c'est drôle.*" [You are not French? Well, that is strange.]"

"Oh, I suppose its the clown you mane; he does say droll things as 'id make a body split their sides laughin', an' why wouldn't he, sure that's his bizness."

Finding her words misunderstood, Jeannette added:

"You not French? Can you spik French?"

"Faix, I dunnno; I never thried, but I had a second cousin by me mother's side, wan Mickey Houghlahan, 'an he used to play the Frinch horn illigant. It 'id do yer heart good to hear him playin' the Groves o' Blarney, on it."

The shout of laughter from the Gastons caused the speaker to turn her head.

"Oh, begorr, there's Miss Jerusha; I'll see if she wants me. Do you want me, Miss Jerushy?"

"My friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gaston and Miss Eva, have made me quite comfortable, Biddy. Mr. Gaston, can you tell Biddy Finnigan some French to say to Jeannette?" Turning to her new acquaintances, Jerusha took this opportunity of informing her entertainers that this was her maid.

"Say *Parlez vous Francais*, [Do you speak French,] Biddy, she will understand that," Miss Eva graciously gave instruction to Biddy.

"Maybe Miss, she moight think I was hintin' she was fond uv a dhrop," objected Biddy.

“Oh no, how could she,” interposed Mr. Gaston. “Say Parlez vous Francais?”

Biddy went back to where Jeannette was sitting.

“Is it barley you fancy?” she inquired.

Mr. Gaston declared that he was under obligations to Miss Weathersby for having brought such an acquisition to the amusement loving loungers by the sea.

“My dear, she is a perpetual circus; that maid of yours,” added Mrs. Gaston, as they gazed at Biddy endeavoring to make herself understood by Jeannette, which she endeavored to do by winks and nods, and an occasional sentence in Irish. Jeannette all the while pouring forth a volley of French, which she finally settled down to a series of French shrugs, to signify she did not know what was said.

“Arrah, what’s the matthur wid yer showldhurs? Is it flays that’s bitin’ you? Flays is always bad in a sandy place! I’ll sarch ye for thim, the theivin’ varmint.”

Biddy made a vigorous onslaught on the neck drapery of the French maid, who excitedly withdrew from her touch, exclaiming:

“*Fi donc! Que faites vous? Par ou me tirerai-je d’affaire? Ce que vous me dites est une énigme pour mois. Faites-moi ce plaisir de laisser moi tranquil. Je ne jamais.*”

[Fie for shame! What are you doing? How can I extricate myself from this difficulty? All that you say is a mystery to me. Do me the favor to let me alone. I never —]

“Is it chammy, yer axin’ for? Tare an ages! what a lot o’ gibberish ye let out o’ ye all for a bit o’ chammy. Shure, chammy is only good for polishin’ furniture. Wouldn’t a bit o’ sponge do as well; sponge is betthur for flays?” Pulling a piece of sponge out of her pocket, as she spoke, Biddy Finnigan approached Jeannette, for the purpose of

performing the kindly service she had volunteered to do, but Jeannette kept retreating, shrugging her shoulders, and making grimaces until she reached the bath house, in which she sought refuge, followed by Biddy, whose Irish "*Bader-shin! Nabochlish! H'anne mon dhoul,*" [Nonsense! Never mind! Yer soul to the devil,] could be heard above Jeannette's volley of French, with occasional phrases in English. "An' how can I get the flays off of ye, if I don't sthrip ye. It's all very well to be modest, but shure, I'm only a woman like yerself, an' it's only by strippin' ye in yer pelt, that I can dhrown the blackguard flays wid this sponge."

The Gastons laughed until they said their sides were sore, and Jerusha Ann Weathersby booked a wager of a pair of gloves with Mrs. Gaston, that her Irish maid would come off victorious in her contest with the Parisian Demoiselle.

CHAPTER XXX.

*Miss Weathersby's Clam-Bake with all the Clams.
Oysters.—Jerusha Ann Tells the Ancient Story of
Pat's Interview with the Lobster Merchant.—*

“Oh, Pat! Whistle for your Dog!”

“Arrah, Whistle for yer Fish, Sur!”

JERUSHA ANN WEATHERSBY couldn't stand the diet of miserable beef, ham, half fish and half pork, poor scarce vegetables, sour bread and half-raw biscuits, with which the loungers by the sea, in this exclusive retreat, were regaled. It was like drawing eye-teeth to demand an extra supply of candles, and as Mrs. Weathersby objected to any further appeals being made to the Major Domo, Admiral Fox, a title given the old salt for his proficiency as a sailor; or to any demand upon his wife's larder: Jerusha Ann took her maid, Biddy Finnigan, and started for the next village in quest of supplies.

An immense market basket laden with supplies of sandwich crackers, ground Java coffee, eggs, a sugar-cured ham, baker's bread, loaf sugar, cheese, cherries, blackberries and salt, pepper and mustard, was borne upon the arm of Biddy Finnigan, while Miss Weathersby attired in a ravishing Parisian toilet, carried a coffee-pot with a spirit lamp attachment, half a dozen tin cups, a grid-iron and a couple of bundles of spoons and knives and forks.

“Biddy! Let us strike out for the beach! The Gastons and their fashionable friends will be there, taking an

afternoon promenade, and I want to surprise them." Jerusha sought the most frequented promenade, and was not long without meeting the Gastons, who gazed in surprise at the formidable array of tin ware carried by Miss Weathersby.

"Is it moving day?" inquired Mr. Gaston, as he relieved the young lady of some of her burden.

"Yes, don't you want to come along. I am going to get up a clam-bake, just beyond the point."

Miss Eva and Mrs. Gaston insisted upon carrying the tin cups, and they proceeded on their journey encountering the sallies of the boarders whom they met, a few of the more favored being invited to the clam-bake.

There was an humble dwelling, a short distance from the Point, a prominent high projection of rock jutting out into the sea. Biddy Finnigan had scraped up an acquaintance with Mrs. McCarty, the proprietor of the cottage, who allowed her the privilege of boiling the ham there.

Handing Biddy the things, Jerusha Ann informed her friends that music was now in order, and everybody was expected to take part in the singing.

The "Fisherman's Chorus," from the opera of "Massetello," was sung, and the mingling voices borne on the waves, were given back in an echo from the high jutting rocks above.

Song followed song; now a solo, then a duet; the weird responses like the mimic voice of a mermaid, sending back the melody in broken cadences, and holding the singers in a spell of enchantment.

The clam-bake is ready now, Miss Jerusha, if the ladies an' jintlemen is hungry enough," announced Miss Weathersby's maid.

Turning round they beheld a snow-white table cloth spread on the table rock and a big lay-out, which Mr. Gaston

declared excelled Delmonico's best efforts. A boiled ham, just done to a turn, and garnished with bread crumbs, crisped to a russet brown, occupied the post of honor; snow white clam shells filled with cherries and blackberries; fresh butter glowing in golden tints, reposing on green cabbage leaves; pyramids of bread and crackers, plates, knives and forks, sugar, a can of cream and the proper accessories for the delicious coffee, whose savory smell, whetted the appetites of the hungry guests.

Tin cups made up the deficiency of crockery-ware; crackers served as plates, and the horn-handled knives and forks and new tin spoons were passed around in neighborly fashion, while many a joke and jest filled up the pauses in the conversation. The salt sea breeze blowing over the promontary gave an appetite to the feasters, which told upon the goodly spread of edibles.

Biddy Finnigan built a fire of brambles, upon which the grid-iron, filled with oysters just out of their beds, held the delicious bivalves, until the crackling flames made them open their mouths, when they were dumped by means of a pronged stick, on to each guest's plate, and a new relay replaced on the crackling brambles to be similarly dished *sans ceremonie* when cooked.

They all had such a jolly time that it was decided to camp out to tea.

Phil McCarty rounded in his little sloop in the afternoon, and left some of his cargo of oysters and lobsters with his wife, while he took the company out for a sail on the sea. When they returned, Biddy had supper ready, half a dozen lobsters, roasted on the live wood embers, being added to the feast. Jerusha Ann asked the company if they had ever heard the ancient fish story about Pat and the lobster.

"No, let us have it," said Eva Gaston.

"Pat had just landed, and not having a sixpence in his pocket to buy his dinner; he took a stroll through Fulton Market, New York, followed by his little dog; he sauntered along till he came to a fish-stand, on which a lot of live lobsters were sprawling. Eyeing the fish, with eyes and mouth wide open with astonishment, Pat asked the dealer:

" 'What is thim, sur? ' "

" 'Ah, these are fish. ' "

" 'Fish! Do ye tell me thim is fish or are ye jokin' ? ' "

" 'No, I'm not joking, these are the friendliest fish in the world. Don't you see they want to shake hands with you. Put in your hand and shake hands with them,' urged the fish dealer.

" 'Begorr, I'm a little afeered, sur, but if ye have no objections, I'd loike to thry me dog's tail first. ' "

" 'Well, try your dog's tail then. ' "

"A crowd of interested spectators had gathered around the fish-stand to see the fun.

"Pat stooped down, lifted his little dog onto the table, and cautiously placed the tip of his tail into the open claw of the finest lobster on the stand."

"No sooner did the lobster feel the tail in his tentacles, than he closed his claws and the dog jumped from the stand, scampering home and dragging the lobster with him. Seeing the turn the joke was taking, the fish vender called out:

" 'Oh Pat, Pat, whistle for your dog. ' "

" 'Arrah, whistle for yer fish, sur,' was Pat's reply, as he trotted home to his dinner of lobster. "

Tales of wonderful fishing and racy incidents followed Jerusha Weathersby's story, and the party lingered by the sea till the moon's silver sheen lit up the sparkling waves,

and the light-house and Government Marine Observatory, when they returned to Oyster Bay chanting songs all along the route.

Miss Jerusha Weathersby's clam-bake was declared a grand success, and Jerusha Ann insisted that this clam-bake without any clams, was a proof that the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out could be made as great a success, as when the Prince of Denmark varied the performance with soliloquies and spiritual manifestations.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Fresh Arrivals.—Alphonse Fitzdoodledom, the Dude, asks Miss Weathersby to Mend His Glove.—Mrs. Weathersby Picking out Matrimonial Catches.

Seated on a camp-chair next to Mrs. Fitzdoodledom, Mrs. Weathersby was discussing the eligible matrimonial catches that the steamer puffing in the offing was expected to bring to Oyster Bay.

“A baron, did you say, a real, live nobleman. Never saw one in my life. Jerusha, do you hear that?” Mrs. Weathersby contemplated her daughter with mingled feelings of maternal pride and expectancy.

“Only a baron, I reckon he’ll do to begin on, maw, but I mean to fly my kite higher,” replied Jerusha Ann as she poked the sand with her ivory-handled parasol.

“Not one young lady in a thousand, my dear Miss Weathersby, is fortunate enough to catch a baron for a husband,” said Mrs. Fitzdoodledom knitting her brows reprovingly.

“I am glad there are nine hundred and ninety-nine lucky girls, then, that miss the infliction,” answered Jerusha Ann.

Mr. Gaston came up in time to hear this remark.

“Who are the lucky girls you are speaking about, Miss Weathersby?” he asked, lounging on the sand as he took the place next to Jerusha.

“Oh the fast, diminishing American girls, with sense

enough to refuse foreign-titled boobies the privilege of spending their father's hard-earned dimes."

Mr. Gaston observed to his wife who was seated near him: "I say, Matty, didn't I guess right?"

The boat hove to and the passengers began to come ashore on the gang-plank.

Pointing with her parasol to an individual with mutton-chop whiskers and waxed goatee, who had taken off his hat and was bowing to a group of ladies as he stepped on shore, Jerusha said:

"I wonder who that puffy old gent, that keeps a skating rink for flies on top of his head, is?"

Mrs. Fitzdoodledom scowled and held a controversy with Mrs. Weathersby concerning the terrible conduct of her daughter.

The puffy old gentleman approached and greeted Mrs. Fitzdoodledom, complimenting her upon her appearance. She introduced him to Mrs. Weathersby, and they entered into conversation.

As the tide began to come in, Jerusha and her friend Eva repaired to the bath-house, where their maids had brought their bathing-suits, and soon after they were dashing in the briny waves like mermaids.

There was a rush for the bath-houses, and soon the group of loiterers, dressed in their flannel suits, were sporting in the ocean, the white-crested breakers tumbling and tossing them in every direction. A gay and happy crowd; they splashed water on each other, dived, ducked and floated on their backs, playing pranks in the water till the receding waves told that the tide was ebbing, when they rushed pell-mell for shore again.

Mr. Gaston brought the ladies of his party up to where an awning was spread to shield them from the hot rays of the

sun, and when they were seated under it, a young man approached whose features looked familiar to Jerusha Ann. He was dressed in a light fawn-colored suit—hat, coat, vest pantaloons, all of the same shade; his pantaloons fitted him so tight it was impossible for him to bend in them. Taking a gold-rimmed eye-glass out of his vest-pocket, he gazed at the ladies under the awning.

“Arrah, will ye look at Phonsy Fitzdoodledom wid his clothes on him as nate as pins in a paper,” exclaimed Biddy Finnigan.

“Aw, found you at last. How do-do, Miss Weathersby?” extending the tips of his gloved fingers as he spoke, Alphonse Fitzdoodledom greeted his old acquaintance.

Jerusha introduced him to her friends, and he was invited to take a seat with them, but he declined, saying he wanted to see the boat put out from shore.

“Biddy Finnigan knew you long before I did,” said Jerusha.

“Aw! How de-doo, Bridget, it must be refreshing to hear Bridget’s fwesh remarks about things,” observed Alphonso.

They all stood up to watch the out-going steamboat.

“She is a fine craft,” said Mr. Gaston. “Did you come on the morning boat, Mr. Fitzdoodledom?”

“Yes, I brought a friend I met in Yurup with me.” Turning to Biddy Finnigan, who, smarting under the cool reception given her by the boy she had so often shielded from the punishment due his boyish follies, had walked away after the greeting, and stood leaning against the awning pole, Alphonse observed:

“I suppose this is the first time you ever saw a steamboat, Bridget?”



“Kissing his gloved hand, he said ‘I shall foweveh chewish it for the sake of the dear one who last pwessed it’s pliant fingahs.’”

“An’ did ye think I crossed the say in a coach an’ four, Masthur Alphonse?” replied Biddy.

The dude was obliged to join in the laugh, at his own expense, that followed Biddy’s reply, and he ta ta’d his adieus soon after.

“Well,” said Jerusha Ann, “I always knew Alphonse Fitzdoodledom was a booby, but I never thought he’d grow to be such a ninny, that he would let his tailor make his pants so tight, that he would have to be boiled down and poured into them.”

In the afternoon, Mr. Alphonse Fitzdoodledom, who had discovered that his old playmate was the reigning belle and favored pet of society, and who had changed his first intention of merely keeping up a nodding acquaintance with her, upon learning these facts, called upon Miss Weathersby and indulged in a good deal of sentimental gush, winding up with the request that she would mend his glove, that he might cherish the thought of the fairy fingers that had clasped his glove, every time he looked at his hands.

“I’ll mend it for you. Leave it on the table there,” answered Jerusha.

Taking the glove into Eva Gaston’s room, Jerusha borrowed a needle and thread, and repaired the ripped seam; but, while they were arranging the sea shells gathered that morning, the girls failed to notice Gyp’s pranks, and the poodle swallowed Alphonse Fitzdoodledom’s kid glove.

Eva was alarmed for her favorite, and Jerusha sent for an emetic which she administered to the dog, that caused it to throw up the glove. Scarcely had she wiped it in the towel, when the dude, passing in the hall, asked for his glove.

Jerusha handed it to him and he drew it on, kissing

his gloved hand, declaring he would forever cherish it, for the sake of the dear one who had last pressed its pliant fingers.

Eva Gaston buried her face in the pillow to smother the laugh, and Jerusha Ann bit her fan, as she smiled her thanks for the compliment paid to the poodle dog.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Baron Von Schnipfenschnupfenhuntdegeld is Introduced to Miss Weathersby.—The Dude's Predicament.—Jerusha Ann Teaches the German Baron an Original Compliment.—“Dose Eyes! So Peautiful! So Pright! De Glances from Your Eyes Make it Hell wherever You Go, Miss.”

EVA GASTON's cousin, Miss Martha Van Raenseller, (whose father had bequeathed her a million dollars ere he shuffled off his mortal coil), arrived at Oyster Bay, and was of course an acknowledged belle. The dude transferred his attentions immediately to this wealthy heiress, but received very poor encouragement from the aristocratic knickerbocker.

Jerusha Ann, squatted on the sand, was endeavoring to build mud houses with her feet; competing with Eva Gaston in building a mimic city by the sea, when the voice of Alphonse Fitzdoodledom arrested her attention.

“Allow me to introduce my friend, Baron Von Schnipfenschnupfenhuntdegeld, Miss Weathersby!” The puffy old gent, who was the proprietor of a skating rink for flies, bobbed his bald pate very low before Jerusha Ann, and repeated the operation to Miss Gaston.

“You loaf de sea, Miss Vethasby?” remarked the Baron.

“Oh, yes. That is all that keeps us alive here. We

are living on a diet of sea breezes and clam shells. So I rather hanker after old Father Neptune."

"Miss Gaston, I hoap ees vell."

"Very well, thank you!" answered the young lady addressed.

There was a pause in the conversation. Finding the Baron's conversational powers rather limited, Jerusha Ann endeavored to help him out.

"If you are any good at making mud houses or pies, you can squat down here with us and try your hand."

"So sample, you younge ladies charm ze heart, by de innocence off de child." The Baron stretched himself on the sand near Miss Weathersby.

Eva Gaston pointed out a spot for Alphonse Fitzdoodledom beside her. He stooped down to take it, when a ripping-tearing noise was heard.

Jerusha Ann beheld the catastrophy (the dude had torn his pantaloons in the sitting down place), and with genuine good nature diverted attention from the young man's misfortune.

"Look, Eva, this is the court-house. Can you make one like it? You are not making much headway, Baron Von Schnipfenschnupfenhuntdegeld. Some folks spend their time building castles in the air, but we erect villages in the sand, while old Tempus is fugiting."

Mr. Gaston came after Eva, and the Baron gave his arm to Miss Weathersby.

"Alphonse, I leave you to watch that nobody disturbs my houses while I am gone." Jerusha Ann gave her old playmate an excuse for remaining behind, as she took a promenade with the German Baron. Not till the revellers by the sea were locked in the embraces of Morpheus, did the dude dare to leave his place. He was obliged to obtain the

assistance of his mamma, ere he could again make his appearance.

“You have de goot hard, Mees Vethasby. Vill you tells me a nice compliment to pay a lady’s eyes?” said the Baron.

“Well that depends upon the style of the young lady, and the intensity of your feelings. If the young lady has black sparkling eyes, it would be quite an original idea to say: ‘The glances from your eyes make a hell wherever you go, Miss.’ Hell in English signifies a place where the sparks are so lively, that it is pretty bright there all the time. We take it from the Greek: Hellenic, signifying light, you know. Hell is a word used in common conversation every day.’

Several times the Baron repeated the words over, until he mastered this unique compliment.

“Vat you call de fever dat comes in de zummer? I was so sick wen I came here first, mit it. De billiard fever, you say it. Dis sea preeses is so goot for de billiard fever,” remarked the Baron.

“Oh, yes. I can readily see you are subject to the billiard fever. There! Don’t you hear the music! We are to have a grand hop to-night. Let us return to the house. I must change my attire!” Jerusha Ann left her escort at the foot of the stairs, and under the care of Biddy Finnigan, was arrayed in a dazzling ball costume of white fleecy India mull, with coral ornaments and sea shells.

She was surrounded by a crowd of admirers and danced with hearty enjoyment.

Seated in an alcove, partaking of an ice between the dances, Jerusha Ann overheard Baron Von Schnipfenschnupfenhuntdegeld, as he fanned Miss Van Raenseller, say with great impressiveness:

"Ah! Dose eyes! So peautiful! So pright! De glances from your eyes make it hell wherever you go, Miss."

"Give me my fan, sir, and never dare to speak to me again!" The indignant Miss Van Raenseller, her eyes flashing fire, swept her train passed Jerusha Ann as she marched into the other parlor.

Mr. Van Raenseller, her brother, came forward to claim Miss Weathersby as his partner, and Jerusha Ann told him of the compliment she had taught Baron Von Schnipfenschnupfenhuntdegeld to pay to a lady's eyes, so that she might be held responsible for any offense her tutorship might occasion.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Mrs. Weathersby Engages Her Daughter to Marry Baron Von Schnipfenschnupfenhuntdegeld.—The Grandest Wedding of the Season.—Jerusha Ann Teaches Foreign Titled Paupers, that Some American Heiresses take Stock in Common Sense.

It was in vain to protest against Mrs. Weathersby's arrangements. Baron Von Schnipfenschnupfenhuntdegeld, had proposed for the hand of her daughter, and Mrs. Weathersby was determined to become the mother-in-law of a real live lord, despite the expressed dislike of her daughter to the match.

Jerusha Ann made no concealment of her sentiments to the noble Baron, she frankly told him she didn't love him and was not impressed with sentiments of esteem towards him, even hinting that she had a preference for another; all to no purpose. These objections were regarded as nothing but the ordinary circumstances of marriage in high life. Mrs. Weathersby had accepted the Baron's suit, and that was all sufficient.

And now, Jerusha Ann astonished everybody by her perfect acquiescence in her mother's plans.

She took a trip to New York; selected an elegant point lace veil and white satin wedding dress, stipulating with the dressmaker, that she should have a large strong pocket

in her wedding dress, and allowing *carte blanche* for the rest of the trousseau.

After the engagement, Miss Weathersby never allowed the noble Baron to enjoy her society save in company with her mother, and the gossips began to wag their tongues concerning this eccentric freak of the bride elect, as the handsome barouche drove by, every afternoon, containing the Baron and Mrs. Weathersby on the front seat, and the affiance on the back seat, wearing an expression of resignation on her features.

The only time Jerusha Ann displayed any emotion was when her father arrived. Throwing her arms around his neck, Jerusha wept and declared no foreign nobleman could ever hold the place in her affections that he did. Sam Weathersby was closeted with his daughter in consultation all day, and it was noticed that Jerusha Ann appeared more cheerful in the evening, as she took her accustomed drive.

The wedding day arrived. Eva Gaston was to act as bridesmaid and Alphonse Fitzdoodledom as groomsman.

The little church at Oyster Bay was decorated with trailing smilax and a marriage bell of tube roses. The rarest exotics adorned the chancel rail; costly carpets were spread in the aisles, and a trained choir of skillful musicians was engaged to perform suitable music.

All of the guests at Oyster Bay had been invited to witness the ceremony, and a jam was expected.

Jerusha Ann was being robed for the great occasion, her maid Biddy Finnigan shedding copious tears as she dressed the bride.

"I wish you'd stop that crying, Biddy; this is no time for weeping," said Mrs. Weathersby.

"Arrah, why wouldn't I cry to see me darlin' Miss

Jerusha goin' to be tied to that owld coddled gooseberry, wid two eyes in his head like a dead codfish."

The bride laughed; but her mother reproved the maid, and expostulated with her, admonishing her to remember that Boron Von Schnipfenschnupfenhuntdegeld was a very high dignitary of the German Empire, and was possessed of a grand castle and estate in Germany, besides being a gentleman of distinguished presence and a noble head.

"He has a foine head for scratchin'; divil a hair to hindhur his fingers raddlin' over it!" was Biddy Finnigan's comment, as she fastened on the bridal veil, beneath the wreath of orange blossoms.

A vast concourse of distinguished guests, society people and the native inhabitants of the place, assembled within the church to witness the grand wedding.

The bridal party entered the church; the bride leaning upon the arm of her father; the groom following, with Mrs. Weathersby; Eva Gaston and the dude finishing the bridal procession.

Not a single jewel was worn by the lovely bride, who looked sparkingly happy and even mirthful, as she took her place by the chancel railing.

Attired in a military suit, his breast adorned with crosses, ribbons and stars, the groom looked his best, as he stood beside his betrothed.

The grand music ceased. The minister came forward, and asked "Who giveth this woman in marriage?"

"I do," responded Sam Weathersby.

The ceremony proceeded. Eva Gaston removed the glove from the bride's left hand, as the Baron produced the wedding ring.

The minister asked: "Heinrick Von Schnipfenschnupfenhuntdegeld will you take Jerusha Ann Weathersby, this

woman here present, to be your lawful wife, in sickness, in health, till death do ye part? ”

“I will,” answered the Baron in loud tones.

“Jerusha Ann Weathersby will you take Heinrick Von Schnipfenschnupfenhuntdegeld for your lawful husband, to have and to hold, till death do ye part? ”

No response from the bride. Taking a few bags of coins out of her pocket, each bag bearing the inscription: \$500,000.00, the bride placed them on the chancel rail before her.

Again the minister asked: “Will you take this man for your husband? ”

Poking the money bags with her ivory fan, Jerusha said:

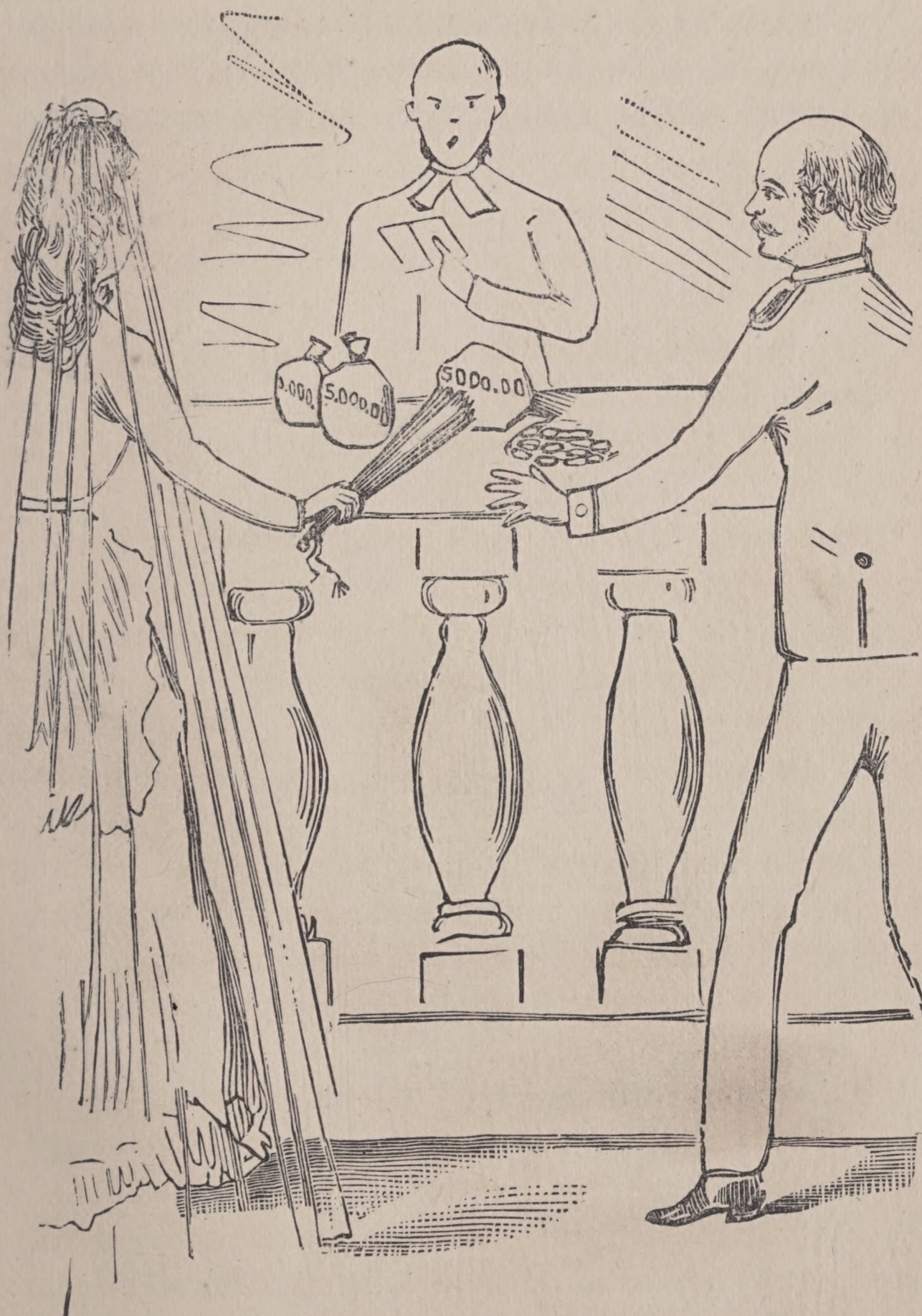
“Answer! Why don't you answer! Baron Von Schnipfenschnupfenhuntdegeld is marrying Dad's money. You'll have to get your answer from these money bags. I am too small a potato to have any voice in this marriage. Answer the preacher!” poking the bags and spilling the coins, she continued to ask them to give their consent to the marriage.

Baron Von Schnipfenschnupfenhuntdegeld cleared the chancel railing in one spring, and made his exit from that church with speed that would shame a race horse.

Sam Weathersby invited all present to a grand banquet at Admiral Fox's.

Delmonico furnished the repast in grand style.

Jerusha Ann cut the bride's cake and distributed it to her guests, the merriest girl in the whole assembly; while her father explained, that having discovered that Baron Von Schnipfenschnupfenhuntdegeld had entered into this marriage with an American heiress, for the sole purpose of raising funds to pay his gambling debts, he had consented to his



"Why don't you answer? Baron Vonschnipfenschnupfen-huntedegeld is marrying Dad's money-bags. Answer the preacher, money-bags."

daughter's plan of teaching titled paupers that American girls had sense enough to see through their baseness.

Mrs. Weathersby and her friend Mrs. Fitzdoodledom were the only unhappy mortals present at the wedding feast, and Jerusha Ann's mother secretly resolved to let her wayward daughter arrange her matrimonial affairs herself in future.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Jerusha Ann Becomes the Belle of the Season.—Returning from Oyster Bay.—Biddy Finnigan and Her Moving Caravansary Struck by a Cyclone.

THE Weathersbys concluded to return home from the sea side. Ever since the grand wedding farce, Jerusha Ann became such an object of curiosity, that every day groups of new arrivals came by the steamer to Oyster Bay, whose special mission was to see that American girl, who had refused to marry a live Baron.

The hotel accommodations were not sufficient to accommodate the arrivals, and the admiration of such a number of strange people, became annoying at last, to the heroine of the matrimonial comedy.

“That gal of mine can count on her dad to help her out of any scrape, dame Fashion induces her mother to consent to,” was Sam Weathersby’s remark to Mr. Gaston, as he bade good-bye on the boat, to his daughter’s aristocratic friend, and Mr. Gaston no longer wondered where Miss Weathersby got her independent spirit.

Ten proposals of marriage Jerusha Ann received in as many days following her wedding, that was no wedding day, and she wrote home to her pa, telling of the number of conquests she had made, and asking leave to return home, to Mudville, to avoid the siege of admiring swains.

Sam Weathersby wrote his wife to make preparations for an immediate return and enclosed a check to pay all expenses.

“Aw! It’s too dwdedfully dwdedful to think of leaving just now, you know, mamma, when the season is just beginning,” objected Alphonse Fitzdoodledom to his mamma’s entreaties.

“Don’t hasten your departure on our account Mrs. Fitzdoodledom. We can find our way home, and pa will meet us at New York,” interposed Jerusha Ann as they held a consultation on the subject of returning to Mudville together.

“My dear, Miss Weathersby, Mr. Fitzdoodledom would never forgive me for deserting his most cherished friends, my dear, which you know your family has always been regarded by us, my dear; but I really do not know what to do for a nurse girl, Zelinda left yesterday, and I have no one to carry the baby.”

“I’ll carry Horatio, the darlin’ baby. Shure, I’ll not feel the weight of him, mam, an’ it’s only half a mile to the landin’,” proffered the good-natured domestic.

Mrs. Fitzdoodledom accepted Biddy’s services, and the party arrangements for returning together were concluded.

Alphonse Fitzdoodledom and his mother, and Mrs. Weathersby and her daughter, got into the carriage to drive to the landing.

The clouds were lowering and a storm threatened, so Biddy Finnigan, with a raised umbrella over her head, was sent on in advance with the baby.

“Musha! Bad cess to the skinflint uv a landlord; the divil a crumb uv our provisions will I lave him,” was Biddy’s resolution as she prepared for the journey. Five pounds of candles, a quantity of loaf sugar, butter, crackers and eggs, remained of the extra provisions, these she packed into the huge market basket; and her old bathing dress, which in a spirit of economy, she declared would make

elegant scrubbing clothes, suspended from the curved handle of the umbrella, whose stick served as a support for the coffee pot, tin cups and pans, remaining from the clam-bake. Biddy Finnigan started on her journey, with the baby on her right arm, the basket of things on her left, and the umbrella grasped in her hand.

"Oh, the little popsy wopsy, hokey pokey, the topsy woatsy, was he hittin' his little toesey woeseey against his Biddy?" endeavoring to calm the excited feelings of Horatio Fitzdoodledom, junior, Biddy Finnigan poured forth an eloquent flow of baby talk, both conciliatory and complimentary; yet the junior member of the Fitzdoodledom family was not disposed to receive these kindly overtures in a proper spirit.

He planted his toesey woeseys in Biddy's stomach, and pitched and tossed as only a bad-tempered baby can; every plunge of the infant, dashing a candle, or tin cup, or sugar-lumps out of the over-filled basket.

The lowering clouds massed themselves, the wind began to blow a perfect gale, and down came the rain in torrents.

Biddy Finnigan struck by a cyclone was in a sad plight; a gust of wind turned her umbrella inside out, still she clung to the handle; her bonnet was blown off her head and kept fluttering in the breeze suspended by the strings; the old bathing dress became inflated and bobbed about; the eggs cracking and smashing, besmeared her garments; the cooking utensils were scattered by the wind in all directions, and the butter, crackers, sugar and candles, whisked out of the basket; divided the labor with the broken eggs, in marking the path she had traversed, while the sprawling baby, alarmed by the general commotion, planted his feet in her stomach, straightening his body at an angle of forty-five degrees, and gave utterance to ear-splitting yells.



“Musha! Bad scran to ye, ye ugly little bag o’ spite! I wish ye had the half o’ yer toes cut off, like yer brother Alphonse, an’ then ye couldn’t be churnin’ the insides o’ me into butthurmilk, the way ye are doin’!”

“Musha! Bad scran to ye. Ye ugly little bag o’ spite. I wish ye had the half o’ yer toes cut off, like yer brother Alphonse, an’ thin ye couldn’t be churnin’ the insides o’ me into butthurmilk, the way ye are doin’. Ye have the stringth uv an ox, an’ the lungs uv a Bengal tiger; an’ thim proddin’ feet o’ yours is aqual to a hawk’s talons. Ye squalin’ brat! I’ll go bail, I’ll never take ye in me arms agin wid me own consint,” Venting forth baby talk of a different character, Biddy, with her charge dripping wet, arrived at her destination at last, and was roundly scolded by Mrs. Fitzdoodledom, for letting the baby get wet.

“Why, Bridget! What made you let my precious baby get wet. I would not have trusted mamma’s sweetest sugar plum to you, if I thought you would have neglected him so.” Mrs. Fitzdoodledom kissed the wet infant vigorously, as she reprimanded Biddy Finnigan.

“Neglected him! Is that what yer sayin’ to me, ma’am, afthur the thievin’ young villian had like to make an anatomy uv me; proddin’ his two feet like a pair o’ churn dashers, into me middle; an’ I strivin’ to pacify him wid sootherin’ talk; an’ me bonnet flyin’ to the four winds, an’ me umbrella smashed to smithereens, an’ it not rainin’ at all, at all; but the wathur powrin’ down, as if the bottom fell out o’ the sky. In throth ye may thank yer stars that his four bones is together, so ye may; for in all me born days I never seen such a wind, I had like to be flitthured to pieces myself wid the gale.”

Jerusha Ann endeavoring to pour oil on the troubled waters, sought to divert Biddy Finnigan’s attention, by questioning her regarding the storm.

“Did you never see a cyclone, Biddy, before?”

“What’s that, Miss?”

“A cyclone, that’s what they call the wind.”

“In throth thin, it wasn't a sigh alone, but forty millions uv sighs an' groans gathered together, so it was. Wurse nor the keenin' o' the fairies, whin they do be a moanin' through the stone pipes o' Fingal's Cave, playin' the organ, uv a windy night; an' shure, they say the lonesome music 'id make yer flesh creep on yer bones, if ye wor to hear it; an' it's many is the fisherman that lost his life listinin' to it (God help us).”

Biddy's indignation cooled down as she pondered on the fate of the brave fishermen, who had paid the forfeit of their lives for listening to the grand “Miserere,” chanted by the surging billows of the Atlantic, striking the chords of weird harmony, on the vast basaltic columns of Fingal's Cave.

The poetic conception of the fairies' keen, a funeral dirge of invisible spirits, playing solemn music on the keyboard of the rock bound coast, charmed Biddy Finnigan's young mistress, who remarked:

“Oh! Our cyclones can not aspire to such an exalted dignity as your Irish storms, Biddy. Nor have they the graceful excuse of a fairies' funeral, for their coming.”

“Ah, thin, what are they, Miss Jerusha?”

“Now, you place me in a quandary to reply, as Miss Minerva Sawyer, would say; but it is generally believed meteoric disturbances, charged with electricity, cause the cyclone; or in other words, it is the lightning and wind that is the origin of the trouble.”

“An' why does the people let thim be made, Miss?”

“If you can suggest a remedy, you will be the greatest benefactor to science this century has produced.” Jerusha Ann pulled on her linen duster, as Biddy contributed her original theory regarding meteoric science.

“Bedad, that's aisy enough, all ye have to do is to stop the lad that fetches 'em.”

“Very true and laconic, but how shall we find that lad?”

“Begor, he’s not lost; but ye can meet him goin’ the road every step ye turn, as consayted an’ bowld, howldin’ up his head as if he was cock o’ the walk.”

Even the dude relaxed his dignity, and bent forward in his seat to catch Biddy Finnigan’s replies, and the occupants of the Pullman Palace car eagerly listened to the debate.

“Who is this perambulating manufacturer of cyclones, Biddy? I have never met him, yet, he seems to be on familiar terms with you. How did you become acquainted with him?” Jerusha Ann Weathersby placed her traveling-bag, in the rack and took her seat, while Biddy arranged the lunch basket and things in place, as she settled herself in a seat before replying:

“Faith, thin, it wasn’t fur the civility o’ biddin’ the time o’ day, or a God spare ye, that made huz acquainted; fur they do be sayin’ in owld Ireland: ‘It’s time enough to bid the divil good morra, whin ye meet him’; but in the matthur o’ knowin’ the maker o’ thim rows, wid thundhur an’ lightnin’, an’ the wind, a body would have to be stone blind not to see the inimy o’ pace an’ quietness, thravelin’ the road in Amerikay.”

“Don’t keep me in suspense any longer, Biddy, I am dying to know who it is?”

“An’ who else would it be, but thim telegraph poles, wid the wires stretchin’ over thim. Shure, didn’t I see it meeself, wid me own two eyes, dhravin’ the lightnin’ out o’ the sky; an’ where’s the wondhur, shure it isn’t nathural to see thim big white things loike barbers ghosts, stalkin’ over the land.”

“Ha—haw! Your head is level on that subject, I wish you could convert some of those fellows in Congress, to

your way of thinking." A Milwaukee man sitting in the seat behind Biddy Finnigan, gave expression to his opinions, and the maiden from the Emerald Isle, turned round and addressed him :

" Musha ! It's the thruth I'm tellin', sur ; an' shure, the knowledge uv it is soaked into me, wid the wettin' I got this mornin' ; for as I was sayin', thim tall white ghosts o' poles shtanin' out isn't nathural ; they'd frighten a body out uv a year's growth, an' it's not surprisin' that they'd make the lightnin' or the wind unaisy in their mind, which road to take ; until everything 'id be turned topsy-turvy, an' me poor bonnet smashed into a cocked hat, an' me illigant umbrella batthured to pieces, not mintionin' the five pound o' mowld candles, an' three pound o' butthur, an' eggs galore that's spilt on the road. Oh, dear ! what'll I do at all, at all, for me beautiful bonnet ? "

" Sue the telegraph company for damages, and I'll go security for the costs. I have not forgotten the Newhall horror yet," replied the gentleman from Michigan.

Biddy shook her head despondently, as she gazed at her mutilated millinery.

" Arrah ! Where's the use o' suin' the divil, an' the court held in hell, sur ? "

" Tickets ! " The conductor's cry put a stop to the conversation, as the male passengers dived into their pockets, and the ladies turned every basket and satchel inside out, in quest of their missing tickets, as usual finding them in their pocket-books, at last.



“Let us pray that more sinners may seek the mourner’s bench.”

CHAPTER XXXV.

*Deacon Smithers' Revivals.—Jerusha Ann Weathersby
Tries a New Plan of Making Sinners Seek the
Mourners' Bench.*

A GRAND revival and series of protracted prayer meetings drew large audiences to Deacon Smithers' church.

Exhorters of renown held forth at Bethel church, drawing listeners from the rural districts, and the church was crowded daily; many sinners being converted.

Jack Carson was a regular attendant at the services, though some folks hinted that the choir had more attraction for him than the pulpit eloquence.

Jerusha Ann behaved herself with great propriety the first day, but as the same routine of preaching and praying followed alternately, she became tired of the monotony.

Carrying a very strong spool of thread in her pocket, Jerusha Ann determined to try her hand at leading sinners to repentance.

After the opening hymn was sung, on the second day, Jerusha descended the stairs and went into the field adjoining the church. This field abounded in the festive grasshopper. Jerusha Ann's white muslin dress was a trap to them. She filled a paper bag with the bouncing insects, tied the end of the spool of thread around the shoulders of the strongest, and returned to the choir.

Quietly taking a view of the congregation, she beheld a countryman, with a very loose coat on, who had brought

his women folks to the meeting, and having taken a back seat, had settled himself for a quiet nap.

The exhorter finished his discourse by inviting all sinners, who felt the spirit moving them, to come forward and take seats on the mourners' bench.

"Haw—ch! a—u—c—h! auch!" the deep respiration of sleep came from the countryman, whose head bobbed lower and lower at each respiration. Jerusha Ann put out her tow line, and landed the grasshopper on the open space on the back of his neck. Hopping on his ear and into his hair, that grasshopper made things lively.

Starting from his seat and gesticulating wildly, the countryman gave expression to his feelings by ejaculating:

"Lord sakes alive! What is it?"

Supposing the man had got religion the ushers hustled him forward, and placed him on the mourners' bench, to be prayed for.

Before the prayer was ended, that was offered up for this lost sheep that had returned to the fold, the same grasshopper, lowered by Jerusha Ann, had settled in an old lady's ear. She sprang up, clapped her hands wildly to her head and yelled:

"Lord a massy!" Two men seized her and bore her to the mourners' bench.

"Let us pray that many more sinners may follow the example of Seth Jarvis and Mrs. Jessup, who, acknowledging the sinfulness of their ways, have sought reconciliation on the mourners' bench." Ere Deacon Smithers had finished his remarks, three persons in the back part of the church were scratching and clawing, giving expression to their feelings by excited ejaculations. These people were placed on the mourners' bench.

The singing of a hymn by the choir caused a lull in

the conversions. When it was finished, Jerusha Ann, fearing that the locality of the late conversions might excite suspicion, changed her tactics.

She opened her bag and let the supply of grasshoppers loose.

Such jumping and scratching was never before witnessed in a sacred edifice. The mourners' bench couldn't hold the hysterical converts who hopped about.

When Jerusha Ann beheld Jack Carson, sprawling and twitching, led up to the mourners' bench, it was too much for her; she was obliged to retire behind the organ to give way to her sentiments.

But when the last exhorter got into the pulpit to make a last rousing appeal to sinners to join the church, he had not proceeded as far as the soldier whose pocket bible turned the bullet that would have pierced his heart, when the exhorter himself began prancing about in the pulpit, diving to the left and to the right in a most undignified manner, retiring precipitately into the sanctuary.

Preacher Brooks had no sooner disappeared, than Preacher Wilson was attacked with the symptoms of the converts, who had been promoted to the mourners' bench.

This unusual manifestation caused astonishment among the church members, and when Deacon Smithers himself began to hop around, there was an investigation into the cause of this singular performance.

The cause remained a mystery, but the service was brought to a close by the singing of a hymn, and forty new members were registered in the church registry.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

*Rambling in the Woods.—Ponto's Discovery.—That
Romp of a Girl has Compassion on
the Unfortunate.*

THE day was very warm. An August sun poured its scorching rays upon the baked streets, blistering the feet of the thinly shod pedestrians, who promenaded along the heated sidewalks of the goodly city of Mudville.

Jerusha Ann Weathersby, with a basket on her arm and a tin cup in her hand, sallied forth in quest of berries, plums, roots or herbs, that might please her fancy; and with which the woods that lay north of Big river, abounded.

It was such a day of noontide sunlight as made the cool recesses of the woods a thousand-fold more enticing, and Jerusha Ann sped on her way rejoicing; her sole companion, Ponto, a large shaggy-coated Newfoundland dog, gambling in delight and frisking his tail as his paws pressed the green mossy sward, where now and then his mistress would stoop to pick up a spray of fragrant sweet brier, or a root of sassafras.

Now the wild plums, growing in sunny spots tempted the maiden to leave the shadow of the woods; but again the hot scorching rays would send her back to their protecting shade. Taking off her shoes and stockings Jerusha dabbled her feet in the waters of a murmuring brook, and was led on by the babbling waters to ramble along the stream.

Here and there clusters of ferns bent their graceful

forms to the water's edge. Dragon flies spread their gauzy wings, as they darted after the tiny insects that hovered above the myriad blossoms that decked the banks of the stream, and Jerusha wandered on, for a couple of miles, without being aware of the distance.

Suddenly, Ponto pricked up his ears, bent his nose to the earth and gave a grunt of displeasure.

"What is it, Ponto?" asked his mistress, but the dog only answered by poking his nose along close to the earth, pushing the leaves and brambles out of his path, as with tail erect, he scented some trail through the woods. Speeding onward, he was soon lost to sight. Jerusha Ann came out of the stream, and hastily putting on her shoes, followed the course of the dog.

She had not proceeded far, when the yelping and whining of Ponto announced that he had made a discovery, not of a very pleasant nature.

Jerusha Ann hurried forward, and creeping down a steep embankment, she beheld Ponto bending over a man, whose feeble moans told he was suffering great pain.

Approaching him she beheld a ghastly spectacle. Gaping wounds from which the blood trickled, and swarms of insects infesting his sores, the man lay mangled and unconscious on the grass.

Tears of compassion flowed down her cheeks, as Jerusha Ann beheld the sad condition of the unfortunate sufferer. Bending over him, she asked:

"What would you like?"

The man opened his eyes and a gleam of joy flitted over his pale features, as he murmured:

"Water."

Returning to the stream, Jerusha filled her tin cup with water, and carried it carefully to the poor sufferer. He

drank it eagerly and asked for more. Several times she refilled the cup and succeeded in relieving the intense thirst he was suffering. Then she brought more water, and taking off her underskirt she tore it into strips, bathed the sufferer's face and bound up his wounds, with the bandages thus hastily made.

The man felt a little better and told her his story. He had been attacked while walking in the woods by a robber, and though wounded, was making the best of his way out, when in the darkness of night, not perceiving the embankment, he had missed his footing and was precipitated down the declivity, where he lay for two nights and a day, unable to move and beyond the reach of human sympathy; until hope died within him, and he only longed for death to take him out of his misery.

Wild and mischievous by nature, always ready to play tricks on every one at a moment's notice, Jerusha Ann Weathersby was equally impetuous in deeds of kindness, when human suffering appealed to her sympathies.

But a few weeks ago and she was busy catching grasshoppers to cause a commotion in Bethel church; now she longed to bring Deacon Smithers to pour the balm of consolation on the troubled soul of this man, whose ejaculations gave evidence that his conscience was not at rest.

Leaving Ponto to guard the wounded man, she made her way out to the public road, where she hoped to find some conveyance, that would take him into the city.

The first vehicle she saw was a country wagon, occupied by a farmer and his son, who were returning home after disposing of a load of wheat in the town. The men returned with her to the ravine, and carried the wounded man out to their wagon.

Jerusha Ann Weathersby got in and shielded the poor

sufferer from the hot rays of the sun, by an ingenious arrangement of the remaining portion of her underskirt, which she fastened to the top of the wagon seat, holding the other end so as to make an awning of it.

In this manner the wounded man was driven slowly into Mudville, and Jerusha Ann Weathersby gave food to the gossipers to guess what new mischief she was up to, as they beheld the wagon at the back gate.

To the surprise of Mrs. Weathersby, a torn and bleeding man was brought into one of her spare bedrooms, by the order of her mischief-loving daughter.

Cæsar had been sent with a note for the Parson of Bethel Church; on his return, he gave the result of his interview:

“Clar to gracious! Miss Jerusha! I dun gone and like to died of shame, when de preacher, he say to me when I gubbed him de note what you gubbed me,” he say:

“Is this one of Miss Jerusha’s tricks, Cæsar, or is it a case for ministerial ministrations?” was the communication of the coachman, regarding Deacon Smithers’ reception of the message he had been intrusted to deliver.

“And what did you answer, Cæsar?” said Miss Jerusha.

“Oh, I dun gone an’ tole him de gemman whar upstairs, shoah nuff, and de doctors whar attendin’ him; reckoned as how de extenuation ob de fever whar a risin’ in de serious bellows ob de top ob his head, Massa; de t’other one he jined in de agnostications ob de case, an ’lowed ’twas de corporation ob de pistils in de blood, what gave de gemman all de trouble, and he said de vocal application ob leeches to de corporation whar de pistils was de wust, might help to ’leave him, Sah; but t’other, he was tolable sartin, dat whar not de true agnostications ob de case, and he absented

from de opinion dat de trouble whar owin' to de fightality bein' too low; an' I tole Deacon Smithers I whar ob de same opinion wid de fust doctor, 'cause if de fightality ob de gemman had a bin moah punctuated, he would a fit de man what cut him, an so he might have saved hissself right smart."

"I think your view of the case is the correct theory," remarked Jerusha Ann.

"Dat am a fact, Miss Jerusha. I used to drive carriage for Dr. Scott long time, an' I knows a heap o' medicine, I does."

"I have no doubt of it, Cæsar. When did Deacon Smithers say he would come?"

"He 'loud he'd be here in right smart of a hurry. Dar! Shouldn't wonder if dat war not de Deacon a ringin' de doah bell. I'll go and see." Cæsar answered the bell, and conducted Deacon Smithers up to the stranger's room.

In gentle tones the Deacon spoke to the sufferer, picturing to him the mercy of the great Redeemer, and inspiring him with the hope of a blessed eternity.

His gentle words and blessed promise soothed the sufferer, and he fell into a gentle slumber.

Deacon Smithers joined the family, who had assembled in the parlor, to hold a consultation regarding the stranger.

"It's all very well to be charitable, but I don't see the sense of giving one of our best rooms to a perfect stranger," said Mrs. Weathersby.

"What have you to say, Jerusha Ann?" asked the master of the household.

"This is what I think: If some high-cockalorum of a chap, with lots of cash in his pocket to pay his hotel bills were to come to Mudville, our house would be tendered to him, and nothing would be considered too expensive that he

might condescend to make use of. Here we have a man, who is hard up and in want of a friend. I vote for keeping him here till he gets well, on the principle of 'Put your money where it will do the most good.' "

"Here he shall stay, daughter; you will never find your dad going back on you, Jerusha Ann, whenever you undertake to help the unfortunate."

Sam Weathersby's decision settled the matter, and the stranger was kept and tenderly cared for by the fun-loving daughter.

Every day, Jerusha sent Cæsar after Deacon Smithers, to pray with the sufferer; and the visits of the parson seemed to be equally beneficial with those of the physician.

The stranger began to improve and his recovery was at last assured.

One day, as Deacon Smithers returned from the bedside of the sick man, he praised Jerusha Ann for her change of heart, as he could now see the Revivals had brought forth fruit and changed the most obstreperous member of Bethel church choir into a zealous missionary.

"Hold up! Deacon Smithers. You see, when I found that the narcotics administered by the doctors failed, I thought of how often I had seen the old ladies in the congregation fall into a sound slumber when you were preaching, and I thought if I could only get Deacon Smithers to preach to the sick man, it might put him to sleep; and you see Mr. Stanley is getting quite well now, from the soporific effects of——." Jerusha Ann dodged the orange, which the Deacon tried to hit her with, as he left the house, laughing at the back-handed compliment he had received.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Biddy Finnigan finds a Relation.—Jack Carson invites Jerusha Ann Weathersby to Mickey Houghlahan's "Great Moral Show, Combinin' Historical Information wid Divarsion in an Illigant Manner."

BIDDY FINNIGAN rushed into Jerusha Ann's bedroom, her face all aglow with intense excitement.

"Oh, Miss Jerushy, darlint, guess the news! Oh! Of all ye ever hear tell of, it's the quarest thing and the wonderfulest thing that ever happened."

"Is the ocean run dry, Biddy, or have the dead been suddenly endued with life; what is the marvel?" Jerusha Ann stopped running her sewing machine, as she awaited a reply.

"Well, ye may say it, the dead cum to life. Here in this very town, right undhur me nose ye might say, for the last twelve-month, me own second cousin, Mickey Houghlahan, has been livin' an me not knowin' a word uv it, only thinking he was dead this many a year; for it's how we hear tell he died o' the yallah faver (God help us) many a year ago; an' here he is alive an' kickin', an' faix it's meself that was ruz to see wan o' me own people in a furrin land; an' shure, he was a wise man, that said: 'Frinds 'll meet where mountains wont, me dear.'"

"That quotation is apt, Biddy. I shall be glad to make the acquaintance of your cousin. When do you expect to see him?"

“It’s with the show he is thravelin, Miss. He gave me a ticket to go to it to-night, an’ be the same token, Masthur Jack Carson is below stairs, an’ wants to see you; an’ shure I’m so flusthrificated wid the joy o’ seein’ me cousin that it wint clane out o’ me head, so it did.” Biddy went to her work as Jerusha Ann hurried down stairs to receive her visitor.

“Glad to see you, Jack. What’s the news?” was the salutation Jack received.

“Lots of news, Italian opera troupe coming to town, and a great moral show, presided over by Mickey Houghlahan, the Irishman—who upset the platform and the Honorable Horatio Fitzdoodledom into the crowd on the first of April—now on exhibition at Concert Hall. Don’t you want to come and see it to-night! Here is the programme?” Jack Carson handed the bill to Jerusha, but she told him to read it aloud:

“GREAT MORAL SHOW.”

“A most beautiful and intertainin’ divarsion, combinin’ livin’ likenesses o’ dead charackthurs, notorious in hithory or mintioned in song; wid illigant music between the acts. All for fifty cints.

“That is, ladies and jintlemin will be charged fifty cints for gettin’ in, but the childhur is only half price, an’ fathers an’ mothers is recominded to bring the childhur, fur the intertainment is uv that charackthur that combines instruction suited to their tindhur years, wid divarsion an culture uv a more mature soart, not spakin’ o’ the foine music that is thrown in into the bargain.”

“Well, what do you say, Jerusha? Shall I engage seats for to-night?” asked Jack Carson, when he had finished reading the programme.

“By all means, I want to go to Mickey Houghlahan’s great moral show.” Jerusha Ann hurried her visitor off,

telling him to be sure to call for her early, for she purposed wearing a gorgeous toilet on the occasion.

Jack Carson kept his promise, and Jerusha Ann accompanied him to the hall, where the performance was to take place.

A very large audience had assembled to witness the exhibition, and the curtain was rolled up, displaying a series of rolls of mammoth pictures. Sometimes two pictures would be unfolded to view, when the contrast of their character called for this duplicate presentation; and again a single picture would be exhibited in the centre of the stage.

The pictures were of the usual grotesque perspective kind, generally seen in panoramas.

The real entertainment was furnished by the delineator, whose rich brogue and strong national bias, imparted a raciness peculiarly unique in its way.

The honors were divided between Mickey Houghlahan and his orchestra, which consisted of one performer on the violin. It had been announced that appropriate music would be played between the acts, but as the repertoire of the musician was limited to a few well-known airs, the musical selections were exceedingly incongruous.

The proprietor of the panoramic views announced that as "two historical picturs of royal faymale sovereigns would first be unfolded to view, the audience would be thrated to appropriate music," and, in *sotto voce*, gave the command:

"Fire away wid yer music, Mr. Saler."

The fiddler struck up the tune:

"Ole King Cole was a merry ole soul,
An' a merry ole soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
He called for his bowl,
An' he called for his fiddlers three."

When the orchestral performance came to a close, Mickey Houghlahan, called to his supernumerary :

“Rowl her up Larry, an’ show the ladies an’ jintlmin the great historical picthurs uv the two great faymale queens that reigned contiguous to aich other.

“Ladies an’ jintlemin! Here ye see two great historical charackthurs; two royal faymales, as different as day is from dark (an’ shure that’s no lie, fur in spakin’ o’ these queens a body might as well tell the thruth an’ shame the divil, as to be maley-mouthed about it.) To the right claspin’ her crucifix in her hands, you behold Mary, Queen o’ Scots, an’ shure it’s many a day till ye’ll clap yer two eyes on as purty a craythur; wid her beautiful brown eyes, as big as saucers; her lovely nose that stands to the fore, like the mountain o’ Slieve Dhu, in the county o’ Galway, a beautiful strate line wid rounded curves at the bottom; her lips like two ripe cherries; her neck as soft an’ white, an’ as long too, as a swans; her brow as smooth as an allibasthur doll’s; her hair as foine an’ thick on her head as fairy’s flax in a haunted boreen; an’ her royal robes of velvet, adornin’ her beautiful form; that is Mary Stuart, Queen o’ Scotland, that was murdhured by her own cousin, through jealousy.

“Now cast yer eyes to the lift, an’ take a look at the woman wid the carrotty pole, wearin’ a goold crown on her head; she has a pug nose, an’ a pair of eyes like a weasel’s, an’ a dint in her forrid, an’ a short stump of a nick like a bull, an’ be the same token she wears a ruffle around it for all the world the picthur uv a horse’s collar; look at her big bony hands, an’ her short body like a cowld winthur’s day, an’ watch what she’s doin’, writin’ at a table wid a short stump uv a pin. An’ what do yiz think she is writin’, ladies an’ jintlemin? Maybe yiz think it’s signin’ a renewal

uv a lase, for some poor sowl that was goin' to be evicted by a cruel landlord. In throth thin it's not, but signin' the death warrant of Mary Queen o' Scots. Bad scan to ye, Bloody Queen Bess. It's you that had the wimin an' child-hur burned to death in the caves in Ireland, an' it's many a day ye made huz sup sorra in your reign; not a haporth o' good did we git from your reign, only the praties an' tobacci that Sir Walter Raleigh brought over from Amerikay, more power to him; only fur him I couldn't take a whiff o' me dudeen. No thanks to you, Queen Elizabeth. The divil's cure to ye, ye murtherin' vixen. Rowl her up Larry; shure, the sight of her is enough to turn the crame sour the cowld-est day in winthur."

The assistant rolled the pictures out of sight, and as the orchestra had taken leave of absence, for the purpose of partaking of a beverage; the central roll of pictures was next exhibited.

The first picture displayed, was a very correct one of Napoleon Bonaparte. In the back ground the moving armies were crossing the snow-clad Russian mountains, while the great commander, in his unpretentious suit, without adornment, sat upon his charger, knitting his brows in deep thought.

Walking to the footlights, the delineator proceeded with his description:

"Widout shpakin' a word, I suppose yiz all know who this is?"

Pausing, that his auditors might consider the subject, he continued:

"This, ladies an' jintlemin, is the greatest military hero that ever wielded a swoord or fired a shot; though its my opinion that at a rale faction fight, whin the ony weepson to be had is a good shillahli; there's a third cousin o' me

own, wan Paddy Byrne, o' Skibbereen, by the mother's side, that 'id handle a blackthorn stick in a tastier, nater, an' more illigant manner, while he'd be knockin' the daylights out o' ye, than the same Napoleon Boneparte."

"Howsomever, that's a matthur I am sorry to say, can't be settled be a fair thrial; for Napoleon Boneparte is dead an' berried this many a day, an' shure, poor Paddy Byrne listed an' was kilt in the Sepoi wars long ago. But yiz all will allow, there never was a greater thraveler than the same Bony; over hills an' dales and in an out, thrailye hailye, thrampin' over the bogs an' the snows, wid his sojers, an' makin' the whole wurld a parade ground."

By this time the orchestra had returned, and the delin-eator called for music:

"Give huz somethin' shootable if ye plaise, Misthur Saler."

As the musician had listened to the closing eulogium of the great traveling powers of the renowned personage whose portrait was on exhibition, he rosined his bow and struck up the well-known tune, "The Arkansaw Traveler."

The effect was irresistible, and roars of laughter greeted this performance.

"Oh! I see yiz are fond uv somethin' lively like me-self, an' shure I could play yiz a tune meeself, that 'id whip the flure from undhur yer feet, it 'id put that life in yer toes for dancin' a jig."

Smiling at his auditors, the showman called to his assistant:

"Larry, show the ladies an' jintlemin another picthur."

"This, ladies an' jintlemin, is a picthur uv Bunker Hill Monumint. It was here Warren fell, an' shure, it's no wondhur it kilt him. Where's the wan uv huz could fall from the top o' that column, widout bein' kilt dead on the spot?"

“ Music, Misthur Saler, if ye please ! ”

The orchestra responded by favoring the audience with a morceau appropriate to the occasion for once: “ The Sword of Bunker Hill. ”

An encore was called for, and while it was being rendered, a gentleman sitting in the next seat, tapped Jack Carson on the shoulder, remarking:

“ I say, Carson ! this is an original entertainment. Oh, excuse me ! I thought you were alone, ” perceiving a lady with his friend ; the gentleman apologized for the intrusion.

After speaking to Jerusha Ann, Jack introduced his friend Mr. Murphy, to Miss Weathersby.

“ How do you like my distinguished countryman's historical ‘ pot-pourri, ’ Miss Weathersby ? ” he asked.

“ I am enjoying myself much more than I should at the Italian Opera, I assure you, ” she replied.

The music ceased, and two more pictures were unfolded to view. A really artistic canvas, representing Lurline arising from the water, and another representing a scene from Wagner's Opera of Lurline.

Applause greeted these beautiful productions, and the delineator called to Mr. Saler for his favorite tune, confident that at last an harmonious arrangement of music and art would be combined ; but the orchestra had again taken leave of absence, for the purpose of partaking of a beverage ; and the delineator made the best of the situation.

“ I'm sorry to disappoint yiz in the matthur o' the music, ladies an' jintlemin, fur Misthur Saler plays a tune that was composed by a wagoner, an' shure, though it was med be a dhrayman himself, it 'id delight yiz to hear the beautiful music that's in it ; but poor Misthur Saler is troubled wid the wathur brash on his chist, an' be raison uv his ailment, he is fond uv a dhrop, between you an' I. ” Here

the delineator gave a side wink, as he communicated this secret bit of intelligence, to his auditors. Then he continued :

“The story o’ these picthurs is, it’s all about fairies that wor a botheration wid their deludherin’ ways, an’ shure it was in the wathur, they used to be skippin’ about like frogs ; these wor Dutch fairies, an’ though ye moight think this wan wus a purty colleen in washin’ herself ; it’s there ye are out, for she was no Christian at all, at all ; only makin’ game o’ the people. In owld Ireland, it’s on the hills the fairies do be dancin’, an’ some uv ’em is not so bad afthur all ; they does be makin’ pipes o’ the stims o’ the dandelion blossoms, an’ ye’d see the whole hill litthured wid the feathery tops o’ the dandelion, afthur a night’s frolic an’ smoke ; but more betoken, there is some o’ thim, an’ the divil’s dhrop is in ’em, fur it’s goin’ around the counthry, turnin’ the milk sour an’ hindhurin’ the butthur from comin’ in the churn, they does be. Molly Hannigan, near Skibbereen, cotched wan uv these wan day. It was runnin’ through the dairy in the shape uv a hare, an’ shure what to do wid the fairy, she didn’t know ; an’ there’s a bit uv a song that tells how she banished him at last ; an’ as Misthur Saler is stayin’ so long wettin’ his whistle, maybe I had betthur sing it for yiz meeself, as I have nothin’ betthur in the way o’ fairy music, that shoots the picthurs.”

Clearing his throat by a series of coughs, he began :

“Oh, some they do advise me to grind him in a mill,
An’ some they do advise me to dhrown him in a well ;
But I’ll take me own advice, an’ I’ll carry him far away ;
An’ I’ll tie him wid two thraneens betune two cocks o’ hay.”

Vociferous applause greeted this gem of vocal music. Ere the clapping ceased, the orchestra had returned. He

gave a selection from Wagner's Opera of Lurline, and from the manner of the performance it was an open secret, that the medicine for the cure of the water brash was beginning to take effect.

A very large picture of the Battle of Buena Vista, the next exhibited, proved a stumbling block to the delineator, whose information concerning the war with Mexico was limited to the bare knowledge that the Yankees were the victors; but his eye caught sight of a pumpkin vine, which the Connecticut artist, in his effort to portray the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, had introduced in the foreground of the picture:

"Shure, yiz all know about the Battle o' Buena Vista, an' I'll not go over it to yiz; but be way uv divarsion, I'll tell yiz the story o' what happened wance wid a pumpkin; for I see they ruz a foine crop o' pumpkins in the place, an' though some o' yiz hear tell o' the same story maybe there's many a wan that didn't. Howsomever, this is it:

"There was a Connaught man, from wan o' the Islands west o' Connaught, where the only horses an' carts they do be havin' is fishin' smacks and sloops to ride over the salt say wid, an' whin he cum to Amerikay, he seen a great hape o' big yallah pumpkins wan day, an' says he to the man that had 'em:

"Musha, what's thim, sur?"

"An' shure, to take a rize out uv him, the man said:

"Thim is mare's eggs,' sez he: 'They hatches horses out uv 'em,' sez he.

"Begor! I'll buy wan uv 'em so, if ye'll tell me how to hatch 'em, sez the Connaught man.

"Oh, that's aisy enough,' sez the man. 'All ye have to do is to make a bed uv hay around it, an' keep it warm long enough till the little colt comes out.' "

“ ‘Faix ! that’s aisy enough,’ says the Connaught man, an’ so he bought the pumpkin, an’ made a bed o’ hay around it ; an’ sot on it day afthur day, to keep it warm, an’ wan day he felt the thing stirrin’ undhur him, an’ just thin he seen a jack rabbit runnin’ along by the fence ; an’ he runs afthur it callin’ out : ‘Colty ! Colty, dear ! Cum here to yer mother, shure I’m yer mother, darlint !’ ”

The medicinal properties of the great “Water Brash Remedy.” had become so pronounced that the delineator was unable to proceed further with the show, for want of an orchestra. Stepping to the footlights, he announced the close of the performance :

“ This, ladies an’ jintlemin, inds the inthertainmint, for this evenin’ ; barrin’ the sight o’ a choice collection o’ skulls, that I have here widin, behind the blue calico curtain ; of some o’ the greatest heroes the world has ever seen, an’ which I’ll be happy to show any o’ yiz, that wants to look at ’em.”

Jack Carson’s friend, Mr. Murphy, immediately arose and started for the blue calico curtained apartment, followed by Jack Carson, Jerusha Ann Weathersby and a few more ladies and gentlemen.

A number of human skulls were displayed on tables, and the genial showman proceeded to give a history of each.

“ This, ladies an’ jintlemin, is the skull of Alexandher the Great. A great Greek General an’ a powerful fighter uv long ago ; they say he conquered the whole world wancet, but in the ind it was his fondness fur Innishowen that kilt him. An’ this is the skull o’ George the Fourth, an’ it was bein’ too fond uv his belly that kilt him. An’ this is the skull uv Joan uv Arc ; she was a grand woman, an’ druv the inimy out uv her counthry ; an’ more power to her, fur it. An’ this—”

Several times, Jack Carson had addressed Mr. Murphy, during the phrenological exhibition. Mickey Houghlahan now addressed this gentleman, personally.

“An’ this!—Gaze at this skull, Misthur Murphy; wid holy raverince, fur here ye see before ye, the skull uv no less a saint than the Holy Saint Patrick himself.”

Mr. Murphy contemplated the rather small skull, with becoming reverence.

The showman continued: “This is the skull uv Andrew Jackson, the great American Ginerel, that walloped the daylights out o’ the British, at New Orlanes, on January the eighth, eighteen hundhred an’ twelve; an’ sint thim home spinin’ across the salt say. An’ this is the skull uv Queen Cleopatra, wan o’ the purtiest wimin that ever lived; but they say, she had a timper uv her own, an’ at a tongue thrashin’ couldn’t be bet in the four provinces. An’ this—Come here, Misthur Murphy. Step lightly an’ gaze wid holy raverince at what ye see before ye; fur here ye see the skull uv the Great Apostle uv Ireland, the great an’ glorious Saint Patrick himself.”

“Why, how is that, you told me that skull on the second table below this, was the skull of Saint Patrick? How can they both be Saint Patrick’s skull?” remonstrated Mr. Murphy.

Scratching his head, in his dilemma, Mickey Houghlahan replied: “Thru for me, sir; but that was Saint Patrick’s skull, whin he was a little boy.”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Dude Alphonse Fitzdoodledom Consults his Mamma about Inviting Miss Weathersby to the Opera.—

*“Not the Style of Gelle that belongs to owah
Set, you know, Mamma; but in this
howid place ewevything is so fwesh;
She’ll do, you know.”*

“THE deah sweet cweetchaw, I shall take her to the opewa. Not quite the style of gelle that belongs to owah set, you know, mamma; but in this howid place ewevything is so fwesh; she’ll do, you know.”

Such was the commentary of Alphonse Fitzdoodledom, as he drew on his terra cotta colored kid gloves, preparatory to sallying forth to extend an invitation to Miss Weathersby to attend the Opera Bouffe.

“Dear Alphonse, Miss Weathersby is so odd, you must be very guarded, my son, in your remarks before her. One can never tell what queer things she will do. I suppose it is owing to her plebian origin, you know,” said Mrs. Fitzdoodledom to her hopeful son.

“Aw! It must be so maw,” replied the dude as he left the paternal mansion.

Considering the fact that Mrs. Fitzdoodledom’s father began life as a mule driver, on the Erie canal, and that her husband’s first elevation in commercial society, was an elevation to the driver’s seat of a soap-fat wagon, from which exalted position he rose by degrees, to be the pro-

prietor of a slop cart; a pair of them; a soap and candle manufacturing establishment in a cellar; a maker of cosmetic fancy articles, and business pursuits of a similar character; until by a system of parsimonious economy he amassed sufficient capital to enable him to live in a brown stone front, three-story mansion, and to fulfill the great American mission of "Putting on style." Alphonse Fitzdoodledom had reason to hold up his nose above his neighbors.

Biddy Finnigan had the audacity to remark: "That it was no wondhur the Fitzdoodledoms held up their noses above other people, fur the chandler's business is a place where ye'd get a quare owld lot o' smells; an' shure it's but nathural a chandler's childur 'id be howldin' up their noses to get a whiff uv fresh air, wance in a while," and Biddy Finnigan's dissertation upon the Fitzdoodledom snobocracy, had been repeated far and near, by the goodly citizens of Mudville, until the youngest child in the town was familiar with the antecedents of the Fitzdoodledom family, and helped to make common cause against the ostentation and display by which the said family hoped to attain the highest social distinction.

Alphonse Fitzdoodledom presented his card to Cæsar, and bade him say: "Mr. Fitzdoodledom desired the favor of Miss Weathersby's company."

The negro showed the gentleman into the parlor, his white ivories glistening with delight as he noted the various articles of attire that adorned the person of Mr. Fitzdoodledom, junior.

As Cæsar went upstairs to deliver the visitor's card, he chuckled to himself at the thought of how he would astonish the members of the Lincoln Club, by the ravishing toilet he next should wear, which he had determined would be an

exact copy of the young gentleman's toilet he had just seen, so far as his means would allow.

"Mistah Fitzdoodledom is in de parlor, an' wants to see you, Miss Jerusha Ann. Tell you what, he got mighty fine clothes on; heap o' style about Mistah Alphonse." Cæsar delivered his opinion as well as his message.

"You can say, that I will be down presently, Cæsar." Jerusha Ann continued writing her letter, and when it was finished, went down to receive her visitor.

"Awh! You look so chawming, Miss Jerusha. Weally the fwesh air of Mudville makes you look blooming," said the visitor as he toyed with his mustache.

"Yes, I am one of the common lot of girls, who enjoy being out of doors," replied Jerusha Ann.

"Not so common as all that, you know. No young lady in society belonging to owah set, you know, likes to have anything the common people, the nobodies, take pleasuah in." The dude was exhausted from this effort at conversation.

"I am afraid you are laboring under a false impression with regard to my standing in society, Mr. Fitzdoodledom. I belong to myself and not to any set."

"Awh! You know it is only just to make conversation, you talk so. I should never think of calling on a young lady who was not of owah own set, no mattah how chawming she might be." A placid smile diffused itself over the countenance of the sweet young man as he thus spoke.

"Then I fear you are wasting your time by lingering here, for I think we find more nobodies to the square inch in society, than in the territory outside of it." Jerusha Ann's features did not beam with a responsive smile, on the sweet young man.

"Now, Miss Weathersby, how odd you talk. Cawnt you favor me with a little music?"

Opening the piano, Jerusha Ann seated herself and asked:

"What shall I play for you?"

"How delightful it would be for us to do a duet. You have the 'Gobble' duet, I suppose, from the Opera of *Pipo*."

"Yes. Please hand me that brown-backed book from the music stand; it is in it."

The duet was sung, and the adolescent youth began to feel that his exquisite toilet had not enabled him to make a mash, to use the polite phraseology of his particular set. However, he determined that he would accomplish better results when escorting his old playmate to the opera. Turning over the pages of the music book, he remarked:

"Bye the bye, the Fwench Opewa Bouffe Company will awive to-mowo, and I should be glad to take you to the opening pefomance, Miss Weathersby, if you tell me what time you will be weddy to go?"

Before Jerusha Ann had time to reply Cæsar opened the parlor door and announced "Mr. Van Raenseller."

Jerusha Ann arose and received her visitor, who saluted Alphonse Fitzdoodledom. When both the gentlemen were seated Jerusha Ann said to the Knickerbocker, "I sent you an answer accepting your invitation to attend the opera, Mr. Van Raenseller. Did you get my note?"

"No; so I came in haste to learn my fate from your ladyship in person," he replied.

"Well, your fate is to be tormented with the felicity of my society to-morrow evening."

Turning towards her first visitor Jerusha Ann said, "I beg leave to decline the favor you contemplated bestowing upon me, Mr. Fitzdoodledom."

Blank amazement was depicted upon the countenance of the dude, as he abruptly took his departure.

The dear, sweet young man, went home and told his mamma the astonishing news that his invitation had been rejected by Miss Weathersby, and the still more wonderful fact that Mr. Van Raenseller, a blue-blooded New York aristocrat, had actually sent a written invitation to the plebian maiden, who had accepted him as her escort.

“As it happened, my son, you can take this consolation, that after this we need not fear to admit Miss Weathersby to our circle,” was the balm his mother applied to his wounded feelings.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Mrs. Weathersby Tries a New Patent Washing Soap. Biddy Finnigan enters a Protest against Patent Articles.

Mickey Houghlahan Visits his Cousin. "Biddy Asthore, let me out; I'm beginnin' to Simmer. Let me out, before I'm Boiled like a Lobsthur!"

"Now Bridget, I want you to try this new patent washing soap. It is made by Mr. Selworth, Mr. Fitzdoodledom's former partner, who is now conducting the soap manufacturing business for himself."

Mrs. Weathersby unfolded the package on the kitchen table and began to read the directions.

"Musha, it's a poor opinion I have uv the same article, mam. I'm afeered it's all suds an' froth, like the wan that invinted it," remarked Biddy Finnigan as she listened to the directions.

"Put the large copper boiler on the stove right now, Bridget, and prepare the fire, so that it can be started with a match the last thing to-night, so that it will be ready for the wash right early to-morrow morning," replied Mrs. Weathersby.

Bridget did as she was told; fixed all ready to start the fire and placed the enormous clothes boiler on the stove.

"Just one quart of cold water pour into this pan, Bridget, and beat the mixture up in it till it is suds. There, that will do. Empty it into the boiler now, and let it stand

till I come back from church; then I'll tell you what must be done next." Mrs. Weathersby left the kitchen, while Biddy Finnigan muttered to herself:

"Musha, be whipped to thim patent things. What good are they? Ony a botheration to a body. There was that patent warmin' pan that she bought last winthur—the friar she called it—an' she blamed me for not knowin' it was the owld brass divil-ma-jig, an' not the parson, that she wanted put in the beds. Begor, I'll never forget the night she filled the thing wid bilin' hot wathur an' put it in her own bed, an' the screw kem out when she rowled over on it, an' she had liked to be scalded to death. There's the owld brass spittoon uv a thing laid away on the shelf ever since. An' there was the patent mop that she bought when we wor house klanin'; an' shure it id take the patience uv Job to larn all the twists an' turns uv the thing, an' I'd have the thing wiped as klane as a new pin, in half the time, wid a good fistful uv a foine scrubbin' cloth in me fist. An' the patent corkscrew, that all ye had to do was to push in a button an' there it was an apple parer; or give a turn to the button, an' there it sprung into a camp chair, an' whin ye'd be sittin' down on it the divil a wan could tell but it wor on yer hunkers ye wor sittin'; an' if ye'd give the thing a prod in the ind it id turn into a fishin' pole. An' there was the"—

A knock at the kitchen door interrupted Biddy Finnigan's train of reflections upon patent improvements.

Biddy opened the door, and beheld the genial showman.

"Musha, the half uv tin to ye, Mickey, agrah, an' how is every inch uv ye? Shtep in an' take a sate. Yer as welkim as the flowers uv May, so ye are."

The half of ten, viz., Biddy's five fingers, were clasped

in her cousin's palm, and a pump-handle hand-shaking followed.

Mickey Houghlahan took the proffered chair and entered into a chat with his cousin.

"Whin did ye hear from home, Biddy?"

"Not for a month uv Sundays. The Duffys sint me the last letthur they got from home; an' it's little comfort it is to hear uv the crops failin' an' the neighbors scatthurin' to the four quarthurs uv the globe, so it is."

"Faix, ye may thank yer shtars that it's out uv it ye are, Biddy."

"Aye, but a body can't help feelin' lonesome, thinkin' uv home an' absint frinds," replied Biddy.

"Ha thin, I pity ye as much as I do a duck goin' barefooted."

"It's Job's comforter, ye are, Mickey; but I know well enough it's thryin' to divart me mind from thinkin' uv the dear neighbors an' the fun an' frolic we used to have at a patthurn or on a fair day, that makes ye turn a filosofer, so it is."

"A filosofer! An' what's that, Biddy?"

"Urrah, don't ye know what a filosofer is?"

"In troth I don't; but shure I'll never larn it younger, so tell me what it is."

"A filosofer is what they calls wan that id turn a thing inside out, an' maybe its not what it id be to the fore, they'd argyfy was the thing at all, at all."

"But how could a body believe thim? If they wor argyin' till doomsday wouldn't a body believe their own eyes?"

"Ye'd think so, but maybe if ye wor to listen to their palaver they'd make ye think crows was white blackbirds."

"Aye would they, in or about Tib's eve."

“Tib’s eve comes naythur before nor afthur Christmas, but filosofers is as plenty as blackberries on the bushes.”

“It’s quare I never met wan uv thim.”

“Maybe ye did, but be rayson uv ye not knowin’ the signs an’ tokens ye warn’t shure uv ’em.”

“An’ what’s the signs an’ tokens?”

“Oh, it’s for all the world like makin’ starch, so it is, the way ye’d know thim. Now, if I goes to make starch, I mixes it wid cowld wathur, an’ powers bilin’ wathur on it; and whin it’s done its starch—that nobody can deny; but if I was to take the same starch whin it id be bilin’ hot, an’ shtur it around an’ around wid a shperm candle till the candle was melted into it, it id put a foine gloss on the shirt bosoms, an’ that’s what filosofy does: it puts a gloss on things.”

“An’ shure that’s no harm at all evints; no worse than a bit uv blarney. I suppose filosofy an’ blarney is the wan thing.”

“No, in throth; fur filosofy is a stiffenin’ thing, that it id make ye howld a smooth front to the fore if yer heart was breakin’ widin ye; but blarney is like honey, sweetenin’ the bitthur things uv life.”

“Was that what ye wor thinkin’ uv when I knocked at the dure?”

“Faix, it wasn’t. I was thinkin’ about somethin’ ye’d never guess.”

“An’ what was it?”

“Well, ye see, himself is a rale good-hearted man, an’ Jerusha Ann is as full uv mischief an’ divilmint as an egg is full to the shell, widout a bit uv harm in her, only up to fun; but herself is as fidgety as a ferret. She is always thryin’ patent things, and whin the thing doesn’t work right

it's me that's blamed fur not undhershtandin' the new thing."

"That's hard enough to be shure, but ye'd betthur humor her wid her notions."

"I does try; but it id take the patience uv Job to do it, all the time. Now, here she comes into the kitchen this evenin', bringin' me a new patent washin' soap, and the ordhurs is to mix the thing in a quart uv cowld wathur till ye have it in suds; an' thin ye're to power more wathur till ye fill the biler; an' in the mornin' take the clothes out o' the soak an' smather thim wid some more o' the stuff, an' pop thim in the biler o' bilin' hot wathur. Did ye ever hear tell o' the loike since the day ye wor born?"

"Arrah, what matter, whin she ordhurs ye to do 'em that way?"

"But wouldn't any Christian know that the dirt 'll be biled into the clothes that way? an' I'll never get 'em white agin? Me beautiful clothes, that all the ladies does be sayin' is a betthur color nor any wan's clothes in Mudville!"

Biddy sighed as she thought of the dire disaster about to befall on the pride of her heart, for it was acknowledged that she was the best laundress in the town, and her mistress had often admitted that Sir Richard O'Gorman's "karacthur for doin' up foine things" was a document corroborated by the evidence of fact.

"I wouldn't be down in the mouth about it, Biddy avic. Shure there's more where thim cum from, an' maybe it's givin' a job to some poor woman that's in want o' work ye'd be doin' by followin' her ordhurs."

"Faix, if I was shure o' that it isn't suckin' me thumbs in sorra I'd be!"

"An' why wouldn't ye be shure uv it?"

Mickey lighted his pipe, and with his hands clasping

his knee, tilted his chair back, contented with the thought that the subject was satisfactorily settled.

“For the rayson that it’s not the way wid the ladies to give imploymint to the poor widdy that has a family o’ little childhur depindin’ on the labor uv her hands, fur the bit an’ sup; but its to facthories they does be goin’, where they’ll get the clothes med by machines fur half nauthin’. Whin a body thinks of it, isn’t the wit uv man a quare thing, that man should be puzzlin’ his brains loike a bee in a bonnet, buzzin’ an’ buzzin’ till he gets the thing out uv his head, in-vintin’ machines to take the bit out uv his own mouth in the ind.”

“Musha, it’s thrue for ye, Biddy. The owld way maybe isn’t the worst for the people, in the long run. I seen the same thing meself afore now.”

“Did ye? I suppose ye wouldn’t mind discoorsin’ it to me, thin, Mickey?”

Taking the pipe out of his mouth and emptying its contents into the ash receptacle in front of the stove, Mickey Houghlahan proceeded to give his observations of things.

“Well, ye see, what I was shpakin’ about was in regard to whiskey. You know they makes whiskey out o’ barley in owld Ireland, an’ a bit o’ turf from the bog an’ a few sacks o’ barley is all they do have to make it wid; an’ whin it id be farminted there wouldn’t be a headache in a gallon uv it, though the shtill was nauthin’ but a simple conthrivance an tap uv a mountain. I was in wan o’ the big dishtilleries they do be havin’ in this counthry, an shure the vats where they shteeps the whate is stretchin’ out, wan afthur th’other, till they covers a place as big as the county o’ Wathurford; but for all that the whiskey they makes isn’t the wan thing; an’ the rayson uv it is they takes a short cut in the makin’ uv it, an’ instid o’ waitin’ for the grain to crack they do

have a chemist goin' around wid some shtuff in a bottle, an' he powers it into the vats an' makes it farmint while ye'd cry Jack Robinson, but it isn't like the Irish poteen, an' there's a score o' headaches to the glassful uv the American whiskey, bedad."

"It's thruth yer tellin'—— Whist!—what's that? Be all that's vexatious, it's herself! I hear her shtep in the hall, an' she is comin' this way, an' the dure open between huz. Ye darn't go out be the back dure, fur she'd see ye, an' she'd murthur me if she cotched ye in here. Whist! Aisy, I have it. Here, jump into the copper biler, an' I'll clap the lid on, an' she'll never be the wiser!"

Biddy communicated her desires in a whisper, and Mickey Houghlahan had barely time to conceal himself in the copper boiler when the mistress of the mansion entered the kitchen and interrogated Biddy.

"Did you put the clothes in soak, Biddy?"

"Yis, m'am."

"Well, I came to see that you give the new soap a fair trial, Bridget. Draw four buckets of water now, and pour them into the boiler."

"I will m'am, as soon as I take off me Sunday frock," replied Biddy, hoping to gain time, yet fearful of betraying the anxiety she felt.

"No! Do it now. You won't splash your dress; you always do things neat. I want to see everything ready before I go to bed to-night."

There was no escape, and Biddy proceeded to fill the boiler as directed. She only half filled the bucket, however, but was forced to empty its contents on the genial showman. While she was refilling the bucket with water, Mrs. Weathersby went into the buttery, to get another package of the patent soap.

The genial showman raised himself in the boiler and was about to step out, when Mrs. Weathersby, returning, sent him to cover again.

“You soap the”——“Bridget, what is the matter with the boiler? what makes the lid clatter so?” Mrs. Weathersby stopped reading the directions and gazed at the boiler, which had shifted its position.

“It’s nauthin’, only I jowlted it a bit whin I imptied the wathur into the biler.”

“Take the lid off till you have all the water in. It will be time enough to cover the boiler then.” Mrs. Weathersby sat down by the kitchen table and continued reading the directions to Bridget, as she poured bucket after bucket of water into the boiler, until the prisoner within could stand no more, which fact he communicated by silent signals to his cousin. Replacing the lid, Biddy declared:

“It’s all ready now m’am, an’ I believe I’ll go to bed.”

Mrs. Weathersby left a portion of the patent compound on the table and took the remainder of the package back to the buttery.

“I’ll be drowned if I shtay here much longer,” exclaimed Mickey Houghlahan, in that tone of voice called a pig’s whisper.

“How much longer did you say?” “That depends on the color of the clothes; perhaps an hour longer will be enough.” Mrs. Weathersby returning, heard the last word, and supposed that Biddy was asking how much longer she should boil the clothes:

“Very well, m’am, I’ll give it a fair thrial, and now I’ll lock up, an’ go to bed.” Biddy yawned and stretched herself, hoping to get rid of her mistress.

“Well, you lock the alley gate and I’ll just set a match to the fire, so the water will be ready the first thing in the

morning." Before Bridget could interfere, Mrs Weathersby had started the fire, and as it cracked and hissed, blank horror was depicted on the countenance of the domestic.

"Why, Bridget, what is the matter? You look scared to death!"

"Run, quick, Mrs. Weathersby! the Fitzdoodledom's house is afire, I believe; an' maybe they will be burned alive, m'am!"

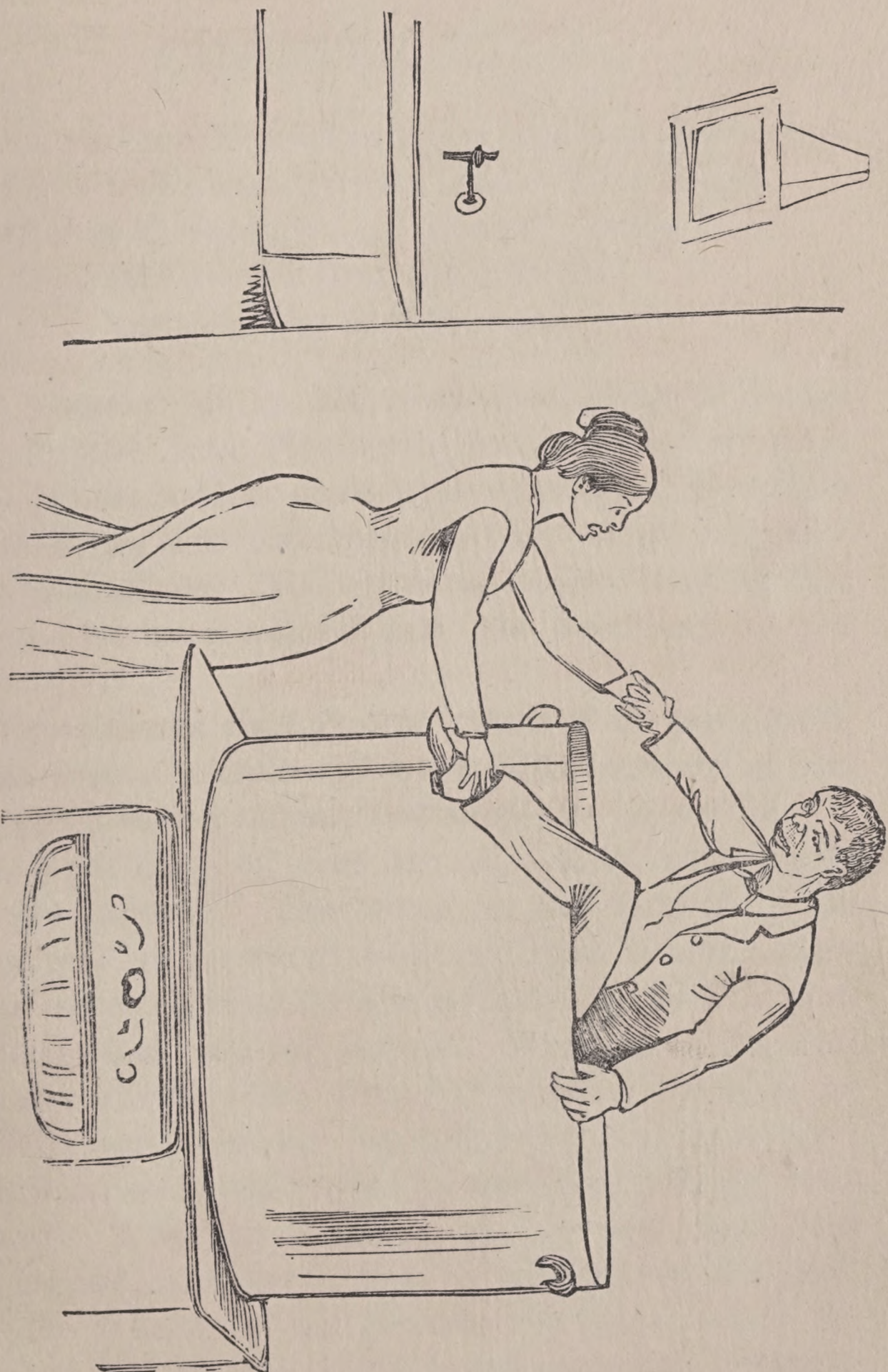
The last appeal sent Mrs. Weathersby flying across the street.

Tipping the lid up, Mickey Houghlahan called out:

"Och, let me out! quick, Biddy asthore, I'm simmerin'!"

Biddy helped her kinsman out of the boiler, and hustled him home without delay. She had barely locked the alley gate after him, when Mrs. Weathersby called out from the kitchen door, that it was a false alarm; there was no house on fire in the neighborhood.

"Musha, divil's cure to ye for a patent soap! Ye had like to be the death o' me this night!" was Biddy Finnigan's parting malediction, as she put her head on the pillow.



“Biddy Asthore, let me out; I’m beginning to simmer!”



CHAPTER XL.

Jack Carson makes a Resolution Never Again to Exchange a Word of Civility with Jerusha Ann.—That Fourth of July Celebration.—A Lovers' Spat.—Jack Carson's Love Letter threatens a Famine of Note-paper.

JACK CARSON sat in his room meditating upon his wrongs. Jerusha Ann Weathersby had been to the opera with Mr. Van Raenseller, some high-cockalorum of a chap from New York, that she knew nothing about, only as a passing acquaintance. The wrinkles on his brow knitted into ridges, as he pondered over the treatment he had received.

Memory pictured the hallowed scenes of the past, dwelling on the joyous moments gilded with the sunshine of that presence which shed a radiance of happiness on his life.

And as the vista of years stretched back, not a single incident was forgotten. How often he had loitered in the back alley, waiting for the gate to open, that he might carry the bag of school-books, for a wee maiden dressed in Red Riding hood cloak and fur tippets. Who was it fastened on her skates when his own little fingers were blue with the cold! Who was it lent her his sled every day, for a whole week, when her own was broken by that booby Fonsy Fitz-doodledom! Who was it shared his big rosy apple, the only one he had, with her! Yes, he remembered that day, when in the fullness of his juvenile heart, he beheld the longing glance of Jerusha Ann directed upon that treasured

apple, and clasping his hands around it, to secure a reserve of its sweets for himself, he invited Jerusha Ann to take a bite, but not to go beyond the rubicon line of boundary, where his fingers marked a true half, but Jerusha Ann's toothsome inroads encroached upon his fingers and he was forced to let go the coveted prize.

Strange freaks the wayward fancy takes. That incident of childhood's days haunted the imagination of the young man, just verging upon his twenty-first birth day, with such pertinacity, that he found himself building a system of moral ethics upon it. Was it a forerunner of the fate in store for him? Was it thus the companion of his youth would bite at the apply of destiny, leaving him lonely and forgotten?

Not all the kind favors and special remembrances Jerusha Ann had so often shown to him, could efface the bitter feeling he now regarded her with.

His mind was made up now: from henceforth he would pass by Miss Weathersby, as an utter stranger.

"Second thoughts are best: she shall not have the satisfaction of exulting in the thought that she has power to make my life miserable. I will make a call upon Susie Smithers, and escort her to the church sociable to-night," said the young gentleman at last; and he made an elaborate toilet, and left the house determined never again to exchange even the commonest words of civility with the girl who had slighted him.

Jack Carson could have reached Deacon Smithers' residence without going near the Weathersby mansion, but he determined he would pass by the house and show, by his demeanor, the perfect indifference he felt toward the belle of Mudville.

As he turned the corner of the street, he felt a thump-

ing sensation under his vest, and he found himself wondering what Jerusha Ann was doing just at that moment. He took an obscurial peep at the mansion, and beheld the object of his thoughts, seated on the front steps looking down the street. He braced himself up, looked straight before him and passed by the house with stately tread, keeping right on his course.

Bang! A handful of torpedoes dashed under him made the young gentleman forget all his dignity, in the sudden acrobatic performance he was obliged to make.

Ere he had time to proceed further on his way, another handful of torpedoes and a pyrotechnic, known as a chaser, was hurled after him.

Jack was in a bad humor, and determined that not all the pyrotechnics of a Fourth of July celebration, could make him halt. So as soon as he could get away from the artillery of fire-works, he again assumed the dignified strut which he had lately practised.

He had not proceeded very far, however, when he heard the gate click, and soon after, his hat was unceremoniously bobbed down over his eyes, while a young lady's hand held it tight behind, blindfolding him, and a merry voice called out:

“Say, Jack, is this you, or is it Mr. Glum?”

“It is Mister Mad, Miss Weathersby, and you know the reason!” he replied, in an icy tone of voice.

“Miss Weathersby, indeed! Pray, when did you attend the grammar school last, Jack?” Jerusha Ann let go the hat, and stood gazing at the young man in astonishment.

“Just about the time you were taking private lessons from Mr. Van Raenseller.” Jack drew back his head, and felt that now he was having his revenge.

"Private lessons from Mr. Van Raenseller? Pray, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say."

"Then, I must say, your conversation is something like Dundreary's conundrums, one of those things no fellow can find out."

"Perhaps opera bouffe was so very interesting to you, in the company of a very particular friend, that your comprehension is limited to the remembrance of the sweet things he said!" Jack Carson curled his lip as he gave utterance to his sentiments.

"Jealous! Well, Jack, I did give you credit for having a little common sense. Go ahead, if you want to keep up the pouts, why you may, that's all!" Jerusha Ann turned on her heel and resumed her seat on the front steps.

Resolution is a strange and fickle sentiment, despite all the valiant deeds ascribed to it. Jack Carson had made a firm resolution never again to speak to Jerusha Ann Weathersby. Vaulting over the fence at one bound, he took a seat beside her, and asked: "Are you mad, Jerusha?"

"No, I'm not. Where the mischief were you going to, Jack?"

"I was going to take Susie Smithers to the Presbyterian church sociable."

"Let me not detain you, Mr. Carson!" Jerusha Ann changed her seat to the opposite side of the door step, and her words were frigid in their intonation.

"Now, Jerusha Ann, who is in the pouts?" Jack shifted his position closer to her, as he spoke.

"Don't keep Miss Smithers waiting, Mr. Carson." Jerusha Ann drew farther away from the young man, as she made this remark.

"I guess she won't wait long." Jack was in a

thoroughly good humor, now that he perceived Jerusha Ann was jealous.

“Not on my account at least. I shall wish you a good evening and a pleasant time, which I feel sure you will have in the company of so charming a young lady as Miss Smithers.” Jerusha Ann arose and stepped into the hall, with all the dignity of a queen.

Jack Carson followed her, and remarked :

“I was going to tell you why Miss Susie Smithers wouldn’t wait long for me, if you would let me.”

“Oh, the subject is of no interest to me, I assure you. As I have some letters of importance to answer this evening, I shall ask you to excuse me.” She ran up the stairs, entered her room and turned the key in the door.

Jack felt thoroughly miserable as he heard the click of the key in the lock; but he knew it would be worse than useless to ask Cæsar to take a note up to Jerusha Ann, in her present mood; so he went home, and in the privacy of his own room, sat down to write a letter to the young lady, whom an hour before he had made a resolution never to speak to as long as he should inhabit this sublunary sphere.

The epistle consumed two boxes of perfumed note-paper before the proper style was attained, and yet the writer was not satisfied; want of paper compelled him to seal up the last one, which he deposited in the mail box.

CHAPTER XLI.

*Jerusha Ann Gives Way to her Feelings.—Cross Purposes.—
Susie Smithers Affianced.—The Bosom
Friends Kiss and make up.*

JERUSHA ANN locked her bed-room door, sat down, and burst out crying. She wept for a long time, and then sat thinking of the past.

This was the first real sorrow of her life. She pondered, for a long time, on all the favors she had received from Jack. Memory recalled the many confidences she had reposed in her young friend; how she had singled him out, from all the boys, as the one to be trusted above all others. Every wild or mischievous undertaking, that required an assistant, had always been confided to him, to execute. Now all was forgotten, and another claimed his attention.

“That hateful thing, Susie Smithers! I wouldn’t treat her that way. The mean thing! She always did try to cut me out with Jack! Well, she shan’t have the satisfaction of seeing me wear my heart on my sleeve, for the daws to peck at. I’ll put a bold front forward, and call on Mrs. Folsom, the first thing after breakfast, to-morrow morning, and find out how long this thing has been going on, without asking a question either.

Having come to this determination, Jerusha Ann went to bed, and in the morning made a call upon Mrs. Folsom, Deacon Smithers’ next door neighbor.

Almost the first greeting she received was, “Why were you not at the church sociable last night?”

“Oh, I had an engagement, and couldn’t go. Did you enjoy yourself at it?”

“Oh, yes, we had a delightful time; all the Bethel church young folks were there, and we missed you ever so much.”

“It’s a good thing to stay away once in a while to find out how much people think of you.”

“You should have seen Susie Smithers. She looked lovely, and judging from what I saw, I should say she made a mash.”

“Susie is a real pretty girl, and I’m sure I wish her well from all my heart,” Jerusha said.

“Why, yes, I do hope she will do well, but where is the cash going to come from? It takes something to keep a wife these days.”

“His father is going to take him in as a full partner in the business on his twenty-first birth-day, I heard.” Jerusha Ann’s voice betrayed a little huskiness, as she spoke.

“On his twenty-first birth-day! It must be a joke.” Mrs. Folsom laughed derisively.

“So I heard.”

“Why that fellow is thirty-five years old, if he is a day, and the staid, quiet ways he has make him look older.” Mrs. Folsom said this with the air of conviction an expert in judging ages is allowed to use.

“Perhaps Susie’s tastes have changed him, to adopt her demure ways.” Jerusha Ann thought this was better than no excuse, but she felt a little elated, to think Jack’s changed mood should have been noticed by Mrs. Folsom, the greatest gossip in the town.

“Susie’s demure ways? Why, what is the matter with you to-day, Jerusha Ann? Susie Smithers is the greatest madcap, next to yourself, in Mudville.”

A tap at the bed-room door was answered by Mrs. Folsom, who admitted Miss Susie Smithers.

"I just came in to have a chat with you about the church sociable. Mrs. Folsom, tell Jerusha Ann what you think of my escort?" Susie Smithers took the low rocker and rocked herself, while waiting for the answer, her face beaming with pleasure.

Jerusha Ann's first impulse was to protest against hearing anything said on the subject; but, upon further reflection, she concluded to listen to Mrs. Folsom.

"He was very attentive, I must say; but I think him too old, and so grave too. I should think he would be the last man such a girl as you would fall in love with."

Jerusha Ann felt her bosom heaving with indignation.

"Paw says that is all the better; he believes in contrasts. I came in to tell you of our engagement." Susie Smithers blurted out the news without more ado.

"Pray, when is the wedding to take place?" asked Mrs. Folsom.

"On Thanksgiving Day; the new parsonage will be finished then, and the Reverend Mr. Holmes thinks it will be just the thing for us to settle down to housekeeping at once." Susie Smithers had scarcely finished speaking when Jerusha Ann threw her arms around her and kissed her vehemently, as she congratulated her.

"I wish you joy, Susie, a thousand times. Now tell me what you would like best for a wedding present, for I don't want to give you a fish fork, or anything of that sort."

"How would a door-plate with Thompson with a *p* in it suit, like Mrs. Toodle's bargains?" remarked the lively Susie.

"I'm sure it would be just as handy to have in the house as the bridal presents that are usually given." Jeru-

sha Ann's spirits rose like mercury in the tube of a thermometer after hearing the name of Susie Smithers' betrothed.

"I'll tell you what, Jerusha, I'll let you come with me to select my wedding dress. Do you want to come?"

"Yes."

The young girls entered the parsonage together, and after consulting Deacon Smithers about the important event, they went shopping. Jerusha Ann purchased the wedding dress, presenting it as her bridal gift, to Susie.

When she returned home, Jack's letter was on her dressing case.

Tearing open the envelope, she devoured its contents, and was happy.

CHAPTER XLII.

The Proposal.—Equine Intelligence.—The Grand Military Encampment.—Hardee's Tactics Supplemented by Mickey Houghlahan's. — Compendium of Martial Science.

"MISTAH CARSON in de parlor, wants to see you, Miss Jerusha Ann." Cæsar delivered his message.

"I'll be there in a minute, Cæsar."

The negro had not reached the parlor door, when the young lady brushed passed him and extended her hand, with the same cordiality she had always shown to her old play-fellow.

"I came to see if you would like to take a ride out to the Encampment, Jerusha. There will be a grand tournament, a drill, a sham battle and storming a fort, all in honor of the Veterans, to-day."

"Yes, Jack; I'll be ready in ten minutes."

Jerusha Ann possessed that most unfeminine accomplishment of getting her clothes on in a shorter space of time than any young lady in Mudville, so that when Jack returned with the buggy, he found her standing on the steps, dressed for the festive occasion.

A glow of joy diffused itself over the handsome face of Jack Carson, as he took his seat beside Jerusha Ann, to drive out to Washington Park. As they passed the outskirts of the city, Pacer slackened his pace.

Who can explain that secret mutual telegraph system, which exists between the horse and his master. We search in vain for the key to the mystery; yet the fact

remains an unsolved problem of social science. Pacer knew, by the very handling of the lines, that his master had a secret to impart, and as the busy thoroughfares, where the ordinary citizen plodded his way, were shrouded in the purple haze of distance, Pacer let his feet fall on the road with a softened cadence, as if he too were under the spell of a mysterious influence.

The silence was broken by the tremulous voice of Jack Carson, as he addressed his companion :

“ Jerusha ? ”

“ What is it, Jack ? ”

“ Say, Jerusha ? ”

“ I don’t know what to say ! ”

“ Say, yes. ”

“ Yes ! ”

It was enough. The rosy god of Love fluttered his downy pinions above the scene, as Jack Carson sipped the dewy nectar glowing upon the maiden’s lips.

Poor Pacer stood stock still, and it seemed as if he had arrived at his destination, from the protracted stay that was made beneath the shade of the spreading elm.

At length the sound of approaching wheels caused the master to urge his equine on faster. “ Get up, Pacer ! Get up ! ”

Giving a glance backward, to make sure that everything was satisfactory, Pacer whinnied his satisfaction and started on a brisk trot.

The hurrying vehicles sped on towards the park, and by the time Jack Carson and Jerusha Ann reached the grounds, the military companies were marching to the grand stand.

Leaving his horse in care of an attendant, Jack Carson conducted his precious charge to a seat near the spot where the review was to take place.

The governor of the State and his chief officials stood on

a little knoll near by, conversing with the renowned general who was presiding officer, when a roar of laughter, proceeding from the assembled dignitaries, caused Jerusha Ann to turn her attention to the rear.

"Say, Jack! look, if it isn't Mickey Houghlahan and his new company."

Jack shifted his position, and listened to the genial showman's military commands.

Hardee's tactics, although an acknowledged code of authority in military rules, were supplemented by the genial showman's original compendium.

The Mudville Police Reserves, Co. E, of which Mickey Houghlahan was captain, was composed of raw recruits from a political district whose votes in the coming Presidential election, it was hoped, would be secured by the compliment of convivial courtesies which camp-life engenders.

As Mickey Houghlahan had the experience of actual service in the field, having served during the late unpleasantness, and, as a drummer boy, participating in the war of the French and English forces against the Russians in 1854, he was chosen as captain of the company.

It was an easy matter to fall in line and fill his part, as a private, but when military honors crowded thick upon him, the new captain found it a difficult matter to give the required directions to his men; especially as the formula prescribed by military science was as unintelligible to his men as the language of the Hottentots; but Mickey Houghlahan cut the Gordian knot of the difficulty by substituting terms that were at once clear to the comprehension of his command, and with that easy familiarity for which he was so popular, he assisted the memory of individual members of his corps by personal allusions.

"Musha, bad scran to ye, Jerry Duff! can't ye keep



‘Jerusha Ann and Jack Carson beheld a sight that charmed them.’

shtep?" Here, wait a minit, an' I'll fix ye." Tying a straw rope around his right ankle and one of hay around his left, the captain gave his orders:

"March! Hay-foot, sthraw-foot! Hay-foot!——Bad cess to ye, Jerry! there ye have the right leg down whin it was the lift was called for!"

The delinquent altered the position of his feet, and the company marched on, keeping step in a hesitant manner.

"Yis 'ill disgrace me wid the way yiz are goin' lop-e-dee-lop, like a hare runnin' away from the hounds! Sthraiten yerselves an' keep shtep betthur!"

The company obeyed, and improved their marching.

General S—— approached and put the company through their evolutions. He was assisted by the captain by sundry personal remarks addressed to the men.

"Can't ye keep yer crubeens to yerself, an' not be pok-in' thim out beyant the line, Dinnis Sweeney?"

"Howld up yer chin, Pat Brophy! There, Gineral, I have thim right now, sir; fire away with yer ordhurs."

Scarcely had the last remark been finished, when bang—bang—went the shots, the company hearing the word "fire," supposed it to be a command from their officer, and discharged their pieces at the bear-pit immediately in front of them.

The shooting drew the assembled spectators to the spot, and Company E Police Reserves became the center of attraction to the multitude.

As the best means of concentrating the people, where they would see the military evolutions, General S. commanded Captain Houghlahan, to proceed at once with his command to the public square and report for duty. Giving the military salute, Captain Houghlahan addressed his men:

"Company! Attention!"

The command was obeyed.

“Carry arms! Right about face! March!”

The several commands were promptly obeyed, the men feeling that the honor of the corps was at stake, surprised the General by their drill, and the spectators applauded by clapping hands, Jack Carson giving the initial clap.

It is wonderful how far fame inspires the soldier to deeds of glory. Under the influence of that cheer, Company E marched as a piece of mechanism, each solid line of men bending the knee by one impulse, each foot firmly treading the measured paces, till the rows presented unbroken lines that would have done honor to the best drill-master in the country.

The crowd followed on, keeping step with the soldiers until the measured tramp made the earth resound with that peculiar detonation caused by the tramp of vast armies.

A bridge lay between the marching company and the public square, and the commanding general was beginning to feel seriously alarmed, lest the measured tramp of such a vast multitude should demolish the bridge, and cause a loss of life.

Jumping into the saddle, he spurred his horse on, after the soldiers, to cause them to halt and take a detour by which they could reach their destination without crossing the bridge. Just as he reached the company the command had halted.

In erecting the batteries and forts a number of bricks had been required, and at this point a huge pile of bricks was encountered, impeding further progress.

Alas, poor Mickey Houghlahan knew not what to do. He scratched his head several times, hoping to clear the cobwebs from his memory, that he might recall to mind the military command by which a detour could be made, avoiding the obstacle, but “Left Oblique” or an equivalent term, could not be lured from his cranium by the most vigorous

scratching or rubbing, and so, in desperation, Captain Houghlahan yelled forth the command :

“ Schatthur, boys ! Schatthur, an’ rally at tho’ther ind o’ the brick pile ! ”

One burst of merriment broke forth from the crowd, and General S—— was enabled to give his directions, by which the company made a detour.

Jack Carson and Jerusha Ann Weathersby took a ramble through the winding paths that skirted the river’s bank, and only caught an occasional glimpse of the Grand Review.

In one of the secluded spots they beheld a sight that charmed them far more than the gorgeous pageant. A hen, who had hatched out a lot of ducklings, was there strutting proudly with her little family by the edge of a pond. The ducklings, true to their nature, sought the water. The poor mother bird, in the agony of her despair, began clucking and endeavoring to induce her wandering young to return, but to no purpose. Finding her solicitations unheeded, the mother bird, in her overpowering love for the erring brood, flew out to the middle of the pond, and by her shrieks attracted the attention of the young ducks. By that peculiar instinct nearly allied to supernatural intelligence, the ducklings, aware of their mother’s danger, swam to the center of the pond, and forming themselves into a circle around the mother hen as she descended to the water’s edge, made of themselves an improptu raft, and swimming boldly for the shore, conducted their mother in safety to the land.

The marching, double-quick and competitive drill were viewed by the vast concourse assembled at the grand stand in the public square ; but a few, like Jerusha Ann and Jack Carson, sought the shady nooks, afar from the madding

crowd, and were content to catch occasional glimpses of the military manœuvres.

A shout from the distant stand proclaimed the tidings that the jeweled scabbard had been awarded to the best drilled command, and Jerusha Ann observed to Jack:

“Poor Biddy’s cousin will come out in the little end of the horn, I suppose.”

“With his usual luck in blundering, I shouldn’t be surprised if Captain Houghlahan were to distinguish himself and his men, before the day is over,” answered Jack.

They then took the winding path along the river bank, and plans for the future, all glowing with golden tints of life’s young morn’, occupied their attention so completely that Jerusha Ann was startled when she beheld the vast multitude congregated near the river bank.

The sham battle was taking place, and an exciting scene it was. The breastworks were stormed and taken, and the reserves were ordered into position, to fire upon the enemy and silence the guns at the opposite side of the river.

The position was this: The breastworks just taken by the prize-drill regiment, Company A were on the east bank of the high embankment, the river being fifteen feet below at this point. The place commanded the position of the imaginary foe, the ground at the west side being almost on a level with the river, where the fort had been erected, from which the Union Jack floated to the breeze.

Not rightly understanding the command of his superior officer Captain Houghlahan, commanding the reserves, asked the Division General:

“Did ye ordhur huz to capture the inimy’s fort acrass the river, Sur?”

“Yes. Must I speak twice, Sirrah?” replied the general, who was a strict disciplinarian.

Placing his hand to his cap, Captain Houghlahan respectfully withdrew. In a moment after he was with his men, and shouted in stentorian tones :

“The ordhurs is to capture the British fort beyant, boys. God save Ireland, an’ the divil take the hindmost !”

Leaping into the rapid river, Captain Houghlahan struck out for the opposite shore, followed by his men, who, being natives of the West coast of Ireland, were all good swimmers.

This was a performance not contemplated in the day’s programme. The people and the military rushed to the brink of the bank, expecting to see the mangled bodies of their comrades ; but what was their astonishment to behold them buffeting the waves in perfect mastery, apparently as much at home in the water as so many ducks !

Soon the opposite bank was reached, and the fort demolished. Captain Houghlahan captured the British standard ; carrying it between his teeth, re-swam across the rapid river, and clambering up the steep embankment, presented the conquered flag to the Commanding General, with the remark :

“More power to ould Ireland,—here it is, Sur !”

A deafening shout of applause rent the air, as the soldiers of Company E took their places, and a deputation of citizens demanded that an acknowledgment be made of the valiant exploit so quickly performed by the awkward Irish squad.

A handsome American flag was awarded Company E. They marched into the supper hall with wet uniforms on, but when the Captain of Company E was called upon for a toast his usual talent for blundering led him to give one whose appositeness passed into a *bon mot*. His toast was :

“Our civic military societies : Invincible in peace and invisible in war !”

CHAPTER XLIII.

An Old-Fashioned Lunch.—Biddy Finnigan Entrusts Jerusha Ann to Deliver the Priest's Present.

"WHAT is it smells so inviting, Biddy? I have a raging appetite, and am prepared to put away any goodies at a moment's notice." Vaulting on to the kitchen table, Jerusha Ann swung her legs, as of old, and waited for the lunch.

"Ye have the same ould kick in yer shin as whin ye wor the size of a sod of turf, Jerusha. God keep ye, a child in heart as long as ye live, Acushla!" Biddy brought forth a crisp pie, smoking hot, and set it on the table beside her young mistress, with plate, knife, fork and napkin.

"Thanks, Biddy. I want to have an old-fashioned lunch, with the pie plate in my lap, as I used to do." Miss Jerusha Ann steadied the plate in her lap, and began operations at once.

"Musha, it does me heart good to see ye in yer owld place agin. Ever since ye wint off to the boardin' school the kitchen looks lonesome for ye."

"What will you do when I get married, Biddy?"

Biddy put the corner of her apron to her eyes and wiped away the tears that welled up.

Jerusha Ann felt a choking sensation in her throat; but she appeared unconscious, and munched her pie in silence.

"I'll not shtay afthur ye, so I won't. I'll give notice, so I will."

"Oh, Biddy! you must not think of leaving maw! What would she do with a strange girl?"

“Faix, I’m goin’ to lave her thin, an’ I was talkin’ to Masthur Jack about it, an’ it ’s settled, so it is.”

“So you and Jack have been making arrangements, eh?”

“Yis.”

“Well, well; this is a pretty piece of business! Just five days engaged, and he is taking on the airs of a married man already. I must see to this.”

“Say, Miss Jerusha, ye won’t be vexed wid me, if I shpake me mind to ye?”

“No. Talk right out.”

“I was afeered o’ me life ye war goin’ to marry wan o’ thim new comers.”

“What made you think that, Biddy?”

“There was such a recoorse o’ thim comin’ to the house. No sooner would the dure be shut on wan, than another would be tuggin’ at the bell.”

“Come to think of it, I’ve had my share of admirers, but why do you like Jack the best, Biddy?”

“Shure me heart warmed to him ever since the day he med the skeleton dance jigs for the sperit mediums. Lan-yewhalleh, will ye ever forgit that night! and the white owl had like to frighten the life out o’ me the nixt mornin’, whin I started the fire. It flew from the top o’ the shtove pipe, an’ it put the heart accrass me wid fear, for meself thought it was wan o’ the divil’s imps, left over by that owld white-washed sepulchre, Sisthur Folsom.”

Knowing Biddy’s antipathy to Mrs. Folsom, Jerusha Ann changed the current of her thoughts, by complimenting her pastry.

“You make the best pies in Mudville, Biddy, and this green apple pie, is the Kohinoor in the crown of your successes.”

"Yer talkin' dictionary talk to me now; but be the same token, I had somethin' in my mind to tell ye regardin' the same green apple pies."

"Oh, whisper what thou feelest, let no unhallowed ear listen to the music of thy voice to me, so dear." Trilling this stanza, Jerusha Ann told her faithful domestic to unbosom her confidence.

Thumbing her apron, an infallible sign that a most momentous secret was about to be imparted, Biddy told her tale by the usual Irish method of asking a question.

"Do ye know Father Brady?"

"Yes. He is one of my best friends."

"Well thin, ye have it out o' me now. It was of Father Brady I was thinkin'."

"I fail to see the similitude between Father Brady and a green apple pie. Ah, perhaps the comparison lies in the fact that he is crisp and brown on top; or perhaps an apple pie suggests to your mind the theological status of apples in the first book of Genesis, or" —

"Arrah, whist wid yer ramshogin, an' tell me what ye think uv it! Ye see, Mrs. Kelly, his housekeeper, is a good, aisy-goin' woman, an' all that, but she is a thrifle owld, an' in her best days (betune you an' I an' the hob, an' let it go no farther) she never med apple pies that was the aiquil o' my pies."

"That I can vouch for from personal experience, for Father Brady often gave me a hunk of pie on my way home from school, and it was a base imitation of the genuine article, but I managed to eat it, however."

"Well, as I was sayin' in regard to these pies: I was thinkin' I'd like to give a couple o' thim to Father Brady, for he does be wake an' dawnshee, these hot Sathurday afthurnoons; but I'm ashamed to give him such a poor

present meself, an' I was thinkin' maybe ye'd help me to think uv a way to get 'em to him, widout lettin' on who sint 'em."

"Oh, I see the difficulty now: you don't want to offend Mrs. Kelly by casting an imputation on her culinary art."

"That is it."

"All right; put your pies in the basket, and your bonnet on your head, and I will be with you in a trice, and help you to do the thing brown."

Jerusha Ann accompanied Biddy Finnigan on her mission. They entered Saint Patrick's Church, and taking seats in one of the rear pews, beheld Father Brady seated in his confessional box, vigorously engaged fanning the mosquitoes off with a palm-leaf fan.

The last penitent had just left, and the sexton of the church called Father Brady to give his opinion concerning the decoration of the grand altar.

"Now is our opportunity, Biddy. Give me the pie and I will put it where he will be sure to find it," whispered Jerusha Ann.

Taking the pie she walked to the confessional, and placed it on the center of the seat, and returned to the back pew. Seeing some penitents assembled around his box, Father Brady returned, and hastily sat down to attend to his sacerdotal duties.

Bye-and-bye Father Brady was called upon to answer a sick call. As Jerusha Ann beheld him promenading up the aisle with the remains of that green apple pie smeared over his white surplice, she hastily left the church, ere Biddy Finnigan, who was absorbed in her devotions, should become aware of the fate of the priest's present.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Random Thoughts on Wooing.

THE halcyon days with golden beams sped on, each freighted with the argosy of rosy hours, chasing each other as dancing motes of a sunbeam whose silent flight leaves not a shadow on the dial of time.

Ah, who shall sound the deeps of that ocean of bliss, upon which the barque of life is launched in youth's halcyon days?

Wreathed with the iris-hued tints of promise, the horoscope of the future is cast with no faltering hand. Through the vista of the unforeseen, the coming years scintillate with the dazzle of diamonds, gleaming as precious jewels in a necklace.

Not all the wealth of Golconda's mines shall ever have power to reset the precious jewels with the same unblemished luster. Not all the barbaric splendor of the Indies shall adorn with such dazzling raiment the measured footsteps of the ontreading years as that which decked the days of new-born happiness in life's early morn.

No melody, chanted by the sweetest singer that ever warbled a song, hath entranced in such spell-bound ecstasy as the voice of that maiden whose faintest whisper stills the pulses of our being in the hush of a new-born emotion.

When the dread archangel shall stand upon the earth as his footstool, and blow his final trumpet, summoning mankind to the last judgment, the glory of nations, the pomp of rank, hatred, scorn, ambition, avarice, and the

petty emotions that sway the lives of men, shall wither away at the blast of his trumpet; but one emotion, love, shall be preserved as worthy to be transplanted in the eternal paradise.

The fiat has gone forth, and but once shall a glimpse of heaven's blue enchant us in this mortal sphere, and that glimpse breaks upon our view in life's early morning, ere the canker of distrust gnaws the bitter fruit, or the sinister glow of avarice lights the gilded mausoleum where the skeleton of the heart lies buried.

To picture the joy experienced by Jerusha Ann Weathersby and Jack Carson as the days of their betrothal slipped by, would be a difficult task. As well chronicle the flight of a butterfly or the tour of a humming-bird.

Perish the thought that each emotion shall be invoiced as a ticketed article of merchandise, to be duly labeled and recorded!

Reader, shall you be told the thousand soft nothings, fraught with so much to the interested, and yet appearing so meaningless in the dull, cold page? Remember the poet's admonition that:

"Fools rush in,
Where angels fear to tread."

Trite as this couplet may appear, it bears out a sentiment more honored in the breach than the observance.

It is needless to tell the rapture of meeting, the fitful anxiety of Jerusha Ann, the particular stress upon the hinge of the front gate at parting, more ruinous to the ironware than three years' service of the ordinary wear and tear of usage and atmospheric changes.

It is unnecessary to state the exact number of times a peculiar detonation, resembling the sound of a wet slipper

slapping on a barn door, was heard in the vicinity of the Weathersby mansion.

To the student of dynamics, seeking information regarding the precise nature of these phenomenal sounds, and the rate of velocity at which they travel, the subject presents food for inquiry and investigation; but to you, dear reader, without laying claim to a plagiarism, in the classic language of a modern Lord Chesterfield, we may be permitted to elucidate the subject by remarking:

“You know how it is yourself.”

CHAPTER XLV.

The Dude takes unto Himself a Wife. Honey-Mooning at Niagara Falls.

ALPHONSE FITZDOODLEDOM consoled himself for the loss of Jerusha Ann Weathersby's fortune by lying to New York, where he made the acquaintance of the daughter of a millionaire patent pill manufacturer.

He proposed, was accepted, and married after a brief engagement. The wedding ceremony was quite a tete-a-tete affair. Two sofas, upholstered in white satin, were placed on a dais, beneath a mammoth floral wedding bell. Upon one sofa reposed the groom, upon the other reclined the bride, as they languidly replied to the ministers' questions; the whole proceeding evincing the style, you know, that these young Americans hoped to dazzle society with, and to blot out the traces of their hardy ancestry. The end attained was far different from their fond anticipations, and fastened their humble origin and lack of brains, as twin memories in the public mind.

The dude and his bride made a tour to Niagara Falls, according to time-honored custom, and performed the feat of scratching their names on the bark of trees and defacing the natural beauty of every object within reach, after the fashion of dudes.

Alphonse Fitzdoodledom was slow in speech but fast in morals, and had an amazing faculty for spending the surplus dimes which his toiling father-in-law had spent so many years in accumulating.

Niagara Falls, the Mecca of honey-mooners, is an institution peculiarly American.

Niagara Falls is phenomenal, and holds the proud position of individual distinction among all the wonders of the world.

The ancients congratulated themselves upon possessing a perfect hippodrome in the gigantic show business, but the nineteenth century discounts these claims as a mammoth fraud.

With the electric light of modern days turned upon these would-be first-class curiosities, we discover that the pyramids of Egypt were nothing but cemeteries on the square ; the Pharaohs of Alexandria, small potatoes, and few in a hill ; the hanging gardens of Babylon, an advertising dodge of a Babylonian horticultural establishment, to clear out their old stock of pendant pottery ware ; the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, a caucus chamber where they used to hold mass-meetings of the gods at election time ; the statue of Olympian Jupiter, a show figure for a lightning-rod manufactory ; the mausoleum of Artemisia, a fascinating widow's bid for a second husband ; and the Colossus of Rhodes, an effigy of an enterprising Colorado miner jumping two claims at once.

No. The ancients may try to bamboozle posterity into the belief that they had a corner on natural curiosities and gigantic surprises, but the married man of the nineteenth century, who has honey-mooned at Niagara Falls, can point to the Niagara cabman as the most stupendous concern, either ancient or modern times has yet produced.

It may be necessary to remark right here, that the mighty American cataract, about which so much has been said and written, possesses this peculiarity,—the eye of each beholder acts as an achromatic telescope, in which the dispersion of refraction causes each sight-seer to see this object in a different light.

As Alphonse adjusted his spy-glass to get a good view of the Falls, he remarked to one of the loiterers gazing at the cataract:

“ Say, cawn’t you put this thing in order? ”

“ Were you addressing me, sir,” replied the gentleman addressed.

“ Yes.”

“ I beg pardon, I did not hear what you said, sir,” remarked the gentleman, with the utmost urbanity of manner.

Directing the focus of his ocular lens full upon the stranger, with that supercilious stare characteristic of noodles, Alphonse Fitzdoodledom repeated the question:

“ I say, cawn’t you put this thing in bettah order, when society people honah the place with a visit? ”

“ What is your objection, sir? ” demanded the stranger.

“ It is dwedfully wet. Cawn’t you dwy up the moisture bettah? ”

Perceiving the character of the individual beside him, the gentleman answered:

“ I should be most happy to accommodate you, sir; but it happens, most unfortunately, that a few moments before your arrival, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales ordered it wet, and the vapors have been turned on.”

“ Oh, Alphonse, I prefer it wet; you see it must be the style,” observed Mrs. Fitzdoodledom to her husband. Turning to their informant, she betrayed her woman’s curiosity by inquiring: “ Where is he? I am dying to see a real live Prince. Will you point him out? ”

“ You see that gentleman in the gray coat with capes? ”

“ Yes, near the Canada side. Ah, how distinguished he looks! ”

“ That is the prince.”

Alphonse Fitzdoodledom and his bride turned their at-

tention to the supposed Prince of Wales, while the urbane stranger gazed in wrapt admiration at the Falls.

Presently an Irishman gave him a nudge, inquiring:

"Where is it, sir?"

"Where is it! Look before you. There it is."

"An' is that the Falls of Nighaghri?"

"Yes, gaze at it well! Here you see the waters of five inland seas, the great lakes, tumbling down in that mighty cataract, the greatest wonder of the world."

"Arrah, where's the wondhur in it, sur?"

"Why, don't you see that vast volume of water tumbling down over the rocks?"

"An' what's to hindhur it? Now if the wathur was to jump up from below, I'd call it a wondhur, but the divil a thing is to hindhur it from rowlin' down over a precipice."

Relighting his pipe, the Irishman walked away, while the sight-seers cogitated about the varied impressions a sight of Niagara inspires in the beholder.

"Hubby, dear, let us drive round after the prince," pleaded the bride, as she beheld the Western merchant in the gray coat about to change his position. The groom hailed the cabman. The bridal pair got into the cab, and followed.

No sooner had the gentleman from the West purchased a few shells and souvenir trinkets, than Alphonse Fitzdoodledom bought exact duplicates of his purchases, and turning to one of the Indian squaws, he asked the vender of the curiosities: "Cawn't this person carry these things to the Hotel for us?"

"Me takee one dollah," replied the squaw, well pleased to carry five shells a few rods for so good a price.

The dude agreed to the price, feeling it would be plebian to take the trinkets in his carriage.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Biddy Finnigan gives Notice to Mrs. Weathersby.—Diplomacy in Marketing.—Commercial Rivalry.

“I’LL be lavin’ ye ma’m whin me month’s up.” Biddy Finnigan stood fumbling with the door-knob as she finished cleaning Mrs. Weathersby’s room.

Surprised at this unlooked-for conduct, Mrs. Weathersby asked: “Why, Bridget, what put that notion in your head?”

“Divil a wan can tell what puts notions in a body’s head, ma’m, but as I was tellin’ ye: I’ll be lavin whin me month is up; an’ I thought it best to give ye notice in time, ma’m.”

“Oh, Bridget, is that all the feeling you have for me, after the long years you have been employed by me?” A pained expression rested upon the features of Mrs. Weathersby.

This appeal staggered Biddy, who replied:

“In throth thin I feel as sorry for ye ma’m, as a horse that ’id be disappointed of his oats, but I can’t help it—I’ll be goin.”

“Why, Bridget, how can you leave me without a girl?” said Mrs. Weathersby in an angry voice.

“An’ wasn’t it widout a girl I found ye, ma’m.”

“Yes, but then —— ”

“But what! Shure it’s aisier fur ye now, ma’m.”

“Well, Bridget, I’ll see about this. Mr. Weathersby

will be surprised to hear you are going to live with strangers."

"Faix, an' it 'id be surprisin' to meself too, ma'm."

"Then you are not in earnest. You intend to stay, do you?"

"In throth it isn't to strangers I'll be going, ma'm, at any rate."

"Do explain yourself better. I cannot make out what the puzzle is." Mrs. Weathersby looked pleasant as she waited for Biddy's reply.

"Well, to make a long story short, ma'm, I can't stay afthur Miss Jerushy. I was wid her since she was the size uv a sod o' turf an' me heart is bruk to part wid her, an' that's what it is, ma'm. I'll be goin' bekase I want to be wid her; she is all the comfort I have," Wiping the tears that would come, with her apron, Biddy gave way to her feelings.

The maternal heart of Mrs. Weathersby was touched, by this tribute of humble affection and sincere attachment to her daughter. Wiping the moisture from her own eyes, she said:

"You grateful woman! Biddy, it does me good to hear you speak so of Jerusha Ann. Don't feel badly about leaving me. I am more than satisfied to give you up to my child."

"Thin there is a pair uv huz plaised so, ma'm," answered the domestic.

"Here, Bridget, put on your bonnet and shawl and go to market to buy something for dinner. Mr. Weathersby must have forgotten all about marketing to-day." Mrs. Weathersby handed her a five-dollar bill, as she spoke.

Biddy Finnigan hastened to the market, where she began to bargain with the market women, for the various

articles she intended purchasing; and by a system of diplomacy peculiar in its kind, put the keepers of opposition stands pitted against each other, in the matter of price or quality, thus securing the greatest bargains for her money. Accosting a vegetable vender, she asked:

“How much is yer cabbages to-day, Mrs. Duffy?”

“Tin cints a head.”

“They looks foine. Dutch John is sellin’ his at th’other side for six cints.”

“He is welkim to his customers, for it isn’t the quality that I’d put a tooth in his ould maggoty, scraggy grown heads, I’ll go bail.” Mrs. Duffy elevated her nose at that particular angle, that indicated supreme contempt for the patrons of the opposition cabbage merchant.

“Thru for ye, Mrs. Duffy. The laves uv his cabbages is in want uv a recruitin’ sargint, wid fife an’ drum to call ’em together, while yours is fowlded over wan another as tight as wax.”

This speech had the effect of lowering the altitude of Mrs. Duffy’s nasal appendage.

Biddy Finnigan piled three of the best heads of cabbage together, and then proposed her price.

“I’ll give ye twinty-five cints fur these, Mrs. Duffy.”

“Twinty-five cints? Not a ha’penny less nor thirty cints. Thim is the finest heads on the stand.”

“An shure it isn’t the worst ye’d have me pick out. Here now, there is yer money, and the owld song says there is luck in odd numbers. Don’t be wastin’ yer time; but show me yer carrots, me good woman.” Placing the cabbages in her basket, Biddy inspected the carrots.

“Arrah, will you look at the bandy-legged carrots? These are not your usual carrots, Mrs. Duffy, alannah!”

“No, but they are the best ye’ll get, an’ they’re like

the singed cat: betthur than they look," replied the vegetable vender.

"It's aisy seein' they wor behind the dure, whin beauty was given out. If himself had brought thim home in the basket, I'd take me Davy, it was from Dutch John he got thim. How much are they?"

"Fifteen cints."

"Fifteen cints! Wisha, it's takin' a rise out o' me, ye are, this mornin', wid yer jokin'. Here is tin cints for the lot."

"Where's the use o' yer hagglin' about the price that way, Biddy? It's not yer own money ye are spindin'."

"An' that's the riddle uv it, Mrs. Duffy. If it was me own, maybe it's a betthur price I'd be payin' ye; but herself sint me to market, an' I want to get the most for me money, do ye see."

Mrs. Duffy emptied the measure of carrots into the basket, received ten cents, and Biddy went on. Stopping at a stand where pork-meat was sold, she accosted the proprietor:

"An how are ye sellin' yer bacon, Mrs. Mulrooney?"

"Fifty cints for that bit."

"Yiz are dearer wid yer bacon at this side. Over beyant there, there's wan Patrick Sheahey that has illigant bacon for thirty-five cints the flitch." The mention of this rival excited the ire of Mrs. Mulrooney.

"Is it that owld dried up codger. He never had a dacint flitch o' bacon on his stand."

"Faix, I seen as fine a flitch o' belly bacon; a streek o' fat an' a streek o' lane, cheek be jowl wid as foine a lot o' pig's crubeens as iver I seen in my loife, on his stand, as I passed."

"An' why didn't ye buy it?"

“Is it me go back o’ me owld frinds. No in throth; but it’s keepin’ me money in me fist, I’d be, if he was to offer me the Royal Bank, fur tuppence ha’penny, an’ you to have it fur sale; though Pat Sheahey is a civil spoken obligin’ soart uv a man.”

Mrs. Mulrooney felt enraged at the compliments paid her competitor. “Civil spoken, enyagh? Sorra’s cure to him. He’ll not come to me fur wan o’ me spare ribs, but it’s thrapsin to the field o’ Watherloo he’d be, to find it afore he’d give me a chance, an’ me gettin’ me tindhurlines from him every day.”

“I looked for betther nor that from him, an’ it’s sorry I am to hear he trates ye that way, Mrs. Mulrooney, for yer desarvin’ o’ betther tratemint.”

“Here wid yer basket, Biddy, ye can have this bit o’ bacon for thirty-five cints.” As Mrs. Mulrooney gave change for a dollar bill she communicated a secret bit of intelligence, concerning her commercial rival.

“Arrah, what more could ye expect uv him? Shure he is a thatcher’s son.”

“A thatcher’s son? God help huz. Ha, thin, that tells the story, Mrs. Mulrooney, alanah!”

Biddy next inspected a lot of dressed chickens, but none of them satisfied her critical taste.

“Have ye any chickens that’s fit for roastin’, Mrs. Walsh?”

“Yis, here is a foine big wan, I’ll give you for forty cints.”

“I’d be sorry to rob ye o’ that wan, fur he looks as if he was in the ark wid Noah, an’ the tint o’ the flood is hangin’ to his skin.”

“Well, here is a hin. How will this do?”

“Give it here. It’ll not crack undher the wing, ye see.

Faix, I have too much respect fur owld age, to think o'roast-in' the loikes o' that wan."

"Well, pick for yerself."

"I could pick wan aisy enough if I had it to pick, but ye see yerself it's not to the fore, the wan I'm wantin.' This wan wid the gray legs is the best uv 'em, but give me a yallah-legged chicken fur roastin'. Open the box behind ye, and maybe I'll find wan wid a thin grizzle breast-bone, tindhur wings, yallah legs, plump an' fair-skinned, an' tidy lookin; I wouldn't give ye a thraneen fur these yallah-pelted, half-starved, blue, mouldy-lookin' fowls that does be offered for sale. There they are; give me that pair, an' here is eighty cints fur 'em." Biddy grasped the pair in her hand as she spoke.

"Eighty cints! These are choice, the best chickens in the market. I can get sixty cints a piece for them," remonstrated Mrs. Walsh.

"Well, here is yer dollar fur the two, an' no more about it, fur in the matthur uv powltry the best way to do is, if it isn't good, make the butcher ate it himself." Placing the chickens on top of her well-filled basket, Biddy Finnigan returned home.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Orange Blossoms.—Marrying Off a Daughter.—The Floral Banquet.—Biddy Finnigan's Philosophy Concerning Daughters versus Sons.

THE day fraught with the change of destiny to two lives arrived. Eva Gaston was again summoned to act as bridesmaid for her friend. Sam Weathersby had spared no expense in the arrangements for his daughter's wedding. An elaborate trousseau was prepared, but Jerusha Ann had the good taste to forbid the exhibition of her costly lingerie, remarking that this was not the first time in her life, she became the owner of new underclothes.

The citizens of Mudville congregated around Bethel Church, long before the hour, appointed for the ceremony. When the carriages came with the wedding party and invited guests, a passage was cleared for them up the church steps.

The bridal procession entered the church. Eva Gaston and her cousin Mr. Roosevelt, first; Jack Carson and Mrs. Weathersby, next; Sam Weathersby and the bride following.

Jerusha Ann Weathersby was attired in a robe of white satin, with long court train, a point d'Alençon lace veil falling like a mantle around her; orange blossoms and white moss roses composed the garniture, and diamond necklace, bracelets and tiara: the gift of her father were her jewels.

Deacon Smithers performed the marriage ceremony and there was a visible craning of necks as the question was propounded: "Will you take this man for your husband."

The bride's distinct "I will," set curiosity at rest, and the ceremony was soon over.

The music was the best ever heard in Mudville at a wedding, the organist having invited professional singers from distant cities. A tenor solo "Thou Hast Plighted Thy Troth at the Altar," was exquisitely rendered, and a duet by baritone and tenor, composed by the professor for the occasion, pleased the congregation best.

The bride astonished the assembly by stopping at the carriage door to shake hands with, and receive the congratulations of her acquaintances, whose slightest claim received recognition. Norah Shannahon, the milk peddler, was the first of these humble acquaintances, to offer her good wishes.

"Musha, God's blessin' be about ye, an' sind ye a happy life, an' may ye live to ate the hin that scratches on yer grave, avourneen!"

A motley crowd pressed forward to offer congratulations to the bride, newsboys, market men, and people from the humblest walks in life, many of whom had been the victims of her practical jokes. Among the number was Hans Kippelheimer, who said: "It maks nuttings fun dem sausage, I gibs zwei mal so viel, you kemmed aus mit glück."

When the guests assembled at the Weathersby mansion, they filled every nook and corner of the abode.

A grand banquet was spread in an improvised bower, formed the entire length of the garden, which culled the choicest collection of flowers from the horticulturists.

The center of the table was adorned by a miniature lake, extending a long distance down. This lake was formed of real water, upon which tiny boats, worked by unseen mechanism, were wafted, with their freight of bon bons, to the shore, banked with heliotrope blossoms; and golden carp swam in the clear water, disporting themselves at will,

and feeding from the hands of the wedding guests. A trellis, completely covered with roses, lilies, and variegated-foliaged plants, with trailing grasses interspersed, was the banquet hall, to which the guests wended their way, as the band played the Wedding March.

The old fashion of breaking the bride's cake on the head of the bride was the initial ceremony, and toasts to the health of the newly-wedded couple followed, and soon the clatter of knives and forks, and merry voices, commingled, and the ripple of woman's sweet laugh made music to the feast.

Amid the merry revelers, the voice of Mr. Gaston, asking the privilege of offering a toast, caused a lull, and he proposed the toast:

“Ladies and gentlemen, I propose ‘The memory of the late Miss Weathersby, whose good sense administered a merited rebuke to titled miscreants; and the health of Mrs. Carson, whose marriage proves that true nobility of soul finds its home in the hearts of our American Girls.’”

This sentiment was cheered, and the groom responded in a happy vein, on behalf of his bride, asserting that he and Jerusha Ann purposed emulating the adhesive qualities of Spalding's Glue, in sticking together.

Professor Hoffmeister wielded his baton, and proposed the toast:

“To Mr. and Mrs. Carson. May de crickets on de hearth hob rount so lively, alse de grasshoppers at de revival.”

The professor's musical friends sang operatic morceaux appropriate to the occasion, and Deacon Smithers relaxed his rigid antagonism to theatrical folk, as he listened to the delightful music.

The bride was the merriest girl at the feast. Her gayety became infectious, and set the fashion for young girls to rejoice at their own weddings, a wholesome improvement upon

the funeral solemnity so often prevailing at nuptial festivities.

As the hour drew near for starting on the wedding tour, the banquet came to an end. The bride donned her traveling suit, and, followed by a shower of old slippers, took her seat in the carriage, with her husband and father, to be driven to the train, for Sam Weathersby insisted upon seeing his darling off.

The train pulled out, and the waving of handkerchiefs was witnessed by Sam Weathersby until a curve in the road hid the voyagers from his sight; then he returned home to entertain his guests.

When the last of the young folks had left, Sam Weathersby and his wife sat in their parlor, and as they looked at each other, each felt the void that had entered their lives.

"Well, Keziah, she is gone. This marrying off a daughter is a lonesome affair after all."

"Yes, Sam; but it must be; and who can say how it will be with our girl?" Mrs. Weathersby heaved a deep sigh.

"Jack is a good, honest, hearty young fellow, wife. I like him best of all Jerusha's beaux; but, Keziah, this old house will be dreadful lonesome now." Sam Weathersby thrust his hands deeper into his pockets, as a means of keeping down his feelings, and continued in a reverie, until the voice of Biddy Finnigan broke the silence.

"Wisha, Masthur, darlin', don't be lettin' throuble soak into ye that way, fur it's only nathural ye know, as the owld rhyme says:

Who can hindhur the cocks to crow,
An' who can hindhur the winds to blow,
An' who can hindhur my lover and me
From roamin' across the deep blue say."

Looking up, Sam Weathersby asked:

"Were you at the church, Biddy."

“Yis, sur.”

“How did she look?”

“If the whole royal family was there, it’s the rose in the garden she’d be. But do ye mind the nathur uv her stoppin’ to spake to the poor people? It’s many is the fine lady that has her pints, sur: a purty nose, or weensby feet, or grand eyes, or a complexion, or a queenly figure, or the loike; but the heart is the clock that keeps the machinery goin’; the nose, an’ the toes, an’ the arms, an’ the legs, is only the spokes to the wheel, but the heart is the axle, that turns ’em all to tune.”

Biddy’s words gave comfort to her listeners, and she proposed employment to the lonely parents, that she hoped would cheer them.

“Mrs. Weathersby, ma’m, I cum to see if ye’d help me to soart out the things that’s to be sint to the poor; fur Miss Jerusha towlt me to be sure to sind the flowers that were left to the hospital and her own poor sick, that she used to take dainties to. An’ maybe himself ’id give huz a hand, ma’m, at fixin’ the things, the cakes and goodies that’s to be sint to the newsboys.”

“That I will,” replied Sam Weathersby, following his wife into the kitchen, and as he directed the bundles that were to be delivered by Cæsar, Biddy Finnigan poured the oil of consolation on the troubled waters, by remarking: “Shure, she’ll be the same to yiz as she ever was, for it’s as throe as gospel:

A son is a son till he marries a wife,
But a daughthur is a daughthur all the days of her life.”

CONCLUSION.

Into every life some drops of rain will fall. Jerusha Ann experienced a reverse of fortune soon after her marriage.

Sam Weathersby's health declining, he took a trip to Europe, with his wife. Jack Carson failed in business through the dishonesty of Alphonse Fitzdoodledom. When the crash came, Jack came home and told his wife how deeply he was involved. It was in the time of adversity the true nobility of his wife's character came to view.

Without a murmur she relinquished her elegant home, sold her jewels and moved into a small house, assisting her husband to pay ever dollar he owed.

When the plain furniture was arranged in her new abode, she said to Biddy Finnigan, that, though it pained her to part with her, she must do so, as she could not afford to pay a servant's wages.

"In throth, I'll not go. Divil a toe will I stur from ye, and sorry I am that misfortin' come to ye," replied Biddy Finnigan.

"But I cannot wrong you by taking your labor without pay."

"It's manners to wait till ye're axed, agraph. Do ye think I have no more feelin' than a nettle that id grow in a quarry? Faix, it takes a tough skin to stand the blasts of adversity, an' it's meself will keep the gale from blowin' on ye, shure; I'd ony ax lave to keep a cow, an' I go bail



"Wisha, its a quare way they has in Amerikay. In ould Ireland they does be sindin' things up the spout, but this is the first time in my life I seen things sint down the spout. Here goes!"

we'll have lashins o' milk. There she is now: I bought her yisthurday, for the few ha'pence I had in the bank." Biddy went out to let the cow in, and her young mistress was deeply moved by this touching fidelity of her humble servitor.

Jack Carson found employment at his trade, but his young spirit was crushed by the blow of adversity. Not only did Biddy Finnigan perform the labors of a domestic gratis, but she secretly added to the family income, by many practical efforts within the compass of her ability. She raised poultry and sold eggs and butter. In disposing of her products, the tactics of a diplomat were brought into requisition. Biddy Finnigan avoided the old citizens, lest the ladies of society might gossip about the changed condition of Jerusha Ann's surroundings, and sought customers among strangers. The new postmaster was one of her most liberal patrons. She had been selling poultry and eggs to him, delivered at his residence for sometime, when his family happening to be away from the city for a few days, the postmaster paid her for the weekly allowance of butter and eggs, ordering them to be delivered at the postoffice. When Biddy arrived at the postoffice, she knew not where to go, but without betraying her business she inquired "Where is the delivery, where ye put things in the post-office, sur?" Being directed to the mail box, she muttered:

"Wisha, but it's a quare way they has in Amerikay. In owld Ireland, I heerd tell o' things bein' sint up the spout, but this is the first time in my life I seen things sint down the spout. Howsomever, here goes, an' God speed ye," putting the rolls of fresh butter in the general mail box, she watched them descending, and placed the paper bags containing the eggs in the same receptacle. She took her basket on her arm, and was walking away, when a number

of infuriated men, wearing the livery of Uncle Sam, rushed upstairs, in quest of that young hoodlum. One of them addressed her:

"Madam, which way did he go? You must have seen that young rascal that has been tampering with the mails?"

"Divil a wan I seen, sur, fur I was attindin' to me own business," replied Biddy, and the men gave chase to a news-boy, who was running away with an orange he had stolen from a fruit vender, while Biddy returned home in the happy consciousness of having delivered her butter and eggs, "without any wan bein' the wiser."

By degrees Jack Carson began to climb the ladder of fortune again. Jerusha Ann invented a patent, which her husband made and improved, and sold to a railroad company for twenty thousand dollars.

Sam Weathersby and his wife returned from Europe, and Jack Carson was admitted as partner in Mr. Weathersby's business.

Alphonse Fitzdoodledom did not long enjoy his ill-gotten gains. He forged a check, on a New York Bank, and was sent to the penitentiary for a long term. The dude's wife obtained a divorce, and married again, a few months after.

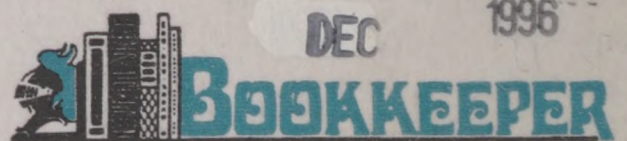
In the elegant Weathersby and Carson mansion, Biddy Finnigan, the housekeeper, superintends the servants' labors. Mickey Houghlahan's frequent visits, dame rumor says, are not to his cousin, but to Peggy Brophy the upstairs girl, about whom he has been spakin' to the priest, intending to be married, as soon as the house and lot are paid for.

On a certain Christmas morning, as Santa Claus was peeping behind him, Grandpa Weathersby gazed on the twins, Jerusha Ann and Sammy Carson, the peertest young ones that ever the sun shone on.



“As Santa Claus peeped behind him, grandpa Weathersby gazed at the twins, Jerusha Ann and Sammy Carson, the peertest young ones that ever the sun shone on.”

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